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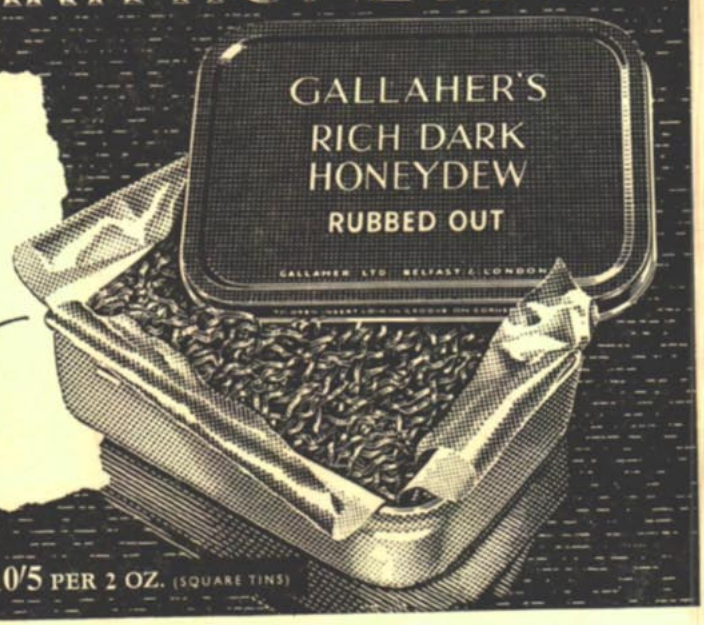

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Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

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Thom Gunn

Seven Poems

Flying above California

Spread beneath me it lies—lean upland
sinewed and tawny in the sun, and

valley cool with mustard, or sweet with
loquat. I repeat under my breath

names of places I have not been to:
Crescent City, San Bernardino

—Mediterranean and Northern names.
Such richness can make you drunk. Sometimes

on fogless days by the Pacific,
there is a cold hard light without break

that reveals merely what is—no more
and no less. That limiting candour,

that accuracy of the beaches,
is part of the ultimate richness.

Telegraph Avenue

They are on their way home from school:
shrill-voiced boys stamp their cleats for mere
sound, and flat-chested girls giggle,
while in bursts all race each other.

Yet their loud tomfoolery is
no longer that of their juniors:
for, uninvited, awareness
without knowledge gently enters

their young bodies in the sunlight,
and steals through the blood.—Hint enough
when that girl stops at the game's height
to practise an absurd pose of

nonchalance. But, slim, wiry, they
scatter now, running off between
the lamp posts, awkward in their play
and bright in their incompletion.

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Rastignac at 45

Here he is of course. It was his best
trick always: when we glance again toward
the shadow we see it has consist-
ed of him all along, lean and bored.

We denounced him so often! Yet he
comes up, and leans on one of the bars
in his dark suit, referring to the
empty glass as if we were waiters.

We fill it, and submit, more or less,
to his marvellous air of knowing
all the ropes debonair weariness
could care to handle, of "everything

that I know I know from having done,
child, and I survive." What calmly told
confidences of exploration
among the oversexed and titled,

or request for a few days' loan, are
we about to hear? Rastignac tell
us about Life, and what men of your
stamp endure. It must be terrible.

It is. To the left of his mouth is
an attractive scarlike line, not caused
by time unhelped. It is not the prize,
either, of a dueller's lucky thrust.

But this: time after time the fetid
taste to the platitudes of Romance
has drawn his mouth up to the one side
secretly, in a half-maddened wince.

We cannot help but pity him that
momentary convulsion; however,
the mere custom of living with it
has, for him, diminished the horror.

Hotblood on Friday

Expectant yet relaxed, he
basks within the body's tight
limits, the tender reaches;
and acquires by street-light the
details which accumulate
to a sense of crude richness

that almost unseats reason.
At last, the present! His step
springs on the sidewalk like a
voice of appetite. The town
is gradually opening up,
this as on every Friday:

stone petals bright in the warm
evening. No hand can grasp it.
Quick, Hotblood, in the boisterous
community find some term,
precarious and accurate,
that assumes it without loss.

Lights among Redwood

And the streams here, ledge to ledge,
take care of light. Only to
the pale green ribs of young ferns
tangling above the creek's edge
it may sometimes escape, though
in quick diffusing patterns.

Elsewhere it has become tone,
pure and rarified; at most
a muted dimness coloured
with moss-green, charred grey, leaf-brown.
Calm shadow! Then we at last
remember to look upward:

constant, to laws of size and
age the thick forms hold, though gashed
through with Indian fires. At once
tone is forgotten: we stand
and stare—mindless, diminished—
at their rosy immanence.

of Muir Woods

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Loot

1

I am approaching. Past dry
towers softly seeding from mere
delicacy of age, I
penetrate, through thickets, or

over warm herbs my feet press
to brief potency. Now with
the green quickness of grasses
mingles the smell of the earth,

raw and black. I am about
to raid the earth and open
again those low chambers that
wary fathers stand guard in.

2

Poised on hot walls I try to
imagine them caught beneath
in the village, in shadow:
I can almost hear them breathe.

This time what shall I take? Powers
hidden and agile, yield now

value: here, uniquely yours.
Direct me. But dark below

in the boneworks, you only
move in time with my pulse, and
observe without passion the
veer of my impassioned mind.

3

This. Hands numb from sifting soil
I find at last a trinket
carved whole from some mineral:
nameless and useless thing that

is for me to name and use.
But even as I relax my
fingers round its cool surface,
I am heralding tawny

warriors, woken from sleep, who
are part of me! and ride down
with the blood toward my hands, through
me retaining possession.

Das Liebesleben

The theme tune occurs again!
it is now at its loudest
and thus we know that Tristan
and Isolde are at last

to be rewarded by the
ultimate in orgasms
(death). Even King Mark is sorry.
Contemplating their problems,

I weep, my neighbours weep, and
the programme sellers weep. For
this, we know, was Love: high-toned
sexual play bound for death or

disaster. Off stage, no doubt,
matters are a bit different.

If love were sex, and without
any other element,

then sex would be love, which I
know it isn't: it's my small
pink member, like a friendly
dog, nuzzling and raising hell.

Much luck to you, Member; just
try never to let me down,
and keep to your place. And lest
you be, my simple friend, in

doubt, let me clearly tell you
love involves things neither Tris-
tan nor you could ever do:
such as washing the dishes.

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Theodore Draper

Castro's Cuba

A Revolution Betrayed?

WHO IS Fidel Castro? What is he? After two years in power, he still evades both his defenders and detractors. Until recently, Castro himself and those closest to him offered little help. In the first months of his régime, he used to speak of "humanism," which he defined as "liberty with bread without terror"—hardly a political or social programme. But after trying it out a few times, he dropped it in favour of even more ambiguous formulas. When he or his associates were asked what kind of society they were building or what it should be called, they usually answered that they were building "a reality, not a theory," or that they were interested "in deeds, not words," or that their revolution was "indigenously Cuban." Castro still refuses to be pinned down to anything more definite and, until he commits himself, the question officially remains open.

At a youth congress in Havana last August, however, Ernesto Guevara, the former Argentine physician and present president of the National Bank of Cuba—whose bank notes are now signed with his nickname, *"Ché,"* nothing more —took a long step towards giving the régime an ideology and a name. Since Guevara is the ideological *éminence grise* of Castro's régime, he has a habit of saying to-day what Castro will say to-morrow. He said: "What is our ideology? If I were asked whether our revolution is Communist, I would define it as Marxist. Our revolution has discovered by its methods the paths that Marx pointed out." In "Notes for the Study of the Ideology of the Cuban Revolution," published in the magazine, *Verde Olivo*, last October, Guevara wrote: "The principal actors of this revolution had no coherent theoretical criteria; but it cannot be said that they were ignorant of the various concepts of history, society, economics, and revolution which are being discussed in the world to-day." Then he declared: "We, practical revolutionaries, initiating our own struggle, simply fulfil laws foreseen by Marx the scientist."

These statements raise more intriguing questions than they pretend to answer. Did Guevara mean to imply that the ideology was "Marxist" but not "Communist?" Was it the "Marxism" of the Communists or some other "Marxism"? Did Fidel, Guevara, and the others really come upon Marxism as if they were bright but naïve children re-discovering the roundness of the earth? Could the "laws" of "Marx the scientist," which have not been fulfilled anywhere else, be fulfilled in the little island of Cuba by those who did not know what they were doing until after they had done it?

Guevara's explanation obviously explains too little or too much. But Castro, Guevara, and other Cuban leaders have spoken much more freely and at far greater length to a chosen few who have become their foreign interpreters and apologists. This growing band, however, has not had an easy time of it, and has been forced to do much of the theorising that the Cubans

Fidel Castro's revolution in Cuba has not only affected politics and diplomacy in both South and North America, it seems also to have captured the imagination of intellectuals in Paris as well as New York, inspired new ideological theories on the Left and on the Right, and has somehow (at long last) lent world-historic interest to usually neglected Latin American events. Mr. Draper, a well-known American journalist and historian, who has written several first-hand reports on the Cuban revolution (they have been variously adjudged as either "too sympathetic" or "too critical") here examines "myths and realities." A second article, a reportage by F. R. Allemann who is at present in Cuba, will be published shortly.

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have refused to do for themselves. In time, every revolution has created its own mythology but, in this case, these foreign sympathisers, in lieu of embracing one ready-made, have had to produce their own. Each of these sympathisers has made his own characteristic contribution to this mythology which, if nothing else, tells us what those who feel closest to Castro make of him. The situation is undoubtedly an oddity but, then, the Cuban revolution is an odd one.

The Ideologies

ONE OF THE FIRST and favourite myths has been that of Castro's "peasant revolution." It turned up in the articles written and interviews given by the French writers, Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, who spent last March in Cuba. After the usual hectic round of short trips and long talks, Sartre wrote a series of sixteen articles in *France-soir* in one of which he related how he had informed the Cubans that, like the Chinese, they had made a "peasant revolution." The Cuban reaction, he reported, was divided: the "bearded ones" (those who had fought in the mountains) agreed with him; the "unbearded ones" (those who had fought in the resistance movements in the cities) maintained that the peasants had fought little or badly and that the revolution had sprung from the cities.

Mme de Beauvoir gave a somewhat different version in an interview in *France Observateur*. She said that the petty-bourgeoisie had begun by stirring up the urban revolution while the peasants had held back; then, bit by bit, the peasants had joined in, the "immediate interests" of the victorious revolution had become those of the peasant class, and thus "despite its origins, the urban revolution can be considered a peasant revolution."

As a full-fledged theory, however, the Cuban peasant revolution made its appearance in the book, *Cuba, Anatomy of a Revolution*, by Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy, editors of the magazine, *Monthly Review*. After three weeks in Cuba, they were persuaded that the revolution had succeeded because the peasants as a class had actively joined the rebels and had become "one with the revolutionary army." Fidel Castro appeared to them to be "the embodiment of the revolutionary will and energy of the peasantry." As for the kind of system that this peasant revolution had brought forth, Huberman and Sweezy "have no hesitation in answering: *the new Cuba is a socialist Cuba.*"

Six months later, they paid another three-week visit to Cuba. By this time, the Castro régime had nationalised a large part of the Cuban economy. This development caused them to revise their previous estimate—the Cuban revolution was no longer "essentially a peasant revolution" because the working class had finally been "swept" into it. Castro himself had not yet reached the point of calling himself a "Marxist," but the two visitors conferred on him the distinction of having arrived, by virtue of his own "rich experience" and "sharp and fertile mind," at an "unmistakably Marxist" interpretation in a way that would have made Marx himself "proud to acknowledge him as a disciple." Despite Castro's "modesty," however, they heard so much about a socialist Cuba that it had become a "commonplace," in contrast to their first trip, during which no one had spoken to them of Cuba as a socialist country, and socialism was not even included among the revolution's ultimate goals.

And so, in the spring of 1960, a new path to socialism was discovered—a peasant revolution led by the middle-class son of a wealthy landowner. And in the fall of 1960, there was more certainty than ever of the socialist revolution in Cuba because the working class had at last caught up with it.[1]

OTHER CASTRO SYMPATHISERS have gone farther. Paul Johnson of the *New Statesman* took a quick look at Cuba and reported that Castro had come to power through a "peasant revolution" but governs through "a genuine dictatorship of the proletariat," expressed through the "arbitrary" rule of one man. In the *New Republic*, Professor Samuel Schapiro, an American academic advocate for Castro, merely limited himself to commenting that "the heart of the revolution, the land reform programme, is essentially Marxist." And Professor C. Wright

[1] In their book, Huberman and Sweezy devote less than a page to the working class, compared to pages about the peasantry, and they vaguely suggest far more working-class support for the revolution before 1959 than was actually the case. In part of one sentence elsewhere in the book, however, they admit that "growing support among urban workers" came to Castro *after* he took power. In the subsequent article in the *Monthly Review*, they imply the peculiar "backwardness" of the Cuban workers by writing that "the nationalisations of the summer and fall have swept the working class into the revolutionary process."

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Mills, of Columbia University, has made an anthology of all the things that Castro and his closest associates say of themselves, at least as of last August.

Professor Mills' recently published book, *Listen, Yankee!* is a peculiarly useful and exasperating work. It purports to be "the voice of the Cuban revolutionary," not that of its author. From the conversations I had in Cuba last April, I can testify that the Castro leaders talk much in the way Mills has recorded them. (Sometimes the words in the book were so close to those I had heard that I felt I knew the name of the source.) To this extent, Mills has made himself the vehicle of the purest and most direct propaganda, unlike the others who talked to more or less the same people but passed on in their own name what they had been told. No one ever said "Listen, Yankee!" or "Yankee this" and "Yankee that" to me, but except for this touch of artistic licence, I consider these long monologues more or less authentic. Anyone who wants to get the Castro party line most nakedly can get it here.

Nevertheless, Mills has put his name to the book and in the last few pages gives the Castro case his personal endorsement. He says that he leaves it to the reader to agree or disagree with the points in it, as if there might be one non-Cuban reader in a hundred or a thousand with the necessary background. A reader has a right to expect that the author should do some work of his own beyond listening only to one side, and that a sociologist would at least be able to give a reasonably accurate report of the social structure of the country. The book as a whole is just as honest and dishonest as any unrelieved propaganda is likely to be, and if Mills merely sought to be a front man for the Castro propaganda machine, he has succeeded brilliantly. But is that all that should be expected of C. Wright Mills?

Mills' Cubans—one never knows where they end and he begins—are not altogether in agreement with Sweezy and Huberman. First, Mills tells what the revolution was *not*—"not a fight between peasants and landowners, or between wage workers and capitalists—either Cuban or Yankee; nor was it a direct nationalist battle between Cubans and foreigners." It was "not an 'economically determined' revolution—either in its origins or in its sources." Nor was it "a revolution by labour unions or wage workers in the city, or by labour parties, or by anything like that." What was it then? The leaders were "young intellectuals and students from the University of Havana"—they are also called "a few middle-class students and intellectuals"—who made "a lot of first moves for a long time before some of their moves began to pay off." The revolution "really began" when, in one of these moves, "a handful of these young intellectuals really got together with the peasants." Thus Mills' version contains no nonsense about a "peasant revolution;" it merely claims that the decisive forces in the insurrectionary period were the intellectuals and the peasants, with the former in total command. There is also no nonsense about the workers making the revolution; they are said to have joined in after the victory, and their "revolutionary consciousness" has allegedly been aroused only in recent months. At this point, however, mythology takes over and Mills also has the workers superseding the peasants as a revolutionary force. But the greatest nonsense is written about the middle class. The original "handful" of leaders admittedly came exclusively from that class. Nevertheless, the mythology requires that "the middle classes generally supported the revolution, at least in a passive way, during the insurrectionary period, although as a class they had little to do with making it." I take it this means that most members of the middle class supported the revolution passively or not at all.

Mills has also compiled a number of programmatic statements by Castro's group. There is still the old reluctance to be pinned down to anything definite, because a "political system" would hamper the leaders, because very few people care about it anyway, or because the very lack of a system proves that it is democratic. But this motif slides gently into another one: "We ourselves don't quite know what to call what we are building, and we don't care. It is, of course, socialism of a sort." Or, whatever the system is, the Cubans discovered it all by themselves: "In so far as we are Marxist or Leftist (or Communist, if you will) in our revolutionary development and thought, it is not due to any prior commitment in our ideology. It is because of our own development." Still later in the book, Castro's Cuba becomes "a dictatorship of, by, and for the peasants and the workers of Cuba" or "a dictatorship of the people." Mills himself considers Castro's régime to be "a revolutionary dictatorship of the peasants and workers of Cuba" in which one man possesses "virtually absolute power."

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ALL THESE THEORIES by Sartre and Beauvoir, Huberman and Sweezy, Johnson and Schapiro, Mills' Cubans and Mills, cannot be true but they have one thing in common—they serve the purpose of concealing the fact that the Cuban revolution was essentially a middle-class revolution which has been used to destroy the middle class. And without understanding this apparent contradiction, very little can be understood of Castro's Cuba as a social system.

The Bearded Ones

TO BEGIN WITH, what truth is there in Castro's "peasant revolution"?

The 82 men under Castro who invaded Cuba from Mexico in December 1956 and the 12 who survived to fight in the mountainous Sierra Maestra at the eastern end of the island all came from the middle class. Castro himself was their ideal representative—son of a rich landowner, university graduate, lawyer. The *guajiros*, or peasants, in the mountains were utterly alien to most of them. But they had to win the confidence of the peasants to obtain food, to protect themselves from Batista's spies and soldiers, to gain new recruits. As the months passed, the relations between them and the peasants took on a new dimension. The crying poverty, illiteracy, disease, and primitivism of the outcast peasants appalled the young city-bred ex-students. Out of this experience, partly practical and partly emotional, came a determination to revolutionise Cuban society by raising the lowest and most neglected sector to a civilised level of well-being and human dignity.

But, for over a year, Castro's fighting force was so small that he did not expect to overthrow Batista from the mountains.[2] Victory was foreseen through the vastly larger resistance movement in the cities, overwhelmingly middle class in composition. This calculation was behind the ill-fated general strike of April 9th, 1958.[3] It failed because the middle class could not carry off a general strike. Only the workers and trade unions could do so, and they refused mainly for two reasons: they were doing too well under Batista to take the risk, and the official Cuban Communists deliberately sabotaged the strike because they had not been consulted and no attempt was made to reach an agreement with them in advance. Without the key transport workers under Communist leadership, the strike was doomed. The National Committee of the Communist party, known since the last war as the *Partido Socialista Popular*, issued a statement (on April 12th, 1958), a copy of which I have seen, blaming the fiasco on the "unilateral call" for the strike by Castro's 26th of July Movement in Havana.[4]

In the mountains at this time, Mills was told, the armed men under Castro numbered only about 300. Four months later, in August 1958, the two columns commanded by Majors Guevara and Cienfuegos, entrusted with the mission of cutting the island in two, the biggest single rebel operation of the entire struggle, amounted, according to Guevara, to 220 men.[5] Sartre was informed that the total number of *barbudos* in all Cuba from beginning to end was only 3,000. Castro's fighting force was until the end so minute that it hardly deserves to be called an army, let alone a "peasant army," and even the influx of the last four or five months failed to give it anything like a mass character. In any case, the character of an army is established by its leadership and cadres, which remained exclusively middle class throughout, and not by its common soldiers—or every army in the world would similarly be an army of the peasantry and proletariat.

HOW COULD SUCH A SMALL BAND "defeat" Batista's army of over 40,000?

The answer is that it did not defeat Batista's army in any military sense. It succeeded in

[2] Castro himself described his isolated and near-desperate situation in his letter of December 31st, 1957, to the so-called Council of Liberation: "For those who are fighting against an army incomparable in number and in arms, without any support during a whole year other than the dignity with which we are fighting for a cause which we love sincerely and the conviction that it is worth while to die for it, bitterly forgotten by fellow-countrymen who, in spite of having all the ways and means, have systematically (not to say criminally) denied us their help. . . ." The entire document is contained in Jules Dubois' *Fidel Castro* (1959), to this date the best documentary source, though its pro-Castro bias has been regretted and repudiated by its author.

[3] Castro's manifesto of March 12th, 1958, reads in part: ". . . 2. That the strategy of the final stroke should be based on the general revolutionary strike, to be seconded by military action. . . ."

[4] "El llammiento unilateral de huelga, sin contar con el resto de la oposición ni con los propios obreros, hecho por la dirección del 26 de Julio en La Habana el pasado miércoles. . . ." (*Declaraciónes del P.S.P., 12 de abril de 1958.*)

[5] *Verde Olivo*, October 8th, 1960

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making Batista destroy himself. Until the spring of 1958, life in most of Cuba went on much as usual. But the fiasco of the April strike forced Castro to change his tactics. Disappointed in his hopes of a mass uprising, he shifted over to full-scale guerrilla warfare—bombings, sabotage, hit-and-run raids. Batista's answer to the terror was counter-terror. The army and secret police struck back blindly, indiscriminately, senselessly. The students, blamed as the main trouble-makers, were their chief victims. It became safer for young men to take to the hills than to walk in the streets. The orgy of murders, tortures, and brutalities sent tremors of fear and horror through the entire Cuban people and especially the middle-class parents of the middle-class students.

This universal revulsion in the last six months of Batista's rule penetrated and permeated his own army and made it incapable of carrying out the offensive which it launched in May against Castro's hide-out. (As Mills' book says, Batista's army "just evaporated.")[6] The engagements between the two sides were so few and inconclusive that Batista's abdication caught Castro by surprise. The real victor in this struggle was not Castro's "peasant army" but the entire Cuban people. The heaviest losses were suffered by the largely middle-class urban resistance movement, which secreted the political and psychological acids that ate into Batista's fighting force; Sartre was told that Batista's army and police killed 1,000 *barbudos* in the last clashes in the mountains and 19,000 in the urban resistance movement.

Castro's guerrilla tactics, then, aim not so much at "defeating" the enemy as at inducing him to lose his head, fight terror with counter-terror on the largest possible scale, and make life intolerable for the ordinary citizen. These tactics can be employed by even a few hundred rebels, and they are now being applied against the democratic government of Rómulo Betancourt in Venezuela. The same terror that Castro used against Batista is now being used against Castro. And Castro has responded with counter-terror, just as Batista did.

[6] According to the apocalyptic legend-maker of the *New Statesman*, "Unlike almost every other revolutionary in Latin American history, Castro did not come to power with the support, active or passive, of the armed forces, but in the teeth of their resistance. In fact, in order to come to power he had to destroy the Cuban military establishment, and this he did totally and forever...." (Paul Johnson, 9/7/60.)

Promise and Fulfilment

THE STRUGGLE for power also helps to answer the question: Was the Cuban revolution "betrayed"? The answer obviously depends on what revolution one has in mind—the revolution that Castro promised before taking power, or the one he has made since taking power.

Huberman and Sweezy have written: "Fidel had made his promises and was determined to carry them out, faithfully and to the letter." But neither they, nor Mills, nor Sartre, ever say what these promises were. The oversight has been a necessary part of the mythology.

I have made a brief inventory of the promises, political and economic, made by Castro from his *History Will Absolve Me* speech (at his trial in 1953) to the end of 1958. These promises have already become so embarrassing that some of his literary champions have begun to re-write history (after less than two years!) by a process of selection to avoid all mention of them.

Political. Castro's 1953 speech predicted that the first revolutionary law would be restoration of the 1940 constitution and made an allusion to a "government of popular election."

> Castro's manifesto of July 1957, his first political declaration from the Sierra Maestra, contained a "formal promise" of general elections at the end of one year and an "absolute guarantee" of freedom of information, press, and all individual and political rights guaranteed by the 1940 constitution.
>
> Castro's letter of December 14th, 1957, to the Cuban exiles upheld the "prime duty" of the post-Batista provisional government to hold general elections and the right of political parties, even during the provisional government, to put forward programmes, organise, and participate in the elections.
>
> In an article in *Coronet* magazine of February 1958, Castro wrote of fighting for a "genuine representative government," "truly honest" general elections within twelve months, "full and untrammelled" freedom of public information and all communication media, and re-establishment of all personal and political rights set forth in the 1940 constitution. The greatest irony is that he defended himself against the accusation "of plotting to replace military dictatorship with revolutionary dictatorship."
>
> In his answers to Jules Dubois of May 1958, Castro pledged "full enforcement" of the 1940 constitution and "a provisional government of entirely civilian character that will return the country to normality and hold general elections within a period of no more than one year."

In the unity manifesto of July 1958, he agreed "to guide our nation, after the fall of the tyrant, to normality by instituting a brief pro-

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visional government that will lead the country to full constitutional and democratic procedures."[7]

Economics. In the 1953 speech, Castro supported grants of land to small planters and peasants, with indemnification to the former owners; the rights of workers to share in profits; a greater share of the cane crop to all planters; and confiscation of all illegally obtained property. His land reform advocated maximum holdings for agricultural enterprises and the distribution of remaining land to farming families; it also provided for encouragement of "agricultural co-operatives for the common use of costly equipment, cold storage plants, and a single professional technical direction in cultivation and breeding." In addition, the speech expressed the intention of nationalising the electric and telephone companies.

The manifesto of July 1957 defined the agrarian reform as distribution of barren lands, with prior indemnification, and conversion of share-croppers and squatters into proprietors of the lands worked on.

The *Coronet* article (Feb. '58) favoured a land reform to give peasants clear title to the land, with "just compensation of expropriated owners." It declared that Castro had no plans for expropriating or nationalising foreign investments and that he had suspended an earlier programme to extend government ownership to public utilities. On nationalisation, he wrote:

> I personally have come to feel that nationalisation is, at best, a cumbersome instrument. It does not seem to make the state any stronger, yet it enfeebles private enterprise. Even more importantly, any attempt at wholesale nationalisation would obviously hamper the principal point of our economic platform—industrialisation at the fastest possible rate. For this purpose, foreign investments will always be welcome and secure here.

In May 1958, he assured his biographer, Dubois:

> Never has the 26th of July Movement talked about socialising or nationalising the industries. This is simply stupid fear of our revolution. We have proclaimed from the first day that we fight for the full enforcement of the Constitution of 1940, whose norms establish guarantees, rights and obligations for all the elements that have a part in production. Comprised therein is free enterprise and invested capital as well as many other economic, civic, and political rights.

The unity manifesto of July 1958, written by Castro, merely stated:

> A minimum governmental programme that will guarantee the punishment of the guilty ones, the rights of the workers, the fulfilment of international commitments, public order, peace, freedom, as well as the economic, social, and political progress of the Cuban people.

SUCH WERE THE PROMISES that Fidel had made. The near-unanimity with which Castro's victory was accepted in January 1959 was the result not merely of his heroic struggle and glamorous beard but of the political consensus which he appeared to embody. This consensus had resulted from the democratic disappointments of 1944–52 and the Batista despotism of 1952–58. There was broad agreement that Cuba could never go back to the corrupt brand of democracy of the past, and the Cuban middle class was ready for deep-going social and political reforms to make impossible another Prío and another Batista. Castro promised to restore Cuban democracy and make it work, not a "direct" or "people's" democracy but the one associated with the 1940 constitution which was so radical that much of it, especially the provision for agrarian reform, was never implemented.

It is, moreover, unthinkable that Castro could have won power if he had given the Cuban people the slightest forewarning of what he has presented them with—a wholly government-controlled press and all other means of communication, ridicule of elections, wholesale

[7] Castro's pre-1959 promises are dealt with by Huberman and Sweezy in a peculiar way. Twelve-and-a-half pages of the 1953 speech are cited, but omitted is the five-point programme on which he said the revolution was based. This programme began: "The first revolutionary law would have restored sovereignty to the people and proclaimed the Constitution of 1940 as the true supreme law of the state, until such time as the people should decide to modify it or to change it." The others provided for grants of land to small planters and peasants, with indemnification to the former owners; the right of workers to share in profits; a greater share of the cane crop to all planters; and confiscation of all illegally obtained property.

While the speech makes other important points, this is the only itemised programme in it, and it is hard to see how its omission can be justified. The unity pact of July 1958 is handled in the same way. It contained three points: a common strategy, post-war "normality," and "a minimum governmental programme." I have quoted the second point in full in the text. Huberman and Sweezy cite a paragraph in this unity pact which asked the U.S. to cease all military and other types of aid to Batista, but ignore the three-point programme, which might have put Castro's promises in a somewhat different light.

Mills simply ignores the whole collection of Castro's pre-power pledges.

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confiscation and socialisation, "co-operatives" that are (as Huberman and Sweezy admit) virtually "state farms," or a dictatorship of any kind, including that of the proletariat. It was precisely the kind of promises Castro made that enabled him to win the support of the overwhelming majority of the Cuban middle and other classes; a "peasant revolution" would hardly have been expressed in quite the same way.

The least that can be said, therefore, is that Castro promised one kind of revolution and made another. The revolution Castro promised was unquestionably betrayed.

Poets and Peasants

THE CASTRO mythology tends to distort not only the original nature of the Cuban revolution but also the character of Cuban society.

Pages are written by Huberman and Sweezy about the peasantry, a single paragraph about the working class, and almost nothing about the middle class. Mills never seems to have made up his mind which Cubans were speaking through him. Judging by his own list of the Cubans who spoke to him, there was not a worker, and certainly not a peasant, in the lot. Without exception, his informants were middle-class intellectuals and professionals of the type in power. Sometimes he makes them speak in their own name; more often they masquerade as the most impoverished and miserable of Cuban peasants. They say, "we squatted on the edge of the road in our filthy huts," as if they were the "we" and as if this was typical of all Cubans. The average reader might imagine that Cuba was nothing but "a place of misery and filth, illiteracy and exploitation and sloth." This may be a triumph of propaganda but it is a travesty of sociology.

Cuba before Castro was, indeed, a country with serious social problems, but it was far from being a peasant country or even a typically "under-developed" one. Its population was more urban than rural: 57 per cent in the urban areas and 43 per cent in the rural, with the trend strongly in favour of the former (according to the *Geografía de Cuba* written by Antonio Núñez Jiménez, the present director of INRA). Those dependent on agriculture for a living made up about 40 per cent, and of these over one-quarter were classified as farmers and ranchers. (In 1954, the national income was divided as follows: the sugar industry, agricultural and industrial, 25 per cent; other agriculture, 13 per cent; other industry and commerce, 40 per cent; everything else, 21 per cent.)

The standard of living, low by U.S. and West European standards, was comparatively high by Latin American; only three countries, Venezuela, Argentina, and Chile, rated above Cuba in per-capita income; Cuba's was almost as high as Italy's and much higher than Japan's. Cuba ranked fifth in Latin America in manufacturing, behind Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, and Chile. Cuba had one automobile for every 39 inhabitants (in Argentina, 60; Mexico, 91; Brazil, 158), and one radio for every five inhabitants (second to Argentina, with one out of three). Cuban tourists were able to spend more in the United States than American tourists spent in Cuba. After World War II, Cuban interests were strong enough to buy a substantial share of U.S.-owned sugar production which fell from 70–80 per cent of the total at its high point in the 1930s to about 35 per cent in 1958. Government encouragement of "Cubanisation" would easily have cut the figure in half again in a short time under a post-Batista democratic régime.

I AM NOT TRYING TO SUGGEST that Cuba's economy was a healthy one. It was precariously dependent on the fluctuations of a single crop, sugar, which accounted for more than 80 per cent of Cuban exports and employed about a half million workers for only three to four months a year. As the rates of illiteracy show—41·7 per cent in the rural areas and only 11·6 per cent in the urban areas—the social development of Cuba was shockingly unbalanced in favour of the cities and towns, and Castro's crusade for the peasantry has repaid the Cuban upper and middle classes for decades of indifference to the welfare of the land workers.

But this is not the same thing as implying (as Mills often does) that Cuba was nothing but a land of backward, illiterate, diseased, starving peasants. When he writes, "We speak Spanish, we are mainly rural, and we are poor," the first statement is undoubtedly correct, the second is demonstrably false, and the third is partly true. Cuba was probably the most middle-class country in Latin America.

In effect, this mythology of the Cuban social structure makes Castro's victory inexplicable. If a "handful" of middle-class "students and intellectuals" had the active support of only a few hundred or even a few thousand peasants, without either the working or middle classes (as Mills maintains), the Batista régime would

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never have toppled. It was the desertion of the middle class—on which Batista's power was based—that caused his régime to disintegrate from within and his army to evaporate.

Rebels and the Cause

CASTRO'S "betrayal" of the Cuban revolution has also taken another form.

When Batista fell, two movements entered into competition—Castro's 26th of July Movement (named after the date of his first unsuccessful attempt in 1953) and the official Communist party, the *Partido Socialista Popular*. The odds seemed to favour the former overwhelmingly. In his first victory address at Camp Liberty, Castro spoke of the popular sympathy and almost unanimous support of the Cuban youth which the 26th of July Movement enjoyed, and he appeared to argue that there was no need for any other movement.

But a different fate soon awaited the 26th of July Movement. The reason, as it was explained to Mme de Beauvoir, is most revealing:

> The 26th of July Movement, from which the Revolution issued, had an apparatus, but a petty-bourgeois one, which could not follow the Revolution in the radicalisation that has been proceeding since the taking of power; it was not capable of going along with the advance of the Agrarian Reform. So it was permitted to fall away.

Mme de Beauvoir passes on this information without the slightest indication that there might have been something unwholesome in this procedure. But apart from the justification for Castro's decision to eviscerate his own movement, she confirms the middle-class character of that movement and Castro's political reason for condemning it to a nominal existence—the difference between its revolution and his.

Not so long ago also, there was no higher honour in Castro's Cuba than to belong to the Rebel Army. It was the chief basis of Castro's rule; army men actually ran the country through ostensibly civilian organisations, such as the Agrarian Reform Institute, INRA. When Huberman and Sweezy first visited Cuba last March, they reported that "from January 1st, 1959, to this day the real power has always been in the revolutionary army, manned and nourished by as radical a social class as any in the world to-day"—the Cuban peasantry. But on their second visit six months later, they noted the "(relative) eclipse" of the Rebel Army and the officially-inspired rise of the large, amorphous militia. Indeed, in their December 1960 article, they no longer refer to it as the Rebel Army; it had become the "regular army." Instead of the "truly most remarkable relations of solidarity, trust, and understanding" between Castro and the army at the time of their book, they intimated that it had become a potential counter-revolutionary force, typical of Latin American "standing armies." Once the Rebel Army's peasant character had been its greatest glory; now it had apparently become a serious drawback. *Bohemia Libre*, the edition in exile of Cuba's most famous magazine, has gone so far as to say editorially that the Rebel Army "already does not exist."

In any case, it has gone the way of the 26th of July Movement.

THE FATE OF DAVID SALVADOR, the outstanding labour leader of the 26th of July Movement, tells the same story. Before Batista fell, Salvador represented the underground group, "Labour Unity," and co-ordinated the resistance within the working class. At a time when the official Cuban Communists opposed Castro as a "putschist," Salvador believed in him and in the last few months of Batista's rule went to jail for his underground activity. After the victory, he took over the leadership of the Cuban labour movement for the 26th of July Movement and served as secretary-general of the Cuban trade union federation. At its national congress in November 1959, however, Salvador's fortunes suddenly changed. The 26th of July Movement scored an overwhelming victory over the Communists, and Salvador was elected its top leader.

But Fidel Castro himself unexpectedly appeared at the congress, berated the delegates for "having given proof neither of prudence, nor of unity, nor of nothing," and demanded, in effect, the installation of a triumvirate in the federation's leadership, including the Communist candidate, Jesús Soto. The real leader soon became Soto, not Salvador, whom the Communist organ, *Hoy*, began to attack openly for his "strange attitude."

With his family, David Salvador was caught early in November trying to escape from Cuba in a small boat, and he has again been cast into prison, this time by Batista's successor, Fidel Castro.

The trade unions have lost even the bargaining power they had under Batista; they have become propaganda appendages of the Ministry of Labour which makes all decisions on wages and conditions, Soviet-style.

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WHAT DOES all this mean? In his own 26th of July Movement, in the Rebel Army and in the labour movement, Castro has shunted aside the very ones who helped him in the struggle for power. He has done so, as Mme de Beauvoir has hinted, because they were led to expect a different revolution from the one he is making. The 26th of July Movement was sacrificed first because it was the embryo of a political party. It could grow into a full-fledged party or become an empty shell. The Rebel Army has never recovered from the shock of Castro's persecution of one of his closest former comrades-in-arms, Major Hubert Matos, who was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for having protested against the favouritism shown to Communists in the army. (As Mills' book remarks, "that was the biggest blow.")

The "mass assemblies" and amorphous militias now suit Castro's purposes better because they are so impersonal and anonymous. The individuals in the outdoor spectacles have a direct relationship only to Castro personally, not to each other. The demonstrations are as "democratic" as Hitler's Nuremberg rallies and Mussolini's balcony speeches once were.

The 26th of July Movement and the Rebel Army were more than Castro's personal emanations; their members were bound by a cause for which they had fought and sacrificed together. That cause went back to a period before Castro's personal rule and to a revolution waged against personal rule. That Castro could not live with the 26th of July Movement and the Rebel Army is more than faintly reminiscent of Stalin's need to abolish the Society of the Old Bolsheviks.

"By, For, and Of the People . . ."

LUKEWARM lemonade helped Jean-Paul Sartre to understand the nature of Castro's "democracy."

One day, as he tells the story, Castro invited Mme de Beauvoir and himself on an "inspection tour" of the Veradero beach. Soon the party stopped at a little refreshment stand. Castro offered them some lemonade. He started to drink some himself, put down his glass, and said loudly: "It's lukewarm." Then the following dialogue ensued:

> "Don't you have refrigerators?" Castro asked.
> "Sure we do," the waitress said. "But they don't work."
> "Have you reported it to your superior?"
> "Of course, last week. And it isn't a big job," she added familiarly. "An electrician could do it in two hours of work."
> "And no one has been ordered to make the repairs?"
> She shrugged her shoulders. "You know how it is," she added.[8]

And this is Sartre's comment on the scene:

> It was the first time that I understood—still somewhat vaguely—what I called the other day, "direct democracy." Between the waitress and Castro, an immediate secret understanding (*connivence*) was established. . . .

Castro was not yet satisfied. Sartre relates how Castro insisted on going over to the delinquent refrigerator and vainly tried to fix it himself. At length, Castro turned to the young waitress and muttered:

> "Tell your superiors that if they don't get busy on their problems, they will have problems with me."

One reads and wonders. Could it really be that this banal and somewhat embarrassing little scene convinced the famous and worldly French philosopher that Castro's Cuba was—not an ordinary kind of democracy but—a "direct democracy"? Involuntarily, my mind went back to some experiences in the Dominican Republic a few years ago. There, too, the Líder Máximo, who prefers being called "El Jefe," liked to visit his domain, see his subjects personally and settle problems on the spot.[9] To my dismay, I discovered that there was much to be said for his régime in purely physical terms, that the peasants worshipped him, that he could have won honest elections quite as overwhelmingly as his fixed elections, and that the only ones who seemed disturbed were a few intellectuals and other dubious middle-class characters. It was easy to imagine the same scene played by El Jefe, the young waitress, lukewarm lemonade, and the refrigerator that wouldn't work, except perhaps that El Jefe, having had much more time, no longer permitted lukewarm lemonade under any circumstances. But the

[8] For "how it really is," one has to turn to Paul Johnson in the *New Statesman* (July 9th, 1960): "I can only describe it in one word: happiness. Whatever else Cuba's revolution has done, it has made the people happy. . . . It is as if the entire country had been born again. People may not be getting much more to eat, but they now have hope. . . . There is gaiety in the air. The streets bustle with crocodiles of laughing schoolgirls, off to a free performance of the Peking Opera. . . ."

[9] One of Castro's titles is also "El Jefe de la Revolución," as on the front page of the leading semi-official newspaper, *Revolución*, December 16th, 1960. The same issue contains two "líder máximo."

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greatest blow of all came one day when I entered into a philosophical discussion with a leading official and asked whether El Jefe's unique system had a name. Gravely and courteously, he answered: "neo-democracy." I must have flushed in anger. If only they would leave "democracy" alone! If Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo was the leader of a democracy, even a "neo-democracy," who was not?

AT BOTTOM, ALL THESE "neo" and "direct" democracies rest on a simple proposition: that the Leader and his people are one and indivisible. Hence they need no representative institutions, no elections, no loyal or disloyal oppositions, no free or partially critical press, none of the rights and safeguards traditionally associated with a democracy.

The horror of this thinking is that it wipes out the lessons to be learned from the most desperate and tragic experiences of our time. If there is anything that should have burned itself into our consciousness, it is the excruciating evil of the popular despot, the beloved dictator, the mass Leader. The *connivence* which Sartre imagined between Castro and the waitress existed between Hitler and a too large portion of the German people and between Trujillo and an even larger portion of the Dominican people. More horrible still is the fact that, with the whole modern machinery of propaganda at their disposal, the Leaders can manufacture a reasonable facsimile of popular consent even if they may not have it to start out with. (Is it necessary at this late date to recall these terrible lessons to Jean-Paul Sartre? Could he have survived the "direct democracy" that he recommends to the Cubans?)

Castro's "democracy" poses awkward problems for all his apologists. Their argument runs: (a) Castro could win any election overwhelmingly and, therefore (b) elections are unnecessary or harmful and, anyway (c) all previous Cuban elections were crooked. Here, again, it seems necessary to recall the ABC of democracy to people who pride themselves on being the only real democrats. The democratic mandate is not one that once given cannot be revoked; it is of the essence of democratic consent that it must be periodically renewed. Most observers estimated Castro's popular support at 90 per cent or more in January 1959, and at 75 per cent or more a year later, but it may well be, as some claim, that the figure has been cut to 50 per cent or less at the present time. It is no longer certain that he could win any election overwhelmingly or at all.

There have been three stages in Castro's attitude towards elections. First, he promised them. Then he said they were not immediately feasible. Now he ridicules them. In effect, he once said: "Cuba has never had an honest election and a truly free press. I will show Cuba how to have them." Now he says: "Cuba has never had an honest election and a truly free press. Therefore, Cuba has no right to have them under me." Here, in essence, are the two revolutions of Fidel Castro.

The problem of elections is evaded by the counter-offer of something even better. Huberman and Sweezy write: "What we do maintain is that the Revolution itself gives the government a far more democratic mandate than the freest of free elections ever could, and that it is the sacred duty of the government to *carry out* the oft-announced platform of the Revolution before it comes back to the people asking for either approval or further instructions." What Revolution? What platform? The Revolution to restore the Constitution of 1940 and hold elections in twelve-to-eighteen months? Or the Revolution against the Constitution and against elections for an indefinite period? How can the government come *back* to the people for "approval" and "further instructions" when it has never once gone to them for approval or instructions?

The reference to the "oft-announced platform of the Revolution" is simply incredible. Huberman and Sweezy might have been less tempted to make it if they had not successfully avoided stating that platform. They themselves tell a story which belies it. According to them, the first draft of the agrarian reform law contained no provision for co-operatives. All the revolutionaries around Castro believed that the peasants were not ready for them. The decision to have them was made by Castro alone against the better judgment of his closest advisers and adherents. By Huberman and Sweezy's own admission, then, Castro did not carry out "the oft-announced platform of the Revolution" as anyone else had understood it in this key area; he carried out a basic revision of that platform to the surprise of every one but Fidel Castro.[10]

[10] The present-day Cuban "co-operatives" are usually traced back to Castro's *History Will Absolve Me* speech in 1953. A careful reading of the key passage in that speech hardly bears this out.

"A revolutionary government, after transferring the ownership of parcels of land to the one

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BUT THERE IS SOMETHING even more deeply objectionable to this reasoning. It implies that anyone who claims to possess the true Idea of the Revolution confers on himself a more democratic mandate than any of the people, even in the freest of free elections, can give him. The next step—and revolutionists have taken it—is to say that it is "democratic" to make the Revolution without the people or despite the people—in, of course, the people's interest. Out of such Revolutions have invariably come the worst tyrannies.

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hundred thousand small farmers who to-day pay rent, would proceed to a definite solution of the land problem by, first: establishing, as the Constitution orders, a maximum acreage for each type of agricultural enterprise and acquiring the excess acreage by means of expropriation, recovering lands usurped from the State, filling in swamp and marsh lands, planting vast tracts and reserving zones for reforestation; second, distributing the remaining land among farming families with preference given to the largest ones, encouraging agricultural co-operatives for the common use of costly equipment, cold storage, and a uniform professional direction in cultivation and breeding, and, finally, to facilitate assistance, equipment, protection, and useful knowledge to the farming population" (*Pensamiento Político, Económico y Social de Fidel Castro*, Editorial Lex, Havana, 1959, pp. 44–45).

I have purposely translated this passage in its literal form in order to give the reader a sense of where co-operatives belonged in the total scheme of Castro's 1953 agricultural policy. They obviously occupied a minor place in the general scheme; they were intended, in the traditional meaning of co-operatives, to service independent landowners. These 1953 co-operatives were clearly not the "state farms" of 1959. In addition, Castro seems to have dropped or rarely mentioned "co-operatives" after 1953.

The version of this passage in the Huberman-Sweezy book (p. 41) is taken from the official English translation of this speech, published by the Liberal Press, New York. For some reason, the phrase "for the common use of costly equipment, cold storage" was omitted from this translation, as a result of which the whole section on co-operatives is somewhat distorted. In 1953, Castro's "agrarian reform" meant what it has usually meant: land for landless peasants. But, then, Huberman and Sweezy discovered, via a translator, that Cuban peasants do not want their own land; they did not even understand the question of owning their own land "until it had been repeatedly re-phrased and explained" (p. 116, note). Huberman and Sweezy add that this incident set them off on their entire interpretation of the Cuban Revolution! If so, the Cuban peasants are truly unique, and no one apparently ever understood them before—certainly not Fidel Castro who put so much emphasis on giving them their own land in 1953 and after.

Whose Man in Havana?

WHILE some writers see everything but Communism in Castro, others see nothing but Communism. The most extreme version of this second school of thought may be found in the book, *Red Star Over Cuba*, by Nathaniel Weyl. Mr. Weyl knew the international Communist movement from the inside during the 1930s—he has testified that he once belonged to the same American party unit as Alger Hiss—and he has also written a book on Mexico's agrarian reform under ex-President Lázaro Cárdenas. (There is no indication, however, that he has had a personal knowledge of Cuba in the last two years or at any other time.)

Much of Weyl's book is based on police and intelligence sources, such as the Batista régime's "Bureau for the Repression of Communist Activities" (BRAC). A lurid series of articles in a sensation-mongering New York tabloid is treated as if it were a serious historical source. The recklessness with which Weyl uses his materials, good, bad, and dubious, is matched by that of his views. These range from the conviction that Fidel Castro has been "a trusted Soviet agent" since 1948, when he was little more than 21 years old, to the imputation that Cuba was lost to Communism by "appeasement-oriented" officials of the State Department. The implicit thesis of the book was stated by Senators Eastland and Dodd of the Senate Internal Security Sub-committee, whom Weyl quotes: "Cuba was handed to Castro and the Communists by a combination of Americans in the same way that China was handed to the Communists." In effect, this is the extreme "right-wing" case against Castro and those who allegedly put him into power.

Weyl's methods hardly inspire confidence in his results. He makes some members of the State Department the butt of his indignation for having failed to accept the evidence that Castro has been a Communist and Soviet agent for a dozen years. But, for some reason, he fails to mention that General C. P. Cabell, deputy director of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, testified in November 1959 before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee (one of his favourite sources) that "we believe that Castro is not a member of the Communist Party, and does not consider himself to be a Communist." Presumably the C.I.A. had gone to some trouble to find out all about Castro's past political allegiances and was less riddled than the State

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Department with "appeasement-minded subordinates" (Weyl's phrase for then Undersecretary Christian Herter, Assistant Secretary for Latin American Affairs, Roy R. Rubottom, and Director of the Caribbean Division William A. Wieland). The C.I.A. may have been wrong, but its evaluation of the evidence certainly has a bearing on Weyl's case against members of the State Department with a similar view.

Weyl, however, cites the testimony before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee of Raphael Díaz Balart (Castro's former brother-in-law), who worked for Batista to the end. He writes that Díaz Balart gave "basically the same account" as that of Dr. Emilio Núñez Portuondo, Batista's former Prime Minister, who declared that "Fidel Castro subordinated himself to Communist Party discipline during his first year at the University (1945–46) and used his Party name of Fidelio." Weyl then quotes those portions of Díaz Balart's testimony which indicate that Castro and the Communist students had had "a very nice understanding" about helping each other. But he does not quote Díaz Balart's direct assertion: "No, he was not in that moment a member. He was just in that moment an opportunist leader that wanted to promote himself." Basically Díaz Balart gave anything but the same account as Núñez Portuondo.

Weyl also plays fast and loose in his references to Communist money allegedly put at Castro's disposal in the Sierra Maestra. He quotes from the articles by two newspapermen in the New York *Daily News*: " 'Once,' said a man who was close to Fidel, 'Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, an active member of the Communist Party in Cuba, arrived with a dozen men loaded with money. It came to $800,000 and Fidel hugged him and shouted, 'Now we're ready to win the war.' " Thus Weyl quotes two newspapermen who quote "a man who was close to Fidel." But some thirty pages later, Weyl writes: "We have seen that Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, who was not only a member of the Political Bureau of the Cuban Communist Party, but its brains, went to the Sierra Maestra to bring Fidel Castro almost a million dollars." There is no doubt about Rafael Rodriguez' journey to the Sierra Maestra in June 1958—he readily admitted it to me when I talked to him last spring—but only a reader with a short memory would "have seen" that Rafael Rodriguez had brought Fidel Castro almost a million dollars. Perhaps he did, but the evidence is third-hand at best. Nevertheless, Weyl goes on to assert that "Fidel Castro's forces won primarily because they had almost unlimited supplies of money."

How MUCH MORE COMPLEX Cuban politics can be than Weyl appears to make it may be gathered from his reference to Raúl Roa.

Weyl writes that one of the Cuban Communist Party's "charter members and early leaders was Raúl Roa, whom Fidel Castro would later appoint Foreign Minister of Cuba." That is all. From this a reader might suppose that Roa was just another Communist functionary in Castro's entourage. But Roa had a rather more varied political career. He wrote an article in Mexico in 1956 denouncing "the crimes, disasters, and outrages perpetrated" by the Soviet "invaders" in Hungary. This article, together with other uncomplimentary references to Communism, were reprinted in his book, *En Pie*, issued by an official publishing-house in Cuba in October 1959. The Communist leader, Blas Roca, in the official Communist organ, *Hoy*, of March 11th, 1959, denounced Roa as a *"plattista"*—the historical equivalent of an "agent of American imperialism."[11] Yet Roa has become a servile spokesman of the Communism and Soviet Union which he had many times condemned. He has never, however, completely won the trust of the Communists, one of whom has been put in as his Undersecretary. The distinguished Spanish writer, Salvador de Madariaga, no novice in these matters, recently wrote: "As for the Foreign Minister, Raúl Roa, liberal and for that reason oriented towards the West, everything indicates that he has been eclipsed by his Under-secretary, Olivares, a Communist."

Weyl also identifies Faustino Pérez as a Communist on the basis of Batista's sources. The official Cuban Communists have always blamed Pérez (the leader of the former Havana underground) for the failure of the April 1958 strike on the ground that he refused to make a deal with them. They took their revenge in November 1959 when he was ousted from Castro's

[11] Senator Orville H. Platt gave his name to the famous Amendment which empowered the U.S. to intervene in Cuba; it was revoked in 1934. The Platt Amendment was written into the Cuban Constitution as an appendix in 1901 and embodied in the U.S.-Cuban treaty of 1903. Weyl manages in a single sentence to get Senator Platt's first name and the date of his amendment wrong—a curious feat for a student of Cuba.

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government for protesting against the treatment of Major Hubert Matos. Weyl even cites a "Cuban underground" report that Matos worked for the Communists "as early as 1957," without saying a word about the price Matos has paid for his anti-Communism. Such blunders are inevitable in a book which accepts Batista's and Trujillo's sources uncritically. Communists, ex-Communists, non-Communists, and opportunists are indiscriminately lumped together. Every bit of evidence that does not fit the book's thesis is ruthlessly suppressed or glossed over. All the hard problems of Castro's political development are over-simplified and vulgarised.

SOMETIMES A READER of both the Mills and Weyl books might be hopelessly puzzled. Mills' Yankee is taunted with the question, "What did you do—about the weapons, for example, the Yankee Government kept sending—and sending—and sending—to Batista?" But in Weyl's book, former Ambassador Earl E. T. Smith says of the United States' decision to stop sending arms to Batista in March 1958, that "the psychological impact on the morale of the government was crippling." In his recent book, *Respuesta* (Reply), published in Mexico, Fulgencio Batista also complains bitterly against the harmful effect of the U.S. embargo on arms. A reader of Mills' book would never know that the arms had ever been cut off. A reader of Weyl's book would never know that the effect of the arms embargo was partially undone by the failure to withdraw the military mission.

Weyl's chief American scapegoat is Herbert L. Matthews of the New York *Times*. In February 1957, Matthews published three articles and photographs which proved that Castro was alive, and he vouched for his idealism, courage, and innocence of Communism. The chief count against William Wieland seems to be that he advised the newly-appointed Ambassador Smith to be briefed by Matthews before assuming his post. (Rubottom's main misdeed appears to have been that he told a Senate sub-committee on December 31st, 1958, the day before Batista's flight, that "there was no evidence of any organised Communist element within the Castro movement or that Señor Castro himself was under Communist influence." As if this were not trouble enough for Rubottom, he also stands accused of having been the protégé of Dr. Milton Eisenhower, whom Weyl brushes off as "a well-intentioned, vaguely Leftist, former New Deal bureaucrat.")

Ambassador Smith's briefing by Matthews, which promises to become a minor *cause célèbre* in some circles of American politics, runs true to form in Weyl's book. On checking, I found that Ambassador Smith had testified: "I spent six weeks in Washington, approximately four days of each week, visiting various agencies and being briefed by the State Department and those whom the State Department designated." He also said that "in the course of six weeks I was briefed by numbers of people in the usual course as every Ambassador is briefed." One of these people, suggested by Wieland, was Matthews. Weyl converts this testimony to: "Ambassador Smith made the remarkable disclosure that Wieland sent him to none other than Herbert Matthews to get his briefing on Cuban affairs before departing for his post in Havana." Thus "a" briefing is transformed into "his" briefing, as if Matthews were the only one to brief Smith. And it is hard to understand what is remarkable about the recommendation of Matthews in May 1957, among many others, at a time when he was one of the very few Americans who had talked to Fidel Castro.

SOME OTHER TESTIMONY before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, which Weyl does not quote, might not have been irrelevant. According to Batista's commander in the Sierra Maestra area, Colonel Ugalde Carrillo, his forces there numbered 6,000 to 7,000. He estimated Castro's men at 700 to 800. In addition, Batista's army contained more than 33,000 men elsewhere. This force of over 40,000 had for years obtained as much arms as it had wanted from the United States and elsewhere. The American Ambassador from 1953 to the middle of 1957, Arthur Gardner, was so "pro-Batista" that, as Mrs. Ruby Hart Phillips (the long-time New York *Times* correspondent in Havana) has written in her recent book, the dictator was embarrassed because he thought that the ambassador was overdoing it. Despite Matthews' remarkable briefing, Gardner's successor, Earl Smith, was so "anti-Castro" that his subordinates pleaded with him in vain to be less partisan. And despite Matthews' pro-Castro articles of February 1957, Castro's entire force fourteen months later numbered only 300 (according to Mills) and at most 800 (according to Ugalde).

The forces at Batista's disposal were to the very end so superior in numbers and weapons that only a vast popular revulsion can account

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for Batista's débâcle. Batista's Chief-of-Staff, General Francisco Tabernilla, came much closer to the truth when he was asked whether the army could have successfully resisted Castro's march on Havana.

"It could," he replied, "but not for a long time, because by that time the people of Cuba were already against the régime of Batista, and there is no army, once the people get up in arms, that can suppress it."

Herbert Matthews has expressed his latest views in the *Hispanic American Report* (August 29th, 1960, Stanford University). He has evidently been saddened by the development of Castro's *régime* into "a dictatorship, without freedom, under the control of one man." He maintains: "Despite strong resemblances, it is not Marxism, Communism, or Fascism, but it is getting close to a totalitarian structure of some sort." Yet, even as Matthews wrote these words, Guevara was characterising the Cuban revolution as implicitly "Marxist." Matthews also continues to resist the evidence of Castro's deliberate policy of aid-and-comfort to the official Communists.[12] For example, he declares that "Fidel played into their hands unwittingly from the beginning by allowing his 26th of July Movement, which had made and won the Revolution, to wither away. This left a vacuum into which the Reds naturally moved." *Unwittingly?* It was, as has been admitted, a cold-blooded decision, no more unwitting than the more recent one to "allow" the Rebel Army to wither away. Unlike some pro-Castro apologists, however, Matthews does not pooh-pooh the possibility of Communist domination. On the contrary, he regards it as so far advanced that "the point of no return does not seem far away." But in his anxiety to absolve Castro himself of the prime responsibility, he sometimes argues that Castro's pro-Communist policy was logical, sometimes that he blundered into it, and sometimes that he was pushed into it. In effect, Matthews' faith in Castro has dimmed but not died, and he is still capable of writing: "Paradoxical though it may seem, Americans should be praying that nothing happens to Fidel Castro. Any hope of changing the situation for the better lies with him."

[12] The *New Statesman* correspondent, in a report full of surprises (July 9th, 1960), seemed to be saying that there is "a great deal" of evidence to prove that "Cuba is, or soon will be, a Soviet satellite." He wrote: "Superficially, indeed, there are many signs of Communist penetration. The vocabulary of Castro is spattered with Marxist jargon. The first ship I saw in Havana harbour was a new Soviet freighter. There are about 80 Communist-bloc technicians now in Cuba, with more to come. Subsidised Communist literature abounds (some of it is re-exported to other Latin American countries), and there is a vast and growing flow of exchange visits. With one exception, all the newspapers are in effect controlled by the government and their reporting and editorials reflect a strong pro-Communist bias. But I found no hard evidence that a single member of the revolutionary junta is a Communist, open or secret. . . ."

Revolutionary Classes

ON ONE THING Mills, Johnson, and Weyl almost agree. For Mills, Castro's régime is "a revolutionary dictatorship of the peasants and workers." For Johnson, it is a "genuine dictatorship of the proletariat." For Weyl, it is "a dictatorship of the proletariat."

What can these long-suffering, ill-defined words mean in relation to Cuba to-day?

Never has a single one of Castro's ministers been a peasant or proletarian. During my visit to Cuba last spring, I was curious to find out how far the middle-class background of the government went. It was not an easy task because most members of the cabinet, a fair sampling of the top leadership, prefer to be known as majors or captains of the former rebel army. Finally I prevailed on one of the ministers to write out on his own stationery the professions or occupations and ages of each one. Most of them still hold the same offices and, in any case, the replacements are people of the same type.

Here is the list, as he drew it up in his own handwriting, which I thought interesting enough to keep:

Osvaldo Dorticós. PRESIDENT. *Lawyer.* 40 years.
Fidel Castro. PRIME MINISTER. *Lawyer.* 33.
Augusto Martínez Sánchez. LABOUR. *Lawyer.* 34.
Raúl Roa. FOREIGN AFFAIRS. *Professor.* 53.
Osmany Cienfuegos. PUBLIC WORKS. *Architect.* 30–31.
Armando Hart. EDUCATION. *Lawyer.* 29.
Raúl Castro. ARMY. *Univ. Student.* 29.
Raúl Cepero Bonilla. COMMERCE. *Lawyer.* 39.
Regino Boti. ECONOMY. *Lawyer.* 36–37.
Rolando Díaz Astarain. FINANCE. *Naval Captain (Acad.).*
Julio Camacho. TRANSPORTATION. *Mayor.* 34.

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Serafin Ruiz de Zarate. PUBLIC HEALTH. *Medicine*. 35.
Pedro Miret. AGRICULTURE. *Engin. Student*. 32.
Jose Naranjo. INTERIOR. *Medical student*. 30.
Raquel Pérez. Soc. WELFARE. *Philosophy*. 31–32.
Enrique Oltuski. COMMUNICATIONS. *Engineer*. 29.
Alfredo Yabur. JUSTICE. *Lawyer*. 35.
Luis Buch. MINISTER. *Lawyer*. 47.

Every one attended a university (some in the United States), came from upper- or middle-class homes, and became or aspired to become a professional or intellectual. Not a single one represents in any conceivable sense the peasantry or proletariat, or owes his position to its organised strength or pressure. What they are they owe solely to Fidel Castro, and they are responsible to him alone. (This much is recognised by Mills who flatly states that Castro possesses "virtually absolute power" in Cuba to-day. But where does that leave the "dictatorship *of* the peasants and workers"?)

Reflecting on the situation as they saw it in the spring of 1960, Huberman and Sweezy gave the peasantry the decisive role in the victorious revolution, made Castro the "embodiment of the revolutionary will and energy of the peasantry," and extolled the Cuban peasantry as "perhaps one of the world's most deeply revolutionary classes" and "as radical a social class as any in the world to-day." Six months later they returned to Cuba and discovered that the peasantry had been superseded as the "most revolutionary class" by the working class and that the peasant-manned and -nourished Rebel Army had suffered a relative eclipse. They were delighted in the spring and they were enchanted in the fall; the peasant revolution was wonderful and the swift dispossession of the peasant revolution was even more so. But why the peasantry should have been superseded if it really was "as radical a social class as any in the world to-day," they do not try to explain. Is it conceivable that the class which had really made the revolution, which the Líder Máximo embodied, and which was perhaps the most deeply revolutionary class in the world to-day, would permit itself to be pushed into the background without a word of protest or token of resistance? Is this the behaviour of a class towards *its* revolution?

The process thus conjured up is clearly mythological.[13] Those who "gave" the revolution to the peasantry could also take it away. The peasantry never had in its hands any of the levers of command of the revolution, before or after the victory. The revolution was made and always controlled by de-classed sons and daughters of the middle class, first in the name of the entire people, then of the peasants, and now of the workers and peasants. At most the revolution is doing things *for* and *to* the peasants and workers. The good and evil in these things may be open to debate, but *who* decides these things and to what class they belong are not. For Marx, the notion that the peasants would have been the driving force of a socialist revolution would have been simply unthinkable; the idea that the working class would have to be "swept" into a socialist revolution after it had been made by another class and as a mechanical result of nationalisation from above, equally so.

THE ALLEGED ROLE OF THE WORKING CLASS in this revolution is just as fanciful as that attributed to the peasantry.

In December, about 1,000 authentic proletarians employed by the Cuban Electric Company staged a protest march from union headquarters to the Presidential Palace. The rank-and-file was discontented because the new management of the nationalised electric company had cracked down on privileges long tolerated under the dictatorship and thereby had reduced its standard of living. The leadership, headed by an old 26th of July militant, was enraged because the central Trade Union Federation (now completely controlled by the Communists) had moved to set aside the results of the union's election which had gone against the Communists. The rebellion was quelled by the flight of the union leaders to foreign embassies and a long, angry speech by Prime Minister Castro. He admitted that a large part not only of the electric workers but of the mass of workers in general was "confused." He scorned those who would exchange "the right of the working class to govern and direct the country for a plate of lentils." At one point, he declared: "Do you know what is the first goal for which the working class should fight, the only goal for which a working class in a modern country should fight fundamentally? For the conquest of political power!"

This speech was noteworthy for the political vocabulary employed for the first time by Castro, but it told much more about him than about the Cuban proletariat. Would it be neces-

[13] "Castro, like Mao Tse-Tung, was carried to power on the backs of the armed peasants, and they will keep him there." (Paul Johnson in the *New Statesman*, July 9th, 1960.)

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sary to exhort the proletariat to take power in a "dictatorship *of* the proletariat"? And if it followed his advice, would all the lawyers in Castro's government remain in power? Of all the dictatorships of the proletariat which have been bestowed on us in this century, Castro's is surely the least convincing.

EVENTS HAVE ALSO dealt unkindly with Jean-Paul Sartre's clairvoyance. In the introduction (dated September 12th, 1960) to the Brazilian edition of his series of articles on Cuba, he wrote: "No, if Cuba desires to separate from the Western bloc, it is not through the crazy ambition of linking itself to the Eastern bloc." He also communicated his certainty that "its objective is not to strengthen one bloc to the detriment of the other." On December 10th, Major Guevara was "crazy" enough to announce publicly in Moscow: "We wholeheartedly support the statement adopted by this conference [of 81 Communist parties]." It would be hard to imagine any way of linking Cuba more closely to the Eastern bloc or of strengthening that bloc to the detriment of the West than the whole-hearted support of this statement.

The attitude of Paul Johnson in the *New Statesman* towards Latin America in general and Cuba in particular smacks of a peculiar kind of anti-colonial colonialism. For him, their basic economic problems cannot be solved "through mere electoral victories, since effective legislation requires the assent of the armed forces." Therefore, only *Fidelismo* or Communism—which he regards as "natural enemies"—remain as practical alternatives. In the case of Cuba, he seems to have cut the ground under his own argument since the armed forces disappeared and the need for their assent vanished with them. The main theme of Castro's *History Will Absolve Me* speech of 1953 and of all his statements until he assumed power was that Cuba's social and economic problems could be solved within the framework of the Constitution of 1940. But there was one thing the Constitution excluded—the dictatorship of a Líder Máximo and his junta. The colonialists used to say that some peoples were not fit for anything but some form of imperialism: the anti-colonial colonialists say that some peoples are not fit for anything but some form of totalitarianism.

In the end, one wonders how far such words as "socialism," "democracy," "Marxism," and "dictatorship of the proletariat" can be stretched. For some of Castro's admirers, they can be stretched to the point of meaninglessness.

Five years ago, for example, Huberman and Sweezy were shocked by Nikita Khrushchev's exposé at the Soviet Communist party's Twentieth Congress of his predecessor's vices. After a suitable period of reflection and repentance, they came up with a theory of Stalinism as "good ends with bad means." They explained that Stalinism "became the instrument of the advance to socialism" but, unhappily, "incorporated the methods of oriental despotism—murder, mendacity, duplicity, brutality, and above all arbitrariness." This view of Stalinism has its roots in a certain conception of socialism. In this conception all that essentially matters is that the economy should be nationalised. The nationalising state may be murderous, mendacious, guilty of duplicity, brutal and arbitrary, but it is still "socialist."

And by separating the ends from the means, the political from the economic, what the state controls from who controls the state, socialism can be arrived at through oriental despotisms or pseudo-peasant revolutions.

Revolutionary Schizophrenia

MARXIAN socialism was predicated not merely on a nationalised economy but on the harmonious development of several factors. The achievement of economic democracy by the socialist revolution presupposed the achievement of political democracy by the bourgeois-democratic revolution. For this reason, the classical Marxists took political democracy for granted, as we no longer can, and they assumed that economic democracy would be built on it. They conceived of socialism as the culmination of capitalist development, without which the prerequisites of socialism—an advanced industrial economy and a preponderant, impoverished, class-conscious proletariat—could not be fulfilled.

History has not worked out that way. Where capitalism has been successful, the prerequisite of a preponderant, impoverished, class-conscious proletariat has not been fulfilled; and where capitalism has not been successful, the prerequisite of an advanced industrial economy has also not been fulfilled. Either the middle-class has not been strong enough to achieve a viable capitalist economy or it has been strong enough to bar the way to a socialist economy.

This familiar dilemma of modern socialism has spawned all sorts of bastard and spurious

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"socialisms." Instead of the proletariat, they issue out of the middle class, but of that portion in revolt against the failure of the middle class. These sons and daughters of the bourgeoisie gravitate irresistibly towards the ideology of socialism, but they can make use only of those aspects of socialism which conditions permit them to utilise. They cannot be faithful to the fundamental ideas of the socialist tradition—that the proletariat should liberate itself, that there are prerequisites of socialism, especially an advanced industrial economy, and that socialism must fulfil and complement political democracy.

BUT THERE IS ONE ASPECT of socialism on which they can seize without delay or restraint. They can find in Marxism an ideological sanction for the unrestricted and unlimited use of the state to change the social order, and they can find in Leninism a sanction for *their* unrestricted and unlimited power over the state. In classical Marxism, the role of the socialist state was conditioned by the stage of development at which it was put into effect and by the class relationships which governed its realisation. In this caricature of socialism, however, the only prerequisite that really matters is the seizure of power, no matter by whom, how, when, or where. Thus we live in a time not only of "Cuban socialism" but of "Indonesian socialism" and even of "African socialism."

This phenomenon indicates that we are badly in need of new words to assume some of the burden that has been thrust on socialism. The order of development cannot be inverted—first the revolution, then the prerequisites of socialism—without resulting in a totally different kind of social order, alien to the letter and, infinitely more, to the spirit of socialism. These inverted revolutions from above belong to what, for want of a better word, we must call the Communist family of revolutions, which, in practice, serve to industrialise the peasantry rather than to liberate the proletariat. But even this family has grown so large and now covers so much ground that its name does not necessarily guarantee full understanding.

For about thirty years, the only Communism was Russian Communism and, in effect, Communism was whatever the Russians said it was. Then, in 1948, came the Titoist variant—a small Communist state in rebellion against Russian domination—and, at the end of 1949, the Chinese variant—a Communist state so vast that it could rival Soviet Russia in power. But both the Yugoslav and Chinese Communist leaderships derived from a common source, the Comintern, which from 1919 to 1943 was tightly controlled by and wholly dependent on the Russian Communists. Thus far the line of descent was clear and direct.

NOW A NEW BRANCH of the family has begun to emerge. It is related to the national-revolutionary movements which the world Communist movement long before Khrushchev had recognised as a distinct force and with which it had sometimes collaborated and sometimes competed. As late as 1954, the Soviet press attacked Kwame Nkrumah and his party as a "screen" for British imperialism. Under Khrushchev, however, the pendulum has swung over to the outermost limits of collaboration. This policy, apparently one of the points at issue between the Russian and Chinese Communist parties, reflects the undeniable fact of the last few years that no Communist has been a match for Nkrumah in Ghana, Sékou Touré in Guinea, or Fidel Castro in Cuba. The local Communists were, therefore, advised to bide their time and achieve their goal in two stages instead of one. First the national-revolutionary movement could win power, then the Communists could win power in the national-revolutionary movements.

This strategy owes its success to a shrewd assessment of the national-revolutionary movements. They are far more capable than the Communists of achieving national unity against the common enemy. But the common enemy, not a social and political programme, gives them their *raison d'être*. As a result, they are much more inspiring and effective before taking power than they are afterwards. Filling the political and social vacuum the day after the revolution gives the Communists greater opportunities than they had during the revolution. Above all, the nationalist leaders are usually men whose magnetic mass appeal is combined with intellectual fuzziness, adventurist temperaments, and insatiable egos. Their strong point makes them indispensable and their weak points vulnerable to the Communists. They serve the Communists only on condition that the Communists should appear to be serving them. Their political school was nothing like the Comintern, and they represent a variant still farther away from the Russian prototype than Tito or Mao.

This variant has gone farther in Cuba than anywhere else, though the story is far from finished

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there, too. For this reason, Fidel Castro has cast such a large shadow from such a small island.

THE PHENOMENON OF Fidel Castro has, as yet, received little serious study. His revolution may not be the one that he promised to make, but it is for all that a genuine revolution. It is related to other upheavals in countries with similar national and social resentments and inequalities. It cannot be dismissed as nothing more than a diabolical aberration because it is not what it claims to be. It belongs to a new type of system, neither capitalist nor socialist, that emerges where capitalism has not succeeded and socialism cannot succeed. In most pro- and anti-Castro propaganda, the revolution that brought him into power is so ruthlessly distorted that his entire political development begins and ends in fantasy. The serious student will seek answers to questions that the mythologists of "Left" and "Right" do not even ask. How could a revolution basically middle class in nature be turned against that class? How could a revolution made without the official Communists and for the most part despite them become so intimately linked with them? How, in short, could Fidel Castro promise one revolution and make another, and what consequences flowed from this revolutionary schizophrenia?

The answers, as I have suggested, take us into territory that has been as yet hardly explored. For the Communists and the *Fidelistas* to meet, *both* had to travel some distance from their starting-points. The Communists had to make up their minds that they could win power, not against Fidel but only through Fidel. In all probability, this decision was made after an internal struggle in the first half of 1958 between the Old Guard "Stalinist" leadership headed by the general-secretary, Blas Roca, and a more flexible "Khrushchevite" group represented by the editor of the party organ, Carlos Rafael Rodriguez. Some competent observers believe that the deal was made in the Sierra Maestra before Castro took power and that all his moves have been determined by this pact. Others think that he went through a period of wavering and vacillation in the first months of his régime. In any case, his major decisions were made so secretively and within such a small group that even former members of his government profess to be uncertain of his commitments and motives.

The inner history of Castro's régime remains to be told. Its main lines, however, have become increasingly clear. Fidel Castro—as much demagogue as idealist, as much adventurer as revolutionary, as much anarchist as Communist or anything else—was suddenly and unexpectedly catapulted into power without a real party, a real army, or a real programme. In the struggle for power, he had put forward no original economic or political ideas and had stayed well within the limits of traditional democratic reform and idiom in Cuba. He differed from Batista's other enemies chiefly in the tactics he was willing to employ, in his faith in armed struggle and his willingness to organise it. But once power came into his hands, he refused to permit anything that might lessen or restrict it. He would not tolerate the functioning of a government which was not the façade of his personal rule or of a party which might develop a life of its own. His power and his promises were from the first incompatible, and this contradiction forced him to seek a basis for his régime wholly at variance with that of the anti-Batista revolution. He did not have the disciplined and experienced cadres, the ideology, and the international support to switch revolutions in full view of the audience. Only the Cuban and Russian Communists could make them available to him. Having formerly collaborated with Batista (whose government once contained both Juan Marinello and Carlos Rafael Rodriguez), the Cuban Communists were easily capable of collaborating with Castro. The "united front" of Communists and *Fidelistas* is heading, as Guevara recently intimated in Moscow, towards a "united party," and if it materialises, Fidel Castro will certainly go down in history not as the Líder Máximo of a new movement but as the Pied Piper of an old one. Still, as long as the Communists need him at least as much as he needs them, further surprises cannot be ruled out; Fidel's ego may give the Communists as much trouble as it has given many others.

WHEN I RETURNED from Cuba last spring, I wrote: "Castro once spoke of his revolution as 'liberty with bread and without terror.' If he continues to push too hard, too fast, and too far, Cuba may yet have more terror without either bread or liberty."[14] Unfortunately, my worst apprehensions have come true, and Fidel Castro has given Cuba not a national revolution but an international civil war.

[14] Theodore Draper, "The Runaway Revolution," *The Reporter*, May 12th, 1960.

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Paul Bowles

A Friend of the World

SALAM rented two rooms and a kitchen on the second floor of a Jewish house at the edge of the town. He had decided to live with the Jews because he had already lived with Christians and found them all right. He trusted them a little more than he did other Moslems, who were like him, and said: "No Moslem can be trusted." Moslems are the only true people, the only people you can understand. But because you do understand them, you do not trust them. Salam did not trust the Jews completely, either, but he liked living with them because they paid no attention to him. It had no importance if they talked about him among themselves, and they would never talk about him to Moslems. If he had a sister who lived here and there, getting what money she could from whatever man she found, because she had to eat, that was all right, and the Jews did not point at her when she came to visit him. If he did not get married, but lived instead with his brother and spent his time smoking kif and laughing, if he got his money by going to Tangier once a month and sleeping for a week with old English and American ladies who drank too much whisky, they did not care. He was a Moslem. Had he been rich he would have lived in the Spanish end of the town in a villa with concrete benches in the garden and a big round light in the ceiling of the sala, with many pieces of glass hanging down from it. He was poor and he lived with the Jews. To get to his house he had to go to the end of the Medina, cross an open space where the trees had all been cut down, go along the street where the warehouses had been abandoned by the Spanish when they left, and into a newer, dirtier street that led to the main highway. Half-way down was the entrance to the alley where he and his brother and fourteen Jewish families lived. There were the remains of narrow side-walks along the edges of the wide gutter, full of mounds of rotten water-melon rind and piles of broken bricks. The small children played here all day. When he was in a hurry he had to be careful not to step on them as they waded in the little puddles of dishwater and urine that were in front of all the doors. If they had been Moslem children, he would have spoken to them, but since they were Jews he did not see them as children at all, but merely as nuisances in his way, like cactuses that had to be stepped over carefully because there was no way of going around them. Although he had lived here for almost two years, he did not know the names of any of the Jews. For him they had no names. When he came home and found his door locked, because his brother had gone out and taken both keys with him, he went into any house where the door was open and dropped his bundles on the floor, saying: "I'll be back in a little while." He knew they would not touch his property. The Jews were neither friendly nor unfriendly. They too, if they had had money, would have been living in the Spanish end of the town. It made the alley seem less like a Mellah, where only Jews live, to have the two Moslems staying among them.

Salam had the best house in the alley. It was at the end, and its windows gave onto a wilderness of fig trees and canebrake where squatters had built huts out of thatch and hammered pieces of tin. On the hot nights (for the town was in a plain and the heat stayed in the streets long after the sun had gone) his rooms had a breeze from the south that blew through and out onto the terrace. He was happy with his house and with the

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life that he and his brother had in it. "I'm a friend of the world," he would say. "A clean heart is better than everything."

ONE DAY he came home and found a small kitten sitting on the terrace. When it saw him it ran to him and purred. He unlocked the door into the kitchen and it went inside. After he had washed his hands and feet in the kitchen he went into his room. The kitten was lying on the mattress, still purring. *"Mimí,"* he said to it. He gave it some bread. While it ate the bread it did not stop purring. Bou Ralem came home. He had been drinking beer with some friends in the Café Granada. At first he did not understand why Salam had let the kitten stay. "It's too young to be worth anything," he said. "If it saw a rat it would run and hide." But when the kitten lay in his lap and played with him he liked it. "Its name is Mimí," Salam told him. Nights it slept on the mattress with Salam near his feet. It learned to go down into the alley to relieve itself in the dirt there. The children sometimes tried to catch it, but it ran faster than they did and got to the steps before them, and they did not dare follow it upstairs.

During Ramadan, when they stayed up all night, they moved the mats and cushions and mattresses out on to the terrace and lived out there, talking and laughing until the daylight came. They smoked more kif than usual, and invited their friends home at two in the morning for dinner. Because they were living outside and the kitten could hear them from the alley, it grew bolder and began to visit the canebrake behind the house. It could run very fast, and even if a dog chased it, it could get to the stairs in time. When Salam missed it he would stand up and call to it over the railing, on one side down the alley and on the other over the trees and the roofs of the shacks. Sometimes when he was calling into the alley a Jewish woman would run out of one of the doors and look at him. He noticed that it was always the same woman. She would put one hand above her eyes and stare up at him, and then she would put both hands on her hips and frown. "A crazy woman," he thought, and he paid no attention to her. One day while he was calling the kitten, the woman shouted up to him in Spanish. Her voice sounded very angry. *"Oyél"* she cried, shaking her arm in the air, "why are you calling the name of my daughter?"

Salam kept calling: "Mimí! Agi! Agiagi, Mimí!"

The woman moved closer to the steps. She put both hands above her eyes, but the sun was behind Salam, so that she could not see him very well. "You want to insult people?" she screamed. "I understand your game. You make fun of me and my daughter."

Salam laughed. He put the end of his forefinger to the side of his head and made circles with it. "I'm calling my cat. Who's your daughter?"

"And your cat is called Mimí because you knew my little girl's name was Mimí? Why don't you behave like civilised people?"

Salam laughed again and went inside. He did not think of the woman again. Not many days after that the kitten disappeared, and no matter how much he called, it did not come back. He and Bou Ralem went out that night and searched for it in the canebrake. The moon was bright, and they found it lying dead, and carried it back to the house to look at it. Someone had given it a pellet of bread with a needle inside. Salam sat down slowly on the mattress. "The Yehoudía," he said.

"You don't know who did it," Bou Ralem told him.

"It was the Yehoudía. Throw me the mottoui." And he began to smoke kif, one pipe after another. Bou Ralem understood that Salam was looking for an answer, and he did not talk. After a while he saw that the time had come to turn off the electricity and light the candle. When he had done this, Salam lay back quietly on the mattress and listened to the dogs barking outside. Now and then he sat up and filled his sebsi. Once he passed it to Bou Ralem, and lay back down on the cushions smiling. He had an idea of what he would do. When they went

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to bed he said to Bou Ralem: "She's one mother who's going to wet her pants."

The next day he got up early and went to the market. In a little stall there he bought several things: a crow's wing, a hundred grams of jduq jmel seeds, powdered porcupine quills, some honey, a pressed lizard, and a quarter kilo of fasoukh. When he had finished paying for all this, he turned away as if he were going to leave the stall, then he said: "Khaï, give me another fifty grams of jduq jmel." When the man had weighed the seeds out and put them into a paper and folded it up, he paid him and carried the paper in his left hand as he went on his way home. In the alley the children were throwing clots of mud at one another. They stopped while he went by. The women sat in the doorways with their shawls over their heads. As he passed before the house of the woman who had killed Mimí he let go of the package of jduq jmel seeds. Then he went upstairs on to his terrace, walked to the door, and pounded on it. No one answered. He stood in the middle of the terrace where everyone could see him, rubbing his hand over his chin. A minute later he climbed to the terrace next to his and knocked on that door. He handed his parcel to the woman who came to open. "I left my keys in the market," he told her. "I'll be right back." He ran downstairs, through the alley, and up the street.

BEHIND the Gailan Garage Bou Ralem was standing. When Salam passed him, he nodded his head once and went along without stopping. Bou Ralem began to walk in the other direction, back to the house. As he opened the gate on to the terrace, the woman from next door called to him. "Haven't you seen your brother? He left his keys in the market." "No," Bou Ralem said, and went in, leaving the door open. He sat down and smoked a cigarette while he waited. In a little while the talking in the alley below sounded louder. He stood up and went to the door to listen. A woman was crying: "It's jduq jmel. Mimí had it in her hand!" Soon there were many more voices, and the woman from the next terrace ran downstairs in her bathrobe, carrying a parcel. "That's it," Bou Ralem said to himself. When she arrived the shouting grew louder. He listened for a time, smiling. He went out and ran downstairs. They were all in the alley outside the woman's door, and the little girl was inside the house, screaming. Without looking towards them he ran by on the far side of the alley.

Salam was inside the café, drinking a glass of tea. "Sit down," he told Bou Ralem. "I'm not going to get Fatma Daifa before eleven." He ordered his brother a tea. "Were they making a lot of noise?" he asked him. Bou Ralem nodded his head. Salam smiled. "I'd like to hear them," he said. "You'll hear them," Bou Ralem told him. "They're not going to stop."

At eleven o'clock they left the café and went through the back passages of the Medina to Fatma Daifa's house. She was the sister of their mother's mother, and thus not of their family, so that they did not feel it was shameful to use her in the game. She was waiting for them at the door, and together they went back to Salam's house.

The old woman went into the alley ahead of Salam and Bou Ralem, and walked straight to the door where all the women were gathered. She held her haik tightly around her head so that no part of her face showed, except one eye. She pushed against the Jewish women and held out one hand. "Give me my things," she told them. She did not bother to speak Spanish with them because she knew they understood Arabic. "You have my things." They did have them and they were still looking at them, but then they turned to look at her. She seized all the packages and put them into her kouffa quickly. "No shame," she shouted at the women. "Go and look after your children." She pushed the other way and went back into the alley where Salam and Bou Ralem stood waiting. The three went upstairs and into Salam's house, and they shut the door. They had lunch there and stayed all day, talking and laughing. When everyone had gone to bed, Salam took Fatma Daifa home.

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The next day the Jews all stared at them when they went out, but no one said anything to them. The woman Salam had wanted to frighten did not come to her door at all, and the little girl was not in the alley playing with the other children. It was clear that the Jews thought Fatma Daifa had put a spell on the child. They would not have believed Salam and Bou Ralem alone could do such a thing, but they knew a Moslem woman had the power. The two brothers were very much pleased with the joke. It is forbidden to practise magic, but the old woman was their witness that they had not done such a thing. She had taken away all the packages just as they had been when she had snatched them away from the Jewish women, and she had promised to keep them that way, so that in case of trouble she could prove that nothing had been used.

The Jewish woman went to the comisaría to complain. She found a young policeman sitting at his desk listening to a small radio he had in his hand, and she began to tell him that the Moslems in her haouma had bought charms to use against her daughter. The policeman did not like her, partly because she was Jewish and spoke Spanish instead of Arabic, and partly because he did not approve of people who believed in magic, but he listened politely until she said: "That Moslem is a *sinvergüenza.*" She tried to go on to say that there were many very good Moslems, but he did not like her words. He frowned at the woman and said: "Why do you say all this? What makes you think he put a spell on your little girl?" She told him how the three had shut themselves in all day with the packages of bad things from the market. The policeman looked at her in surprise. "And for a dead lizard you came all the way here?" he laughed. He sent her away and went on listening to his radio.

THE PEOPLE in the alley still did not speak to Salam and Bou Ralem, and the little girl did not come out to play in the mud with the others. When the woman went to the market she took her with her. "Hold on to my skirt," she would tell her. But one day in front of the service station the child let go of the woman's skirt for a minute. When she ran to catch up with her mother, she fell and her knee hit a broken bottle. The woman saw the blood and began to scream. People stopped walking. In a few minutes a Jew came by and helped the woman carry the child to a pharmacy. They bandaged the little girl's knee and the woman took her home. Then she went back to the pharmacy to get her baskets, but on the way she stopped at the police station. She found the same policeman sitting at his desk.

"If you want to see the proof of what I told you, come and look at my little girl now," she told him. "Again?" said the policeman. He was not friendly with her, but he took her name and address, and later that day he called at her house. He looked at the little girl's knee and tickled her ribs so that she laughed. "All children fall down," he said. "But who is this Moslem? Where does he live?" The mother showed him the stairs at the end of the alley. He did not intend to speak with Salam, but he wanted to finish with the woman once and for all. He went out into the alley, and saw that the woman was watching him from the door, so he walked slowly to the foot of the stairs. When he had decided she was no longer looking, he started to go. At that moment he heard a voice behind him. He turned and saw Salam standing above him on the terrace. He did not much like his face, and he told himself that if he ever saw him in the street he would have a few words with him.

ONE morning Salam went early to the market to get fresh kif. When he found it he bought three hundred francs' worth. As he went out through the gates into the street the policeman, who was waiting for him, stopped him. "I want to speak with you," he told him. Salam stretched his fingers tightly around the kif in his pocket. "Is everything all right?" said the policeman. "Everything is fine," Salam replied. "No trouble?" the policeman insisted, looking at him as if he knew what Salam had just bought. Salam answered: "No trouble."

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The policeman said: "See that it stays like that." Salam was angry at being spoken to this way for no reason, but with the kif in his pocket he could only be thankful that he was not being searched. "I'm a friend of the world," he said, trying to smile. The policeman did not answer, and turned away.

"A very bad thing," thought Salam as he hurried home with the kif. No policeman had bothered him before this. When he reached his room he wondered if he should hide the package under a tile in the floor, but he decided that if he did that, he himself would be living like a Jew, who each time there is a knock at the door ducks his head and trembles. He spread the kif out on the table defiantly and left it there. During the afternoon he and Bou Ralem cut it. He did not mention the policeman, but he was thinking of him all the time they were working. When the sun had gone down behind the plain and the soft breeze began to come in through the windows he took off his shirt and lay back on the pillows to smoke. Bou Ralem filled his mottoui with the fresh kif and went out to a café. "I'm staying here," said Salam.

He smoked for an hour or more. It was a hot night. The dogs had begun to bark in the canebrake. A woman and a man in one of the huts below were cursing one another. Sometimes the woman stopped shouting and merely screamed. The sound bothered Salam. He could not be happy. He got up and dressed, took his sebsi and his mottoui, and went out. Instead of turning towards the town when he left the alley, he walked towards the highway. He wanted to sit in a quiet place in order to find out what to do. If the policeman had not suspected him, he would not have stopped him. Since he had stopped him once, he might do it again, and the next time he might search him. "That's not freedom," he said to himself. A few cars went by. Their headlights made the tree-trunks yellow as they passed. After each car had gone, there was only the blue light of the moon and the sky. When he got to the bridge over the river, he climbed down a bank under the girders, and went along a path to a rock that hung out high above the water. There he sat and looked over the edge at the deep muddy river that was moving below in the moonlight. He felt the kif in his head, and he knew he was going to make it work for him.

He put the plan together slowly. It was going to cost a thousand francs, but he had that, and he was willing to spend it. After six pipes, when he had everything arranged in his mind, he stuffed his sebsi into his pocket, jumped up, and climbed the path to the highway. He walked back to the town quickly, going into the Medina by a dirt road where the houses had gardens, and where behind the walls all along the way there were dogs barking at the moon. Not many people walked at night in this part of the town. He went to the house of his cousin Abdallah, who was married to a woman from Sidi Kacem. The house was never empty. Two or three of her brothers were always there with their families. Salam spoke privately with Abdallah in the street outside the door, asking for one of the brothers whose face was not known in the town. Abdallah went in and quickly came out again with someone. The man had a beard, wore a country djellaba, and carried his shoes in his hand. They spoke together for a few minutes. "Go with him," said Abdallah, when they had finished talking. Salam and the bearded man said good-night and went away.

AT SALAM'S house that night the man slept on a mat in the kitchen. When morning came, they washed and had coffee and pastries. While they were eating Salam took out his thousand-franc note and put it into an envelope. On the outside of it Bou Ralem had printed the word GRACIAS in pencil. Soon Salam and the man from the country got up and went out through the town until they came to a side street opposite the back entrance of the police station. There they stood against the wall and talked. "You don't know his name," said the man. "We don't have to," Salam told him. "When he comes out and gets into one of the cars and drives away, you run over to the office and give them the envelope, and say you tried

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to catch him before he left." He waved the envelope in his hand. "Ask them to give this to him when he comes back. They'll take it."

"He may walk," said the man. "Then what will I do?"

"The police never walk," Salam said. "You'll see. Then you run out again. This street is the best one. Keep going, that's all. I won't be here. I'll see you at Abdallah's."

They waited a long time. The sun grew hotter and they moved into the shade of a fig tree, always watching the door of the comisaría from where they stood. Several policemen came out, and for each one the man from the country was ready to run, but Salam held on to him and said: "No, no, no!" When the policeman they were waiting for finally did stand in the doorway, Salam drew in his breath and whispered: "There he is. Wait till he drives off, then run." He turned away and walked very fast down the street into the Medina.

When the man from the country had explained clearly who the envelope was for, he handed it to the policeman at the desk, said: "Thank you," and ran out quickly. The policeman looked at the envelope, then tried to call him back, but he had gone. Since all messages which came for any of the policemen had to be put on the captain's desk first, he sent the envelope in to his office. The captain held it up to the light. When the policeman came back he called him in and made him open it in front of him. "Who is it from?" said the captain. The policeman scratched his head. He could not answer. "I see," said the captain. The next week he had the man transferred. Word came from the capital that he was to be sent to Rissani. "See how many friends you can make in the desert," the captain told him. He would not listen to anything the policeman tried to say.

SALAM went to Tangier. When he returned he heard that the policeman had been sent to the Sahara. This made him laugh a great deal. He went to the market and bought a half-grown goat. Then he invited Fatma Daifa and Abdallah and his wife and two of her brothers with their wives and children, and they killed the goat and ate it. It was nearly dawn by the time they all went home. Fatma Daifa did not want to go home alone, and since Salam and Bou Ralem were too drunk to take her, she slept in the kitchen on the floor. When she woke up it was late, but Salam and Bou Ralem were still asleep. She got her things together, put on her haik and went out. When she came to the house of the woman with the little girl, she stood still and looked in. The woman saw her and was frightened. "What do you want?" she cried. Fatma Daifa knew she was meddling, but she thought this was the right thing to do for Salam. She pretended not to see the woman's frightened face, and she shook her fist back at the terrace, crying into the air: "Now I see what sort of man you are! You think you can cheat me? Listen to me! None of it's going to work, do you hear?" She walked on down the alley shouting: "None of it!" The other Jewish women came and stood around the door and sat on the curb in front of it. They agreed that if the old woman had fought with the two men there was no more danger from the magic, because only the old woman had the power to make it work. The mother of the little girl was happy, and the next day the child was playing in the mud with the others.

Salam went in and out of the alley as always, not noticing the children or the people. It was half a month before he said one day to Bou Ralem: "I think the Jews are feeling better. I saw the wrong Mimí out loose this morning." He was free again now that the policeman was gone, and he could carry his kif in his pocket without worrying when he went out through the streets to the café. The next time he saw Fatma Daifa she asked him about the Jews in his alley. "It's finished. They've forgotten," he said. "Good," she replied. Then she went to her house and got out the porcupine quill powder and the crow's wing and the seeds and all the rest of the packages. She put them into her basket, carried them to the market, and sold them there, and with the money she bought bread, oil, and eggs. She went home and cooked her dinner.

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Claude Lévi-Strauss

Tristes Tropiques

From an Anthropologist's Memoirs (II)

A Native Society and its Style

THE ensemble of a people's customs has always its particular style: they form into systems. I am convinced that the number of these systems is not unlimited and that human societies, like individual human beings (at play, in their dreams, or in moments of delirium), never create *absolutely*: all they can do is to choose certain combinations from a repertory of ideas which it should be possible to reconstitute. For this one must make an inventory of all the customs which have been observed by oneself or others, the customs pictured in mythology, and the customs evoked by both children and grown-ups in their games. The dreams of individuals, whether healthy or sick, and psychopathological behaviour should also be taken into account. With all this one could eventually establish a sort of periodical chart of chemical elements, analogous to that devised by Mendeleiev. In this, all customs, whether real or merely possible, would be grouped by families, and all that would remain for us to do would be to recognise those which societies had, in point of fact, adopted.

These reflections are especially apt in the case of the Mbaya-Guaicuru: the Caduveo in Brazil are, with the Paraguayan Toba and Pilaga, the last representatives of this people. Their civilisation immediately calls to mind something which our own society has pictured in one of its traditional distractions—something, too, whose essence was well captured by Lewis Carroll in *Alice in Wonderland*—for these Indian knights remind us of the court-cards in the pack. Their dress, to begin with: they wore tunics and leather surcoats which broadened their shoulders and hung stiffly down in folds, with painted patterns in red and black that reminded earlier travellers of Turkey carpets. To us, these patterns are notable for the motifs of the spade, the diamond, the club, and the heart: these recur over and over again.

THEY HAD THEIR KINGS and their queens; and like those in Lewis Carroll, the Caduveo queens loved to play with the severed heads that their warriors brought back from battle. Nobles of both sexes delighted in tournaments and were absolved from all menial tasks by an enslaved people that had been installed there long before the Caduveo and differed from them both in language and in culture: the Guana. All that now remains of these is the Tereno, who live in a governmental reserve not far from the little town of Miranda. I went to see them there. In former times the Guana tilled the soil and paid the Mbaya lords a tribute of agricultural produce in exchange for their "protection:" as an insurance, that is to say, against pillage and sacking by bands of armed horsemen. A 16th-century German who ventured into the region described the relationship as similar to that then existing in central Europe between the feudal lords and their serfs.

THE MBAYA were organised by castes; at the top of the social ladder the nobles were divided into two orders: the great hereditary nobles, on the one hand, and individuals who had been raised to the nobility—generally in order to sanction the coincidence that they had been born at the same time as a child of high rank. The great nobles were also divided into senior and junior branches. Next came the warriors: and the best of these were admitted,

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after initiation, into a brotherhood which entitled them to bear special names and use an artificial language made up (as in certain forms of slang) by the addition of a suffix to every word. The slaves, whether of Chamacoco or other extraction, and the Guana serfs constituted a plebs: the Guana serfs had, however, divided themselves for their own purposes into three castes similar to those of their masters.

The nobles bore, quite literally, the "mark of their rank" in the form of pictorial designs—painted or tattooed—on their bodies. These were the equivalent of an escutcheon. They plucked out all their facial hair—eyebrows and lashes included—and recoiled in disgust from the bushy-browed European: "the ostriches' brother" was their name for him. Men and women alike were accompanied in public by a suite of slaves and hangers-on: these vied with one another to spare them all effort. As late as 1935 their best draughtsmen, or draughtswomen, were hideous old monsters, heavily made up and weighed down with trinkets, who excused themselves for having had to give up any attempt to make themselves presentable, now that they were deprived of the slaves who had once been at their service. There were always, at Nalike, a few former Chamacoco slaves: now part of the group, they were still treated with condescension.

SUCH WAS THE COLD ARROGANCE of the great nobles that even the Spanish and Portuguese conquerors acknowledged it by according them the style of Don and Dona. A white woman who was captured in those days by the Mbaya was said to have nothing to fear: no Mbaya warrior would contaminate himself by union with her. Certain Mbaya ladies refused to meet the wife of the Viceroy: only the Queen of Portugal, they said, was worthy to associate with them. Another, while still a young girl, and known as Dona Catarina, returned a polite refusal when the Governor of the Mato Grosso invited her to Guiaba; as she was of marriageable age she assumed that the Governor would ask for her hand in marriage, and it was out of the question for her either to accept such an offer or to humiliate him by a refusal.

OUR INDIANS were monogamous; but the girls sometimes chose, in adolescence, to follow the warriors in their adventures, serving them as equerries, pages, and mistresses. The noble ladies, for their part, had men to dance attendance upon them; often these were also their lovers, but no husband, in such a case, would deign to make any show of jealousy: by so doing he would have lost face. What we call "natural" sentiments were held in great disfavour in their society: for instance, the idea of procreation filled them with disgust. Abortion and infanticide were so common as to be almost normal—to the extent, in fact, that it was by adoption, rather than by procreation, that the group ensured its continuance. One of the main objects of the warriors' expeditions was to bring back children. At the beginning of the 19th century it was estimated that not more than one in ten of the Guaicuru group were Guaicuru by birth.

Such children as managed, in spite of this, to get born were not brought up by their parents, but fostered by another family. Their parents visited them only at rare intervals; and until they reached their fourteenth year they were daubed from head to foot with black paint and called by the name that the Indians applied also to negroes, when they came to know of them. They were then initiated, washed, and relieved of one of the two concentric crowns of hair which they had worn until then.

And yet the birth of a child of high rank was marked by festivities which were repeated at each stage in his growing-up: when he was weaned, when he learned to walk, when he first took part in games, and so on. Heralds would call out the family titles and predict a glorious future for him; another baby, born at the same moment, would be designated as his brother-in-arms; drinking-parties would be organised, during which hydromel was served in goblets made from horns or skulls; and women would borrow the warriors' armour and take one another on in mimic combat. The nobles, seated in order of precedence, were served by slaves who were forbidden to drink. Their task was to help their masters to vomit, in due course, and to watch over them until they finally fell asleep in search of the delicious visions which drink would procure for them.

THEY SAW THEMSELVES, these people, as the court-cards of the human pack. And the pride was founded upon the conviction that they were predestined to rule over the entire human race. This they were assured by a myth, now known to us only in fragmentary form; even the erosion of the years cannot quite conceal its radiant and admirable simplicity. It tells us that when the

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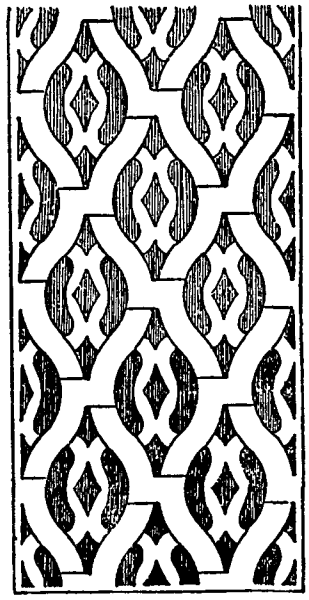
supreme being, Gonoenhodi, decided to create humanity, the Guana were the first of the tribes to come forth from the earth; the others came later. Agriculture was allotted to the Guana, hunting to the others. But then the trickster, who is the other divinity in the Indian pantheon, noticed that the Mbaya had been forgotten at the bottom of the hole. He brought them forth; and the Mbaya were given the only function that remained: that of oppressing and exploiting all the other tribes. Has there ever been a profounder Social Contract?

Characters, they were, from some old romance of chivalry: wrapped up in their cruel make-believe of domination and prestige. Yet they created a style of graphic art which is like almost nothing else that has come down to us from pre-Colombian America.

IN OUR TRIBE the men were sculptors and the women painters. The men fashioned the santons (small symbolic statues) from a hard bluish lignum vitæ. They also carved reliefs on the zebra-horns which they use as cups: men, ostriches, and horses. Their occasional drawings were of leaves, or human beings, or animals. The women decorated ceramics and hides; they also worked on the human body, and in this field some of them were past-masters.

The face, and sometimes the entire body, was covered with a network of asymmetrical arabesques that alternated with subtle geometrical motifs. The first person to describe these was a Jesuit missionary, Sanchez-Labrador, who lived among them from 1760 to 1770. But for an exact account we must wait another hundred years: for Boggiani's visits, in fact. In 1935 I myself made a collection of several hundred motifs. This is how I went about it: first I thought I would photograph them, but the ladies in question proved so demanding—financially speaking—that I had to abandon the idea. Next I tried to draw human faces on sheets of paper and suggested to the native women that they should ornament those faces, just as if they were painting their own. This notion proved so successful that I was soon able to give up my own clumsy sketches. The designers were not in the least put off their stroke by the unfamiliarity of white paper, which shows how little their art is concerned with the natural architecture of the human face.

Only a few very old women seemed to have kept the virtuosity of former times, and for a long time I believed that my collection had been made at the last possible moment. It was, in fact, a surprise to me when I received, some fifteen years later, an illustrated account of a similar collection which had just been made by one of my Brazilian colleagues. Not only did the specimens seem to have been carried out with exactly the same assurance, but very often the motifs were identical. Style, technique, and inspiration were unchanged, just as they had been over the forty years between Boggiani's visit and my own. This conservatism is the more remarkable in that it is not found at all in Caduveo pottery, which would appear from such examples as have lately been published to be in a state of complete degeneration. This may point to the exceptional importance of body-painting, and above all of face-painting, in Indian culture.



Body-painting recorded by Boggiani 1895

THE MOTIFS WERE, at one time, either tattooed or painted; but tattooing has now quite dropped out. The painter, a woman, works on the face or body of one of her fellow-women, or sometimes on those of a small boy. (It's becoming rarer and rarer for a grown man to be painted.) The artist uses a fine bamboo spatula dipped in the juice of the *genipapo*—initially colourless, this later turns blue-black by oxidisation—and she improvises her design on the living model, with neither sketch, nor prototype, nor "focal point" to guide her. She ornaments the upper lip with a bow-shaped motif finished off with a spiral at either end. Then she divides the face

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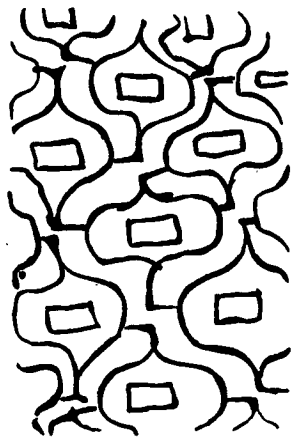
with a vertical line; this she occasionally cuts across horizontally. From this stage onwards the decorations proceed freely in arabesque, irrespective of the position of eyes, nose, cheeks, forehead, and chin—as if, in fact, the artist were working on a single unbroken surface. Her compositions, perfectly balanced for all their asymmetry, can begin from any corner of the face and proceed without slip or hesitation to their final conclusion. The basic shapes are relatively simple—spirals, S-forms, crosses, saw-edges, nets, and helices—but they are combined in such a way that each design has a character of its own. In all the four hundred designs that I collected in 1935, no two were alike. But when I compared my collection with that made some years later by my Brazilian colleague, I found widespread similarities between the two. It therefore seems that the artists' repertory, though enormous, is none the less regulated by tradi-



Body-painting recorded by the author 1935

tion. Unfortunately, neither I nor my successors have been able to establish the theory behind these designs; native informants have words for the basic patterns, but when it comes to combining them, they claim either to have forgotten, or not to know them. Either, in short, they operate on the basis of an empirical "know-how" transmitted from generation to generation; or they are determined to keep intact the secrets of their art.

TO-DAY the Caduveo paint one another entirely for their own enjoyment; but the practice had once a much deeper meaning. Sanchez-Labrador tells us that the nobles had only their foreheads painted; to have it done all over the face was a mark of the plebs. Painting was also confined, at that period, to the younger women. "Old women rarely waste their time in this way: the lines that age has engraved are quite enough for them." The missionary was disquieted by this contempt for the Creator's activity: why should the natives insist on changing the look of the human face? He searched for an explanation. Was it to forget their hunger that they spent so many hours over these arabesques? Or to make themselves unrecognisable to their enemies? Deception does, beyond question, have much to do with it. Why? The missionary realises, however reluctantly, that these paintings have a primordial importance for the Indians and are, in a sense, "an end in themselves."

And so he reproached them for spending day after day on these paintings, neglectful meanwhile of hunting and fishing and families alike. But the natives would answer the missionaries and say: "*You* are the stupid ones, since you don't paint yourselves like the Eyiguayeguis." Painting was a part of manhood: not to be painted was to be one with the brutes.

IT IS PRETTY well certain that if the custom still persists among Caduveo women it is mostly for erotic reasons. The reputation of these women is solidly established on both banks of the Rio Paraguay; many half-castes and Indians from other tribes have settled and married in Nalike. The painting of face and body may explain this attraction; certainly they reinforce and symbolise it. The delicate and subtle contours are no less sensitive than those of the face itself; sometimes the one accentuates the other, sometimes it runs counter to it; in both cases the effect is deliciously provocative. As a result of this, as it were, pictorial surgery, art secures a sort of claw-hold upon the human body. When Sanchez-Labrador complains that the Indians prize "an artificial ugliness above the graces of Nature" he very soon contradicts himself, saying a line or two later that even the most beautiful tapestries cannot compare with these paintings. Never, it seems, have the erotic effects of make-up been so consciously and so systematically exploited.

The Mbaya manifested in their face-paintings that abhorrence of Nature which made them resort so freely to abortion and infanticide. Their art revealed, in fact, a sovereign contempt for the clay of which we are made; art, for them, comes dangerously close to sin. As a Jesuit and a missionary, Sanchez-Labrador showed an exceptional perspicacity when he divined the presence of the demon in these paintings. He himself underlined the Promethean aspect of this savage

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art when he described how the natives would cover the body with star-shaped motifs: "Each Eyiguayegui sees himself," he wrote, "as an Atlas who bears, not only upon his hands and shoulders but upon his whole body, the weight of a clumsily charted universe." And this may, indeed, explain the exceptional character of Caduveo art: that it makes it possible for Man to refuse to be made in God's image.

THE RECURRENCE IN THESE PAINTINGS of lines, spirals, and curlicues must inevitably remind us of the iron- and stucco-work of Spanish baroque. Perhaps we are, in effect, faced with a style that has been borrowed from the Caduveo's conquerors? They did undoubtedly appropriate certain themes: we know of more than one example of this. In 1857, when a warship, the *Maracanha*, made its first appearance on the Paraguay a party of Indians paid her a visit; and on the following day they were seen to have drawn anchors all over their bodies. One Indian had gone so far as to cover all the upper half of his body with a complete representation of a white officer, complete with buttons, stripes, belt, and coat-tails. This only proves that the Mbaya were already habitual and accomplished painters. Their curvilinear style has few counterparts in pre-Colombian America, but it offers analogies with archæological documents which have been discovered in more than one part of the continent: and some of these pre-date the discovery by several centuries. Hopewell, in the valley of Ohio, and the more recent caddo pottery in the Mississippi valley; Santarem and Marajo, at the mouth of the Amazon; Chavin, in Peru. This dispersion is in itself a sign of antiquity.

THE REAL PROBLEM lies elsewhere. Any student of the Caduveo designs will soon realise that their originality does not lie in the elementary patterns, which are simple enough to have been invented rather than borrowed (probably they were both invented and borrowed); it lies in the combination of these initial patterns—in the result, that is to say—the finished work. But the compositional procedures are so systematic and so fastidious that they go far beyond any suggestions, in the same field, that the Indians might have picked up by way of European Renaissance art. Whatever the point of departure may have been, the development was so extraordinary that it can only be explained by features native to the Indians themselves.

CADUVEO art is marked by a dualism: the men sculpt, the women paint; and whereas the sculpture is, for all its stylisations, representative, and naturalistic, the paintings are non-representative. Painting alone concerns me here, but I should like to emphasise that this dualism may be found elsewhere and on more than one level.

Two styles are current among the women painters: abstraction and the decorative purpose are at the root of both. The one is angular and geometrical, the other free and curvilinear. Most compositions are based upon an orderly mingling of the two. One may be used, for example, for the border, or the frame, and the other for the central panel. Where pottery is concerned the combination is still more striking: the decoration of the neck being curvilinear, and that of the belly geometrical, or vice versa. The curvilinear style is more usually adopted for face-painting, geometry being reserved for the body; though at times each region may be adorned with a combination of the two.

In every case other principles may be seen to have been integrated; these always go in pairs. An initially linear contour may later, for instance, be "blocked in" here and there. In most designs, two themes are to be found in alternation. And as a rule the subject and background are interchangeable, so that the design may be read in either of two ways: a positive and a negative. Often, too, principles of symmetry and asymmetry are put into practice simultaneously: the design being not so much cut up or divided off as gyronny, quartered, tranché, or parted per bend sinister. (The heraldic terms are, in fact, very apt, since these principles have much in common with those of the escutcheon.)

Take an example: the simple-seeming body-painting which I reproduce here. It consists of undulating and accosted pales which mark out spindle-shaped fields whose centre is occupied (one to each field) by a small charge. This description is deceptive: let us look more closely. It may give some idea of the general appearance of the drawing once it is completed. But the draughtswoman did not begin by tracing her wavy ribbons, and then go on to ornament each interstice with a charge. Her method was different, and more complicated. She worked like a paver, building up row after successive row with the help of identical elements. Each element is made up in the following way: a section of ribbon, made up of the concave part of one band and the convex part of the one next to it; a

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spindle-shaped field; a charge in the centre of that field. These elements overlap, disconnectedly, and it is only at the end that the whole design achieves a stability which at once confirms and denies the dynamic principle which has governed its execution.

The Caduveo style presents, us, therefore, with a whole series of complications. The dualism, to begin with, which recurs over and over again, on one level or another, like a hall of mirrors: men and women, painting and sculpture, abstraction and representation, angle and curve, geometry and arabesque, neck and belly, symmetry and asymmetry, border and centrepiece, figure and ground. But these antitheses are glimpsed *after* the creative process, and they have a static character. The dynamic of art—the way, *i.e.*, in which the motifs are imagined and carried out—cuts across this fundamental duality at every level. The primary themes, initially disarticulated, are later blended into secondary themes which establish a sort of provisional unity among fragments borrowed from their predecessors, and these in their turn are juxtaposed in such a way that the original unity reappears, as if as the result of a conjuring-trick. And then the complicated decorations which have been arrived at by this means are themselves once again cut out and brought face to face with one another by means of escutcheon-like quarterings.

We may now understand why the Caduveo style strikes us as a subtler variant of that which we employ in our playing-cards. Each of our card-designs corresponds to a two-fold necessity and must assume a double function. It must be an independent object, and it must serve for the dialogue—or the duel—in which two partners meet face to face. It must also play the role which is assigned to each card, in its capacity as a member of the pack, in the game as a whole. Its vocation is a complicated one, therefore: and it must satisfy demands of more than one sort—symmetrical, where its functions are concerned, asymmetrical where its role is in question. The problem is solved by the use of a design which is symmetrical but yet lies across an oblique axis. (An entirely asymmetrical design would have sufficed for the role but not for the function; and vice versa in the case of a design that was wholly symmetrical.) Once again we have a complicated situation based upon two contradictory forms of duality, and resulting in a compromise brought about by a secondary opposition between the ideal axis of the object itself and the ideal axis of the figure which it represents. But in order to reach this conclusion we have had to go beyond the plane of stylistic analysis: we have had, in short, to ask: "What is this object for?" And we have to ask the same question of Caduveo art.

We have replied in part to that question: or, rather, the Indians have replied for us. The face-paintings confer upon the individual his dignity as a human being: they help him to cross the frontier from Nature to culture, and from the "mindless" animal to the civilised Man. Furthermore, they differ in style and composition according to social status, and thus have a social function.

Important as it is to grasp these facts, they will not in themselves account for the originality of Caduveo art; at most, they explain to us why it exists. Let us proceed with our analysis of Caduveo society: the Mbaya were divided into three castes, each dominated by preoccupations of social usage. For the nobles, and to a certain extent for the warriors also, prestige was the fundamental problem. Early travellers have described how they were paralysed by the necessity of not losing face, and above all of not marrying beneath them. Such a society would be in grave danger of segregation. Willingly or of necessity each caste tended to turn in upon itself, so that the cohesion of Society as a whole was threatened. In particular the endogamy of the castes and the multiplication of hierarchical nuances would make it very difficult to arrange unions of a kind which conformed to the concrete necessities of collective life. Only thus can we explain the paradox of a society which has a horror of procreation, and is so afraid of the risks of internal misalliance that it practises a sort of racialism in reverse, and makes a regular practice of incorporating enemies and foreigners within its ranks.

In these conditions it is significant that, on the north-east and south-west extremes of the enormous territory controlled by the Mbaya, we come upon two almost identical forms of social organisation, great as is the distance which separates them from one another. The Paraguayan Guana and the Bororo of the Mato Grosso had (and in the latter case still have) a hierarchical structure very similar to that of the Mbaya; they were, or are, divided into three classes which seem to have stood, in the past at

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any rate, for different social statuses. These classes were hereditary and endogamous. Yet the dangers which I have mentioned above were avoided in both cases by a vertical division which, in the case of the Bororo, also cut across the classes. Members of one class could not marry members of another, but in each class the members of one moiety were, on the contrary, compelled to marry members of the other moiety. It would therefore be fair to say that asymmetry of class was balanced, in a sense, by symmetry of "moieties."

SHOULD we envisage this complicated structure as a systematised whole? Possibly: though it is also tempting to separate the classes from the moieties and regard one as more ancient than the other; arguments for this can be adduced from both sides.

But what interests us here is a question of quite a different kind. Brief as has been my description of the Guana and Bororo societies, it clearly suggests that on the sociological level these two societies have a structure comparable to that which we have detected, on the level of style, in Caduveo art. There is, in each case, a double antithesis. In the first instance a ternary and asymmetrical organisation is opposed to one that is binary and symmetrical. In the second, social mechanisms based on reciprocity are opposed to social mechanisms based on hierarchy. In the effort to remain faithful to these contradictory principles the social group divides and sub-divides itself into allied and opposed sub-groups. Just as an escutcheon is a symbolical assembly of prerogatives derived from many separate lines of descent, so is Society cut open, cut across, divided, and partitioned. The organisation of the ground-plan of a Bororo village is comparable to that of a Caduveo drawing.

IT IS AS IF the Caduveo and Bororo had been confronted with a contradiction in their social structure and managed to resolve or disguise it by strictly sociological methods. Perhaps they had had the moiety-system before they came under Mbaya influence: in that case the solution lay ready at hand. Or perhaps they invented or borrowed it later, when as a provincial people they lacked the standoffishness of the true aristocrat. Other hypotheses could be advanced. Anyway the Mbaya never adopted this solution: either because they did not know of it (though I find this hard to believe) or because it was incompatible with their fanaticism. So they were never lucky enough to resolve their contradictions, or to disguise them with the help of institutions artfully devised for that purpose. On the social level the remedy was lacking—unless they deliberately set their faces against it—but it never went completely out of their grasp. It was within them, never objectively formulated, but present as a source of confusion and disquiet. In fact, they dreamed of it: had they done so directly, it would have gone counter to their prejudices; but transposed, and present only in their art, it seemed harmless.

The mysterious charm and (as it seems at first) the gratuitous complication of Caduveo art may well be a phantasm created by a society whose object was to give symbolical form to the institutions which it might have had in reality, had interest and superstition not stood in the way. Great indeed is the fascination of this culture, whose dream-life was pictured on the faces and bodies of its queens, as if, in making themselves up, they figured a Golden Age that they would never know in reality.

And yet, as they stand naked before us, it is as much the mysteries of that Golden Age as their own bodies that are unveiled.

The Lost World

AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL expedition to central Brazil was being got into shape at the intersection of the Rue Réaumur and the Boulevard de Sébastopol. There it is that the wholesalers of the dress-and-clothing trade congregate; and there, if anywhere, that we could find goods acceptable to the fastidious Indians.

A year had passed since my visit to the Bororo; and, during that year, all the conditions required to make an anthropologist of me had been fulfilled. Lévy-Bruhl, Mauss, and Rivet had given me their blessing—even if only after the event; my collections had been shown in an art gallery in the Rue du Faubourg St Honoré; I had lectured and written articles. Thanks to Henri Laugier, who presided over the youthful destinies of the department of scientific research, I had been accorded funds for a more ambitious venture. It remained for me to assemble my equipment; my three months' intimacy with the natives had taught me to know their needs, and those needs were much the same—amazingly so, in fact—from one end of the South American continent to the other.

And so, beset by Czech importers, in a part of Paris as unfamiliar to me as the Amazon

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itself, I began my strange negotiations. Knowing nothing of their affairs, I was not even able to explain what I wanted. All I could do was to apply the Indians' own criteria. I picked out, for instance, the smallest of the embroidery pearls ("pebbles" was their name in the trade) which, strung together in heavy ropes, filled rack upon rack. I tried to break them between my teeth, to test their strength; I sucked them to see if they were coloured all the way through and would not turn transparent after their first dip in the river; I bought in quantities which varied according to the Indian colour-canon: equal amounts of black and white, to begin with; red, next; yellow, in much smaller amounts; and merely token quantities of the colours—blue and green—which the Indians would, as like as not, disdain altogether.

These preferences are perfectly comprehensible. When the Indians make their own pearls, and do it by hand, they set the highest value upon those which involve the most, and the most skilled, work: the smallest, that is to say. As raw material they use the black rind of the palm-nut and milky, mother-of-pearly shells from the river-bed; they enjoy playing off the one against the other. Like everyone else, they like best what they already know: I should be most successful, therefore, with my blacks and my whites. Red and yellow often fall, for the Indians, into one and the same category: such is the result of using urucu dyes which vary, according to the quality of the seeds and the degree of their development, between vermilion and a yellowy-orange; red predominates, none the less, by reason of an intensity which certain seeds and certain feathers have long made familiar to the Indians. As for blue and green, these are comparatively cold colours, illustrated in Nature by short-lived vegetable substances; hence the Indians' indifference towards them and, what is more, the indifference of their language to nuances of blue, which is seen rather as a department of black, in some regions, and of green, in others.

My needles had to be large enough to admit a good stout thread, yet not so large as to prevent the threading of tiny pearls. The thread itself had to be strong in colour, preferably red (the Indians dye theirs with urucu), and made up with a good firm twist to give it a look of handmade craftsmanship. Generally speaking I was wary of junk jewellery and gewgaws; the Bororo had taught me a profound respect for native techniques. Life in the bush soon shows up any shortcomings of quality; and if I was not to lose face, paradoxical as this may seem, I had to offer the natives the finest-quality steel, glass coloured through and through, and thread worthy of the Queen of England's saddle-maker.

Sometimes I fell upon wholesalers who delighted in the special problems of my mission and were ready to adapt their special knowledges to its mysticism. I remember a fish-hook maker near the Canal Saint-Martin who let me have all his remnants at a bargain price: for a whole year I tramped the bush with bundle after bundle of these hooks, but nobody would take them on—they were too small and too fine for any fish worthy of the Amazonian angler. In the end I got rid of them on the Bolivian frontier. All my purchases had to serve a double function: on the one hand, I needed to barter with, or, on occasion, to give them away to, the Indians; and on the other I used them to buy myself goods or services in distant regions where white traders rarely or never penetrated. At the end of the expedition, when I had spent all my money, I kept going for several weeks by opening a shop in a hamlet of rubber-gatherers. The local prostitutes would exchange—and not without bargaining—one of my necklaces for two eggs.

I planned to spend a whole year in the bush, and had hesitated for a long time as to where, and for what reason, I was to go. In the end, with no notion that the result would be quite contrary to my intentions, and being anxious rather to understand the American continent as a whole than to deepen my knowledge of human nature by studying one particular case, I decided to examine the whole breadth of Brazil, both ethnographically and geographically, by traversing the western part of the plateau, from Cuiaba to Rio Madeira.

Till quite recently, this was the least-explored part of the country. The Paulist explorers of the 18th century got hardly any farther than Cuiaba, so discouraging were the desolation of the landscape and the hostility of the Indians. Even at the start of the 20th century the thousand miles between Cuiaba and the Amazon were still forbidden ground—so much so that, in order to go from Cuiaba to Manaus or Belem, on the Amazon, the simplest method was to go by way of Rio de Janeiro and continue northwards by sea, or up the estuary of the Amazon. Only in 1907 did General (then Colonel) Candido Mariano da Silva Rondon begin to penetrate

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the area; and it took him eight years, first to explore the region, and second to establish the strategically important telegraph wire that for the time established a link between Cuiaba, the federal capital, and the frontier posts to the north-west.

From the reports of the Rondon Commission (not yet published in full, by the way); from some of the General's lectures; from the recollections of Theodore Roosevelt, who accompanied the General on one of his expeditions; and from a delightful book, *Rondonia*, published in 1912 by the late Roquette-Pinto, who at the time was Director of the National Museum, I had gleaned certain summary indications about the very primitive peoples who had been discovered in the region. But since then, and for a long time, the ancient curse seemed to have fallen once again upon the plateau. Not one professional anthropologist had penetrated it. I was much tempted to follow the telegraph line, or what remained of it, and in so doing to try to find out exactly who were the Nambikwara—and who, too, were those enigmatic peoples, farther to the north, whom no one had seen since Rondon had left a bare mention of their existence.

INTEREST HAD CENTRED HITHERTO on the tribes along the coast, and those who lived in the great river-valleys which were the traditional high roads into the Brazilian interior. By 1939, however, the Indians of the plateau were already a subject for speculation. My own experience of the Bororo had persuaded me that, on both the religious and the sociological levels, tribes sometimes dismissed as "primitive" were often, on the contrary, possessed of an exceptional degree of refinement.

People had become aware of the researches then being made by a German anthropologist, now dead, called Kurt Unkel: Unkel had taken the native name of Nimuendaju and, after spending some years in the Gé villages of central Brazil, had confirmed that the Bororo were not an isolated phenomenon, but rather a variation upon a theme fundamental to, and shared with, a number of other peoples. The savannahs of central Brazil were occupied, therefore, to a depth of nearly fourteen hundred miles by the survivors of a remarkably homogeneous culture. The marks of this culture were a language diversified by a number of interrelated dialects and a relatively low standard of living: in contrast to this latter, social organisation and religious thought had attained a high level of development.

Surely these were the original inhabitants of Brazil—peoples either forgotten in the depths of the bush or driven back into inhospitable country, not long before the discovery of Brazil, by more warlike tribes who had come from no one knows where to appropriate for themselves the coastline and the river-valleys?

IN THE 16th century travellers encountered, along more or less the whole length of the coast, representatives of the great Tupiguarani culture. These were in occupation of almost all Paraguay, and of the Amazon from source to sea. Their territories comprised, that is to say, a broken ring, two thousand miles in diameter, which the area between Paraguay and Bolivia interrupted hardly at all. These Tupi, who had certain obscure affinities with the Aztecs—the very group who had belatedly taken possession of the Mexico valley—these Tupi were themselves newcomers: in the valleys of the Brazilian interior they did not, for instance, complete their occupation until the 19th century.

Possibly they had begun their dispersal, several centuries before the discovery of Brazil, in the belief that somewhere on earth there was a country where death and evil did not exist. Such was still their conviction at the end of their migrations when, in the last years of the 19th century, little groups of them appeared on the São Paulo littoral, guided by their sorcerers, dancing, singing the praises of the land where death was unknown, and fasting for long periods to make themselves worthy of it. In the 16th century, in any case, they were engaged in bitter struggles for the possession of the coast; we know little of their opponents, the former occupants of the area, but they may have been those we know as the Gé.

To the north-west of Brazil the Tupi coexisted with other peoples: the Carabïes or Caribs, who ended by conquering the Antilles. Though different from them in their language, they were very similar in their culture. There were also the Arawaks, a rather mysterious people. Older, and of greater refinement than the other two, they formed the majority of the population of the Antilles and had spread as far as Florida. Though unlike the Gé in that they enjoyed a high degree of material culture—notable in pottery and wood-sculpture—they were not unequal to them in the complexity of

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their social organisation. Caribs and Arawaks seemed to have penetrated the continent much earlier than the Tupi: already in the 16th century they were massed in the Guianas, in the estuary of the Amazon, and in the Antilles. But small colonies may still be found in the interior, on certain tributaries of the right bank of the Amazon: the Xingu and the Guaporé. The Arawaks even have descendants in Upper Bolivia. It was probably they who brought the art of ceramics to the Mbaya-Caduveo, since the Guana (who, as the reader will remember, were reduced to slavery by the Mbaya-Caduveo) spoke an Arawak dialect.

By traversing the least-known part of the plateau, I hoped to find in the savannah the most westerly representatives of the Gé group; and, once in the Madeira basin, I hoped to be able to study the unpublished vestiges of the three other linguistic families on the borders of their great highroad into the interior: the Amazon.

IF THESE HOPES were only partly realised, it was because of our over-simplified view of pre-Colombian history in America. To-day, in the light of recent discoveries, and thanks, as far as I myself am concerned, to years spent in the study of North American ethnography, I realise that the western hemisphere must be considered as a whole. The social organisation and religious beliefs of the Gé correspond curiously to those found in the forests and prairies of North America, just as the analogies between the tribes of the Chaco, such as the Guaicuru, and those of the plains of Canada and the U.S.A. have long been evident, even if no conclusion was drawn from them. The civilisations of Mexico and Peru were certainly in touch with another, at many moments in their history, through the intermediary of rafts plying along the Pacific coasts. All this had not been much examined, because American studies were dominated for a very long time by the conviction that only "recently" (*i.e.*, five thousand or six thousand years before Christ) had America first been penetrated. That penetration was attributed entirely, what is more, to Asiatic peoples who had made their way in by way of the Bering Strait.

THE FACT HAD THEREFORE to be explained away that somehow, in the course of a very few thousand years, these nomads had established themselves from one end to the other of the western hemisphere: adapting themselves perfectly to its wide varieties of climate and discovering, developing, and distributing over immense areas of land the wild plants which turned, in their hands, into tobacco, beans, manioc, sweet potatoes, potatoes, ground-nuts, cotton, and, above all, maize. Successive civilisations had to be accounted for: in Mexico, central America, and the Andes there were born and brought to maturity the civilisations of which Aztecs, Mayas, and Incas were but the distant descendants. All this called for a kind of historical marquetry in which every new development had to fall neatly into place, a mere century or two after its predecessor. Pre-Colombian history in America became a succession of kaleidoscopic images in which the whims of the theoretician would summon forth, instant by instant, an entirely new picture. It was as if those who specialised in the subject were bent on. imposing on "primitive America" that shallowness which characterises the history of the New World in modern times.

ALL THIS was knocked sideways, or rather backwards, by discoveries which proved that Man had, in point of fact, penetrated the American continent very much earlier than had been supposed. We know that Man knew of, and hunted, animals now extinct in America—sloth, mammoth, camel, an archaic form of bison, and the antelope—whose bones have been found side by side with his stone weapons and instruments. That some of these animals should have been found in, for instance, the Mexico valley is proof that the climate there was once very different from what it is now. Such a change can only take place over a period of many thousands of years. Similar results have been given when radio-activity has been used to determine the antiquity of archæological remains. We have therefore to admit that men lived in America at least twenty thousand years ago; in certain regions maize was cultivated more than three thousand years ago. Over more or less the whole of North America remains dating from fifteen to twenty thousand years ago have been found. And, by measuring the residual radio-activity of the carbon in the earliest known archæological remains of the American continent, we have been able to back-date those remains between five and fifteen hundred years. Like those Japanese flowers, made out of flat paper, which open out when put in water, pre-Colombian history acquired overnight that volume in time which it had hitherto lacked.

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AND YET . . . we are faced with a difficulty just the opposite of that with which our predecessors had to wrestle. How are we to furnish these enormous areas of time? We realise that the migrations which I mention above exist on the surface of the truth, and that something must have preceded the great civilisations of Mexico and the Andes. Already in Peru, and in many parts of North America, vestiges of the first inhabitants have come to light: tribes that knew nothing of agriculture gave place to tribes that settled in villages, had gardens of their own, and yet had neither maize nor pottery; next, as we also know, came groups that sculptured in stone and knew how to work in precious metals in a style freer and more inspired than any which was to follow. We had inclined to believe that the whole of American history came to full bloom and achieved, as it were, a perfect synthesis in the Incas of Peru and the Aztecs of Mexico. But now we know that these civilisations were as distant from their sources as is our *style Empire* from the Egypt and the Rome to which it owes so much. All three were totalitarian arts, harking avidly back to that colossal scale of activity for which ignorance and clumsiness had been originally responsible—a scale appropriate to a State anxious above all to give expression to its power, and concentrating not so much upon refinement of manner as upon efficiency in administration or the making of war. Even the Mayas' monuments now seem to us to mark, however flamboyantly, the decadence of an art which reached its zenith a thousand years earlier.

Where did these founder-fathers come from? Our forebears thought they knew for certain, but we have to admit that we simply do not know at all. Population movements in the Bering Strait region have been of great complexity. Quite recently, the Eskimoes took part in them. They were preceded over a period of about a thousand years by the paleo-Eskimoes whose culture is evocative of archaic China and the Scythians; and for a very long time indeed, from about 8000 B.C. up till the eve of the Christian era, other and different populations have been traced there. Sculptures going back to the first millennium B.C. suggest that the ancient inhabitants of Mexico may have been of a physical type very different from that of to-day's Indians: well-fleshed Orientals whose clean-shaven features were flabbily modelled, and, with them, bearded and aquiline profiles which put us in mind of the Renaissance. Evidence of another kind is provided by the geneticists, who tell us that at least forty vegetable species which grew wild, or were cultivated, in pre-Colombian America, have either the same chromosomic composition as corresponding species in Asia, or a composition derived from the same source. Should we infer that maize, which is on the list, was brought in from south-east Asia? And how could this be, if the Americans were growing maize four thousand years ago, at a time when the art of navigation was in its infancy?

WITHOUT going so far as to follow Heyerdahl in his audacious theory that Polynesia was colonised by primitive Americans, we must admit that the voyage of the *Kon-Tiki* proves that trans-Pacific contacts could have taken place, and taken place often. But at the time, towards the beginning of the first millennium B.C., when great civilisations were already in existence in America, the Pacific islands were empty: nothing has been found, at any rate, which dates so far back.

We should therefore look beyond Polynesia, towards Melanesia, which may already have been inhabited, and towards the whole length of the Asiatic coast. We now know that communications between Alaska and the Aleutians, on the one hand, and between Alaska and Siberia on the other, went on without interruption. Towards the beginning of the Christian era, iron tools were in use in Alaska, though the natives there knew nothing of metallurgy; similar types of pottery may be found from the region of the Great Lakes in North America to central Siberia, as can also the same legends, the same rites, the same myths. At a time when the West lived shut in upon itself, it would appear that all the northern peoples, from Scandinavia right across to Labrador, by way of Siberia and Canada, were in close and constant contact with one another. If the Celts took certain of their legends from that sub-Arctic civilisation, of which we know almost nothing, we can understand why it is that the Grail cycle is closer to the Indian myths which flourished in the forests of North America than to any other mythological system. Nor is it, in all probability, by chance that the Lapps are still building conical tents identical with those of the North American Indians.

In southern Asia, American civilisations give rise to echoes of another sort. On the frontiers of southern China are peoples ("Barbarians," the Chinese call them) with an extraordinary

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affinity with those of America; and this is still more the case with the primitive tribes of Indonesia. In the interior of Borneo, anthropologists have recorded myths, elsewhere missing, which are among those most widely known in North America. And, then again, specialists have long pointed out the similarities between archæological documents found in south-east Asia and those which belong to the proto-history of Scandinavia. Probably, therefore, these three regions—Indonesia, the American north-east, and Scandinavia—formed the trigonometrical points of the pre-Colombian history of the New World.

ONE of the major events in human history is the emergence of neolithic civilisation, with its widespread use of pottery and weaving, the beginnings of agriculture and livestock-farming, and the first experiments in the field of metallurgy. Originally this was confined to the region, in the Old World, between the Danube and the Indus. But may it not have provoked an uprush of excitement among the most "backward" peoples of Asia and America?

It is difficult to understand the origins of American civilisation without admitting the hypothesis of an intense activity on both the Asiatic and the American coasts of the Pacific. For thousands of years this activity may well have been a carrier of ideas along the whole length of these coasts. Formerly we refused to allow pre-Colombian America the space, as it were, to breathe in history, on the grounds that that space had also been denied to post-Colombian America. We may still be falling into a second error—that of thinking that for twenty thousand years America was cut off from the rest of the world, simply because, during that time, she was cut off from western Europe. Everything points, on the contrary, to the hypothesis that, while the Atlantic remained in total silence, a humming as of innumerable bees could be heard all around the periphery of the Pacific.

BE THAT AS IT MAY, at the beginning of the first millennium B.C., an American hybrid seems to have already engendered three sub-species, solidly grafted on to problematic variants traceable to an earlier stage of evolution. Among rustic cultures, the Hopewell culture, which occupied or contaminated all that part of the U.S.A. which lies east of the plains, corresponds to the Chavin culture in the north of Peru (this in its turn is echoed in the south by Paracas). Chavin, for its part, resembles the earliest manifestations of the so-called Olmec civilisation and foreshadows the development of Maya civilisation. In all three cases, we are faced with an art that is cursive, free, supple, and marked by an intellectual delight in double-meanings (in Hopewell, as in Chavin, certain motifs bear one meaning when read normally, and quite another when read upside-down). There is as yet almost no sign of the angular stiffness, the immobilism, which we associate with pre-Colombian art. Sometimes I try to persuade myself that the drawings of the Caduveo are, in their way, a continuation of this distant tradition. Was it at that time that the civilisations of America began to draw away from one another, with Mexico and Peru taking the initiative and marching ahead with "giant's strides," while the others kept to an intermediary position or fell behind, gradually sinking into a state of near-savagery? We shall never know exactly what happened in tropical America, because climatic conditions there do not favour the preservation of archæological remains; but it is a disturbing fact that the social organisation of the Gé—and even the lay-out of the Bororo villages—is similar to what we have been able to reconstruct of such vanished civilisations of pre-Inca times as those of Tiahuanaco in Upper Bolivia.

THESE CONSIDERATIONS have carried me a long way from the preparations for my expedition into the western Mato Grosso. But they were indispensable if I was to give the reader an idea of the intense excitement which attaches to all American studies, whether on the archæological or the anthropological level.

Such is the scale of the problems, so narrow the paths hitherto trodden, so final the annihilation of tract after immense tract of the past, and so precarious the bases of our speculations, that even the briefest reconnaissance on the terrain plunges the enquirer into a state of indecision, in which feelings of humble resignation fight for supremacy with moments of the insanest ambition. He knows that the essentials have gone for ever and that all he can do is to scratch the surface.

Yet may he not stumble upon some indication, preserved as if by a miracle, which will shed new light upon the whole problem? Nothing is impossible: everything, therefore, is possible. The darkness in which we grope our way is too intense for us to hazard any comment on it: we cannot even say that it will last forever.

(*A concluding article will appear next month.*)

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ART

In Praise of Chagall and Kokoschka

By Kenneth Clark

IT IS my privilege to express on behalf of you all our admiration for the two great painters who have to-day received the Præmium Erasmianum, and our gratitude to them for all that they have added to our mental wealth. In very different ways they have left us richer human beings and better Europeans. I have only one misgiving, and that is a personal one: I am speaking in the presence of the artists themselves. This is embarrassing both for the speaker and his subject. You know that we art-historians depend for our livelihood almost entirely on being cut off from our subjects. If we could pick up the telephone and ask Raphael exactly when he went to Rome or even ask Giorgione if he remembered painting the *Concert Champêtre* in the Louvre, our occupation would be sadly diminished. And as for our living subjects: there are few things more disagreeable than being talked about in public. One is invariably praised for things that one has not done and credited with motives of which one is totally innocent. Books one has never read and pictures one has never seen are claimed as major "influences," so that one longs to interrupt the speaker and say "Stop! It wasn't like that at all!" I wish our two laureates would do this to-day; but alas, they must just shake their heads.

Let me try to justify myself. Art, to a very large extent, follows its own internal laws, entirely independent of social and economic movements. There was no social reason why, in the early 16th century, artists should have been obsessed by the study of anatomy, so that the greatest artist of the time made it the means of communicating his thoughts about human destiny. Similarly, there was no reason that I can see, why in about the year 1910, art should cease to concern itself with human beings or with the objects of human perception, and concentrate on pictorial constructions. No reason; but an absolute compulsion, so that in a few years anyone responsive to art could recognise that this world of cubes and prisms and guitars and polyonal glasses of wine was a living world of the imagination.

Now I am not saying that the pictures painted in those years by Braque, Picasso, Juan Gris, and Léger were devoid of humanity; but it was humanity by implication. Experience of life was subordinate to an interest in pictorial constructions and in 1914 any artist who loved life, who wished to celebrate his joy in experience, could hardly do so in the dominant style of the time.

PEOPLE who are strangers to art sometimes ask why a painter who loves life cannot express that love simply and naturally, without troubling about questions of style. But that is almost impossible; at least a painter must pass through the dominant style, as though through a sort of trial. Even Diego Rivera, the toughest and most confident artist since Courbet, spent a year painting "still life" in the Cubist manner. And so it happened that when, at the age of twenty-two, Chagall arrived in Paris he felt, as he says, that he had been born again, and absorbed, with miraculous speed, many of the pictorial devices of avant-garde Parisian art. His colour, which had reflected the sombre northern skies, now shone with the scarlet, pink, and yellow of the Fauves, and for a time his most dreamlike compositions had the geometrical

THESE *remarks were made recently at the* PRAEMIUM ERASMIANUM *presentation to Marc Chagall and Oskar Kokoschka in Copenhagen.*

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framework of the Cubists, although they were based chiefly on circles—the shape of the sun and the eye, and the graph of the swinging arm, rather than on the cube—the shape contrived by calculation. So he could go forward with the feeling that the tide of contemporary style was with him. But of course he had *not* been born again as we can see from his later work. Indeed no artist of equal rank has ever made so little effort to sever the cord which attached him to his childhood and to the place of his birth. Even his cubism was translated into Russian. Cubism, which seems so revolutionary, is based on a tradition of solid forms in space going back to Giotto; it predicates certain laws—the law of gravity, the law of cause and effect—which have no place in the tradition of Russian art. To put anything anywhere, as the pattern-making instinct dictates, and somehow to fill the upper part of the picture space as much as the lower—this, in Russian art, takes the place of earth-bound blocks of form situated in depth which are still the basis of Picasso. And one cannot help feeling that the irresponsibility of Russian space-filling had a liberating effect on Chagall's imagination.

Let me take as an example a picture which most of you will know: the picture called *I and the Village*, painted in Paris in 1911. You may remember that the right-hand side is filled with the artist's face, in profile, and that he is confronted by the face of a sheep, also in profile,

CHAGALL: *Self-Portrait* (1922)

to whom he is offering very courteously a bunch of flowers. The whole design is based on circles in a way that would have delighted Paolo Uccello. Now Uccello would not have minded that the painter's face is green and the fields are red. But when he discovered that in the middle of the sheep's face we see a tiny milkmaid milking a cow, he would have been shocked. That particular violation of probability would have seemed to him unwarrantable. At the time someone asked Chagall about this curious apparition, and he said, "I painted a small cow and a milkmaid, because I needed that kind of shape in that place for my composition." Well! I don't think he would still ask us to believe that the choice of a miniature cow and milkmaid to fill that shape arose solely from formal considerations. Yet at a date when the formal doctrines of abstract art still dictated his verbal explanation, his love of human life had led him to select a shape which was also an obsessive memory.

ABSTRACT ART is furnished by memory, but it is memory transformed. In Chagall's art memory plays a far simpler part. It recalls to the inner eye all those images which most impressed him in his youth, and presents them, as memories are actually presented in our minds; illogically, simultaneously, superimposed. An experience may become memorable for many reasons—a sound, a smell, a sudden triumph or humiliation. Most of all we remember from childhood things which seem to us mysterious or defiant of the ordinary routine of life. If any of us had been so fortunate as to have a grandfather who sat on the chimney pot to enjoy the evening air, or an uncle who belonged to a secret society and played the violin in the snow, we should remember them vividly and value their memories. But certain early memories are common to us all: unknown faces which suddenly appear above our heads as we lie in bed, or animals, which loom so large in our youth, especially if they look in at us through the window. And then we remember day-dreams of love, when we seem to float in the air without bodily embarrassment.

All these memories are natural and universal, and when they appear in Chagall's painting they are no less comprehensible to us because they are situated in Vitebsk. On the contrary they are made more vivid because they express a love of home, which is also a universal experience. Chagall loved his home so much that after four years in Paris he returned to Vitebsk, married his beloved, and was accepted as the leader of young Russian painting. When the Revolution came he was made Commissar for Fine Arts in his native city; but

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government officials who visited Vitebsk and found the city decorated, not with portraits of Marx and Lenin, but with cows and horses gaily flying through the air, were naturally displeased. In spite of official disapproval, Chagall continued to work in Russia for some years, but there was no place for so free a spirit in Moscow and in 1922 he left Russia for ever.

I RECALL this Russian episode because it shows that Chagall's human art has had to contend with abstraction of two kinds—the abstract forms of French painting and the abstract ideas of Marxist discipline. What a marvellous feat to have escaped from the two tyrants of our age, and yet produced an art which belongs to our age! It could have been achieved only by that combination of innocence and cunning which has so often guided great change-makers—Mahatma Gandhi is an example. By this means the private vision can become universal; and not only universal, but in a sense, reasonable.

Of this one of Chagall's finest works gives us an illuminating proof. He has produced two great illustrated books. One of these was predictable: his illustrations to the Bible. We should all have expected his imagination to be roused by the early history of the Jewish people—and so it has been, especially in those scenes where the prophets are depicted in their moments of inspiration.

But the other great book that he illustrated has no connection with Vitebsk, nor with the Jewish people—on the contrary, it is a piece of writing which seems to spring from the central root of Western culture. Nor is it a book of visions, but the epitome of common sense—the *Fables* of La Fontaine. Chagall's illustrations to La Fontaine are, to my mind, among the very finest things that he has ever done. And why? Because of La Fontaine's confidence in those feelings which we call human, although in fact we share a majority of them with the other animals. Chagall's La Fontaine, like Verdi's Othello, shows that the unity of European culture can be achieved as much by feeling as by philosophy.

A CLEVER orator might have been able to write about our two great painters as a single concept. To do so would have been a triumph of rhetoric: but nothing more; because in fact they are extremely different, and in some ways almost complementary, artists. While Chagall was much concerned with questions of style, Kokoschka was forcing his way into painting by sheer conviction; while Chagall lived upon his memories, Kokoschka was inspired by the impact of life in all its vigour and

KOKOSCHKA. *Self Portrait* (1911)

variety; and while Chagall was content to cultivate his garden, Kokoschka spread his wings, like some benevolent eagle, over the whole European scene.

The historian who looks for origins and influences will have little to occupy him in the work of Kokoschka. He said once, "Pictorial language emanates from the vision of creative man," and it is true that from the first he seems to have known how to set down on canvas his passionate interest in humanity. Perhaps he owed something to the liberating example of another vehement lover of life, Vincent van Gogh; at least van Gogh showed him a means of driving direct at the human soul which hides behind our faces. It is as a relentless face-painter that Kokoschka first showed his mastery: in fact he is one of the two great portrait painters of this century, and the first to make no concessions at all to the conventional envelope in which, for purposes of ordinary business, our personalities are wrapped. Given the well-known vanity of sitters it is a tribute to

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Kokoschka's genius that, between 1909 and 1913, so many distinguished men and women were willing to let him assault their appearances. No doubt they felt the fundamental charity, as well as the pictorial gifts, of their assailant.

These portraits were done with a natural mastery of means; but Kokoschka may have felt that the medium of painting could yield him richer results. So in the unhappy years of the 1914–18 War (when he was twice wounded) and immediately afterwards in Dresden, he extended the range of his art. A fuller content and a richer orchestration of colour led to deeper problems: it was the dreaded "middle period," through which nearly all great artists have passed. Kokoschka emerged in about 1923, with power to embrace a larger vision, and the immediate result was that series of landscapes which are amongst the glories of our century.

I HAVE SAID that Kokoschka is independent of art-history. But it is also true that his art is related to a well-defined episode in the tradition of painting, an episode which began in about the year 1560 and to which critics have failed to attach a satisfactory name. Neither "mannerist" nor "baroque" will cover the work of Tintoretto—still less that of Breughel.

As a part of this episode, a new concept of landscape was introduced—a concept foreshadowed in Altdorfer's *Battle of Alexander*—in which the painter's eye wanders over a wide expanse of land and water and sky, discerning as it does so the occupations of men and their relationship with the elements. And although he is sailing so far above them, he is ready to swoop down and participate in their struggles. This is not the landscape of contemplation, but the landscape of possible engagement. It involves a high point of view, because only thus can the painter's eye embrace so large a field; and it involves the abandonment of classical perspective in favour of a system based on the ellipse. Of this type of landscape there have been three great artists—Breughel, Turner, and Kokoschka.

Kokoschka did not consciously adopt this style. It came to him gradually. His first remarkable landscape, the Dolomite landscape of 1913, is painted from the normal standpoint as are all his brilliant, emphatic views of the Elbe in Dresden. But during his travels in 1924 he seems suddenly to have felt a longing to participate in the energy of great cities: it was a tremendous outburst of sympathetic vitality. Dr. Johnson said: "A man who is tired of London is tired of life." One has only to read the titles of Kokoschka's pictures to see how little tired of life he was: Marseilles harbour, Tower Bridge, the Place de l'Opéra, the entrance to the Grand Canal, Istanbul, the Alps —these are the brilliant, breath-taking sights of the world, and Kokoschka has embraced them, thrown his arms round them, caught them in the lassoo of his elliptical design.

"Kokoschka has made a portrait of me, and possibly those who know me will not recognise me, but those who do not know me I'm afraid will . . . ."—KARL KRAUS in *Die Fackel* (Vienna), 9/4/1910.

WHILE HIS CONTEMPORARIES were looking at the dark streets of cities with all their squalor and misery, Kokoschka, from his high window, has felt the sparkling energy by which men have set their mark on nature. The Tuileries, the port of Hamburg, the Grand Canal—what were they, before men transformed them? Swamps and marshes, lifeless, colourless, formless. That they now go half-way to meet the painter is because generations of human beings, by their energy and intelligence, have given them purposeful shape. Kokoschka is almost the only artist who has felt this. He not only defied the

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abstraction of his epoch; he defied its pessimism. He refused to believe that man and his works were evil.

For this reason he was more profoundly distressed when, in 1939, it looked as if the reverse were true. His whole art depended on belief in mankind, and when it seemed that mankind could be corrupted and used for an evil purpose, he felt that he could no longer be an artist. For a time I believe that he even ceased to paint. But there remained the world of light and space which he had learnt so miraculously to transform into touches of colour. This transformation was as necessary to his life as eating. So when a sympathetic friend showed him a blank canvas and the paints squeezed out, like jewels, upon his palette, he gave up his hunger-strike, and has continued to paint ever since with increasing mastery, and has added the element of time—the "Baroque idea" of which he has spoken.

His defiance of abstract ideas has been far more positive than that of Chagall. He has not simply ignored them, he has attacked them; not only the abstract ideas of Marxism, but those of Nationalism, patriotism, and every other 'ism which constricts the individual human soul and limits the power of love. Sometimes he has felt driven to paint subject-pictures which illustrate his philosophy in a most vivid and moving manner: but to anyone who cares for painting, his subject-pictures told the same story as his landscapes, for his passionate concern for individual liberty and his belief in the human spirit are apparent in every stroke of his brush.

CHAGALL: *Au dessus de la ville* (1922)

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THEATRE

Two Dialogues*

By Nigel Dennis

THE GUTHRIE

SOCRATES: Good morning, Guthrie! How glad I am to see you! I am depressed this morning.

GUTHRIE: What! A rational man like you, Socrates? You must not give way to it.

SOCRATES: You see, I dined last night with some theatrical friends and came away deeply ashamed of my ignorance in dramatic matters. Oh, Guthrie, I am sick of parties where everyone talks about the theatre and where I, alone, have nothing intelligent to say. Silence, as you know, has never been my forte.

GUTHRIE: There is nothing for it, Socrates, but to educate you. Let us begin at the beginning. What is a play?

SOCRATES: I don't know.

GUTHRIE: A play is something that happens in the theatre. Now, what is the theatre?

SOCRATES: Why, it is that round place with those stone seats.

GUTHRIE: That is *a* theatre, Socrates. *The* theatre is quite different. It is "the direct descendant of fertility rites, war-dances, and all the corporate ritual expression by means of which our primitive ancestors, often wiser than we, sought to relate themselves to God, or the gods...."

SOCRATES: My dear Guthrie, what a power of backsight you enjoy! So, a play is a sort of religion, is it? I would never have thought that. Is it also the same thing as the theatre?

GUTHRIE: No. A play is always a play, but the theatre is always a mystery.

SOCRATES: I shall never get to first base at this rate. Is a play, then, not something that is written by an author?

GUTHRIE: No. It is something that is interpreted by actors and produced by me. It has no existence before that.

SOCRATES: But, Guthrie, surely Euripides has written it first?

GUTHRIE: Yes, he has written it, Socrates, but it still has no existence.

SOCRATES: Oh. Has it been written in invisible ink?

GUTHRIE: Of course not! It is quite legible, but it does not become a play until I have acted it.

SOCRATES: Oh, I see! You mean that there is greater pleasure in seeing it acted than in reading it?

GUTHRIE: If I had meant that, Socrates, I would have said that.

SOCRATES: I pray you will not be angry with me, Guthrie: I am only trying to understand the mystery of the theatre. Do you mean that if I were to read a play, it would not be a play that I was reading?

GUTHRIE: That is correct, Socrates. You would merely be reading what I call "the expressor's original idea." Until this idea is "interpreted" by "artists"—that is to say, by people who have been initiated into the theatre mystery—nobody knows what the play is.

SOCRATES: Yes, since the play has not been made public, only the author can know what it is.

GUTHRIE: No, even the author does not know what it is.

SOCRATES: But, Guthrie, Aristophanes wrote a dangerous play about the dictator, Cleon. All the artists, as you call them, were so frightened by it that they refused to interpret it. Aristophanes had to play Cleon's part himself. Surely he knew what he was doing?

GUTHRIE: He knew, *because* he had ceased to be the author and had become an artist. That is the very point I am trying to make.

SOCRATES: Ah, I begin to see! Has an author, then, no knowledge at all of what he is about?

GUTHRIE: The better his play, the less he will know about it. I have estimated the degree of knowledge mathematically and concluded that

* *A Life in the Theatre*. By TYRONE GUTHRIE. Hamish Hamilton, 25s. *Mid-Century Drama*. By LAURENCE KITCHIN. Faber, 30s.

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an author of the first rank will know only one-tenth of what he is doing.

SOCRATES: By Zeus, what a puzzle! And why is this, Guthrie? Why have the gods loaded you and your fellow artists with such powers of comprehension, yet withheld all but a tittle from the original expressor?

GUTHRIE: We cannot say why. It is the very heart of the theatre mystery. Indeed, were it otherwise, there might be no theatre mystery at all.

SOCRATES: And have you and your fellow artists the power instantly to interpret the author's sibyl utterance?

GUTHRIE: No, Socrates. We artists must struggle long with the appointed text before we can draw sense from it.

SOCRATES: And how is this drawing done?

GUTHRIE: By a delicate selecting of those words and lines that speak to the artist in us, or which draw large numbers to the theatre, eager to witness what is new and strange.

SOCRATES: And whence comes your guidance in this selecting?

GUTHRIE: It is of the gods, Socrates, tempered by current fashion.

SOCRATES: And what of those words which defy your interpretation?

GUTHRIE: We utter them otherwise than their expressor wrote them, or, failing that, must expunge them utterly.

SOCRATES: Oh, what a labour! And is it for all those reasons that a play cannot be a play until it is enacted?

GUTHRIE: It is so, Socrates.

THE KITCHIN

KITCHIN: Whence come you, Socrates, so wide-eyed?

SOCRATES: I am straight from Guthrie, Kitchin.

KITCHIN: "He is the first *régisseur* to have established himself as such in the main stream of English drama."

SOCRATES: How richly you speak, Kitchin! Guthrie has been explaining the theatre mystery to me. Must all utterance concerning this mystery be mysterious, too?

KITCHIN: Yes, it must, Socrates. The mystery of the theatre is too deep for simplicity. Only figures, similes, and metaphors can express it. For this is "the golden age of the Lambretta," and a "negative attitude to speech, arrived at in deference to the limitations of the mid-century audience, has been abetted by the positive trend of the last two decades towards balletic ensemble, a thing of intrinsic beauty and vitality."

SOCRATES: Heavens, Kitchin, how your prose proves this! But are you never self-conscious about speaking so?

KITCHIN: "Self-conscious grapples with a resistant medium bring out a sweat of theorising and other by-products easily mistaken for the end-product. . . ."

SOCRATES: Yes, we must avoid that. But tell me, Kitchin, are you able to use this mysterious language for discussing performances of plays? For, as you know, it is performance makes the play, and not the play the performance.

KITCHIN: Without stint. I can say of the author, Osborne: "He is coming to grips with the new drama's most dangerous enemy, which . . . is the sterile conformism implicit in the values of mid-century consumer society and fostered by commercial interests with the powerful aid of psychologists and the mass media." Better still, I can say of a play by the author, Beckett: "It communicates its Pascalian interrogation as pithily as a Biblical strip-cartoon at more levels than one."

SOCRATES: I love your prose, Kitchin, but I regret that you should waste it on authors, who are only aware of one-tenth of what they are up to. The simplest words should be good enough for them, and your choicest arabesques of tongue reserved for those who can be called artists. For, as Guthrie has explained to me, there is no play save in the interpretation of it by artists.

KITCHIN: I have expressed that far more beautifully, saying: "Reading a play is like trying to visualise a statue by measuring the gap left in the quarry."

SOCRATES: Oh, Kitchin, that is felicity itself! And can you so adapt your golden tongue as to be able to apply your similes to all that is by nature theatrical?

KITCHIN: Without difficulty. I can say of the artist, Callas: "Reinforced by a generous mouth, she has the magnetism of the ancient world, at once enigmatic and blatant, as caught by Botticelli in *Primavera*." In hedgerow vein, I can say of the artist, McCowen: "He has big hands, expressive in repose as the roots of a beech." "The comic Shakespearean subsoil" is another of my rustic phrases.

SOCRATES: And all these phrases, Kitchin, serve as it were as veils, to render the theatre mystery more mysterious still?

KITCHIN: That is so, Socrates.

SOCRATES: Am I right, then, in defining a play in these words: It is a text which comes to the theatre falling short of comprehension by nine-tenths. This all but total inadequacy is rectified by the balletic Guthrie and his ensemble of fellow artists, after which the utter density of

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the performed mystery is made absolute by yourself?

KITCHIN: One might so say it, Socrates.

SOCRATES: How marvellous is the way of the Muses, how inscrutable the decisions of Zeus! In all other walks of life, the gods favour that which is clear, simple, and unaffected by the frenzy of grandeur. Only the theatre mystery stands without the general rule—priestly, extravagant, purple, and apart. Yet tell me, good Kitchin, do you and Guthrie and the other artists not find this grandeur a bitter and intolerable burden, driving you half mad with a sense of singular greatness?

KITCHIN: No, Socrates, for though in our priestly appointments we are mysterious and splendid, we are at heart simple, ordinary men, much as you are yourself.

SOCRATES: Why, Kitchin, something tells me that it is true—so true that my eyes begin to brim with tears. Farewell, generous-mouthed priest! May your subsoil engender beech roots.

KITCHIN: Doubt it not, Socrates. Farewell!

Fairy Tale

How obstinate the morning is.
Its mist-and-castle fairy tale
Carries us back to nurseries
Where Good must win and Evil fail,
The magic milking-pail

Of days that never could run dry,
Of hopes no disillusion shook,
When only giants had to die,
Heroes immortal, as the book
Shut on a loving look.

Most otherwise the world has proved,
The mists blow off, the castles fade,
The need to love and to be loved
We have a thousand times betrayed,
Ashamed in our own shade.

As rivers sidle to the sea
We rise and wrinkle to our end,
Between the banks of what-must-be
Confined at every reach and bend,
Gradually we descend.

Yet still on mornings such as these
The mirage shifts our channelled course,
Streams run uphill above the trees,
The hero on the enchanted horse
Opens incredible doors.

Robert Gittings

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NOTES & TOPICS

The Cult of *Négritude*

SO LONG as we think of the *"African Personality"* as little or nothing beyond a focus, a national consciousness, or a corporate reassertion of the dignity of black peoples, or a fighting slogan of angry black men in a very angry continent, then we know what we are talking about. After all, freedom in practice means different things to different African peoples. In multi-racial communities there is, rightly, talk of a non-racial government, in which the ruling party will be mixed, even though non-whites must naturally be in the majority. In other countries, the issue is pretty clear—government must be wholly by blacks. And what is so inherently African about parliamentary democracy, or one-party government, or the often frightening instruments of power (capital, free enterprise, high-powered advertising) that goes together with modern government?

Having failed to make much of the *"African Personality"* as a political concept, one is tempted to look for it in the art of Africa, as a cultural concept. But the paradox is that it is in this very area that the idea of a unified personality is so often blown to bits, precisely because of the individuality of the artist. But what about that French-speaking thing called *négritude*, whose shrine and priests are based in the offices of *Présence Africaine* in Paris? Let's look a little into the kind of art that this cult inspires in its contented middle-class disciples.

LEOPOLD SEDAR SENGHOR finds a heightened sensibility and intensity of emotion as the African's chief psychic traits.* These are supposed to spring from years of humid-tropical living and a pastoral or agricultural closeness to the soil and the rhythms of the seasons. Emotion, he claims, is at the heart of *négritude*: "Emotion is Negro." He further says that *négritude* is less a matter of theme than style—which presumably must carry the African's alleged heightened sensibility and purple passion.

Aimé Césaire, the Martinique poet who coined the word *négritude*, writes, for example:

Hurray for those who never invented anything
Hurray for those who never explored anything
Hurray for those who never conquered anything
But who, in awe, give themselves up to the essence of things
Ignorant of the shell, but seized by the rhythm of things
Not intent on conquest, but playing the play of the world.

But surely it is the African theme that dominates here, and what is it that is so African about the style? Hear him again:

My négritude is not a rock, its deafness hurled against the clamour of the day
My négritude is not a film of dead water on the dead eye of the earth
My négritude is neither a tower nor a cathedral
It plunges into the red flesh of the earth
It plunges into the burning flesh of the sky
It pierces the opaque prostration by its upright patience.

This is supposed to contain the "dynamic quality" of *négritude*. Because the poem is a passionate outcry, a self-vindication, it has an intensity of style, of imagery; abstract ideas are given a concrete meaning. What is it that is proved? An intensely-conceived subject begets, or requires, intensity of style, and it even becomes unnecessary to talk about theme and style separately. What is so distinctively négritudian about that? Can one not find in Baudelaire an intensity to match it? That most insolent, arrogant of white South African poets, Roy Campbell, could say: *"My task demands a virgin muse to string/A lyre of savage thunder as I sing."* Is there no intensity in this? Are we then expected to dig up the bones of Pre-Raphaelites and beat our drums with them?

The original disciples of *négritude* must surely know that this pose or attitude they are striking flattens much of their verse by narrowing its boundaries and restricting its emotional range to what they think is "proper" or "African" to feel. Senghor's *Prayer to Masks* is another example of *négritude* verse that provides a narrow field of response and cannot (as I. A. Richards would say) stand ironic contemplation. Neither facile rejection nor facile acceptance makes good poetry.

The imagery in his *New York* is most exciting at first reading, because its disparate elements of feeling provide a larger area of response than is found in the verse already referred to. Manhattan's ladies in the poem are considered "scented crocodiles;" their "nylon legs" and breasts "have no sweat nor smell;" and one experiences only "hygienic loves." But Harlem?—

A green breeze of corn springs up from the pavements ploughed by the naked feet of dancers
Bottoms waves of silk and sword blade breasts, water-lily ballets and fabulous masks.

* *Cf. Leopold Senghor*, by Armand Guibert, ENCOUNTER, February.

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And then you stop and think. You feel there is an ironic twist somewhere which escapes Senghor, and with which he would have been able to reinforce his image of New York if he were not preoccupied with waving a banner. It is in the fact that Harlem, which he so adores, is really a deformed creation of New York, the ugly duckling in the family of American racial ghettos. And there are too many features that overlap between Manhattan and Harlem for the latter to be treated as a piece of Africa.

THE POET BEHAVES HERE like a man who, believing there is a metaphysical bond between him and a piece of land the other side of a stretch of water, walks towards it. Preoccupied with this mystical bond, he gazes out to it, almost completely oblivious of the footsteps of his minute-by-minute experience and even the bridge which connects the land of his vision and that from which he started. If he were keen to watch his detailed movements, the goings-on on the water about him, the oddities and perhaps certain contradictory features around him, he would realise that he is merely moving from one part to another of the same large terrain. There is a bridge here joining the parts, and elsewhere at some extreme end of the water, they merge.

Langston Hughes, a veteran resident of Harlem, would probably say in reply, as he once did when he refused to oblige his patron who wanted him to write verse with a primitive African mood:

> I was only an American Negro—who had loved the surface of Africa and the rhythms of Africa—but I was not Africa. I was Chicago and Kansas City and Broadway and Harlem. . . .

Incidentally, Hughes himself once wrote a good deal of maudlin verse about being *black, black, black*, and joined the faddist movement of the "rhythm boys" in the 'twenties and 'thirties who were crazy about jungle tomtoms. Senghor's image of Harlem is a violent echo of Carl Van Vechten's in the novel, *Nigger Heaven* (1926).

HOWEVER much enchanted the Negro intellectuals of the *American Society of African Culture* (affiliated to the *Société de la Culture Africaine* in Paris) might be by *négritude* as an expression of their own revulsion against the American mainstream or melting pot, the Negro artist must resolve for himself and others the problem of reconciling their desire for integration with their refusal to forgo their cultural identity (or with the white man's repudiation of their claims within the context of American culture). James Baldwin, for instance, has, after many years of self-imposed exile in France, come to recognise both the inherently alien nature of his American experience and his commitment to help the Negro people in the United States. The late Richard Wright came to very wild and irritating conclusions about Ghanaians when he came to Africa and failed to put himself across. Ralph Ellison simply felt no emotional attachment to Africa. Lorraine Hansberry, like Langston Hughes, feels only a humanitarian sympathy with Africa.

Gabriel Okara is the only West African of British influence so far who, on his own admission, has caught the *négritude* fever and says it has inspired some of his writing. The mawkishness of his *négritude* poem, *You laughed and laughed and laughed*, is quite glaring. He says to the white man:

> *In your ears my song*
> *is motor car misfiring*
> *stopping with a choking cough*
> *and you laughed and laughed and laughed.*

In answer to the white man's question why the black man's laughter is rich, he says:

> *Because my fathers and I*
> *are owned by the living*
> *warmth of the earth*
> *through our naked feet.*

In contrast to this, Okara's poem, *Piano and Drums*, brings out a more convincing and meaningful image of the poet, and the true artist takes off where slogans and catchwords stop.

In South Africa, we non-whites are fashioning a proletarian culture that is a compromise between the traditional and the modern. What would be the point of moaning about "our traditional culture," much of which has been knocked about as a result of military conquest, economic and industrial activity, the migrant labour system which destroys communal and family life, the removal of whole communities from place to place by government decree, the conscious efforts of old-fashioned missionaries, etc.? To fight a rearguard action by trying to revive a pure traditional culture among 5,000,000 urbanised non-whites, 3,000,000 detribalised labour tenants on white people's farms, or to arrest the situation among the remaining 3,000,000 unsettled Africans in the rural reserves, would be unrealistic—and even fatal—for our efforts to break down the present political structure.

BUT THE ARTIST never waits for that political kingdom to come: he goes on creating. Our music, dancing, writing, and other arts reveal the cultural cross-impacts that have so much influenced our lives over the last 300 years; and *négritude* to us is just so much airy intellectual talk either in terms of artistic activity or as a fighting faith. It is exciting, if often ex-

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cruciating, to be the meeting point of different cultural streams. If my writing shows any Africanness, it is as it should be, if my note and tone has authenticity. I take my negro-ness for granted, and it is no matter for slogans. Imagine a Chinaman waking up one morning and shouting in the streets that he has discovered something Chinese in his sculpture or painting or music!

IT IS IMPORTANT to note that a writer in a multi-racial country like South Africa (as distinct from his West African counterpart) is concerned most of the time with his local commitment and day-to-day existence, faced with the problem of lifting his writing to the higher and larger plane of universal meaning. The West African, generally speaking, has begun on this latter plane, grappling with the spiritual conflicts of "universal man," but faced with the need to record the day-to-day experience of man in his local setting. It is this realism with which West African writing must yet come to terms, a realism which includes poverty, sickness, class-consciousness, the black man's inhumanity to those of his colour, etc. If the *Société de la Culture Africaine* in Paris and the American *Society of African Culture* in New York are to use their vital and abundant energies, they need to help the African artist in his present predicament and to promote and encourage the talent that is aching to come to bloom in countries where the black man labours under the savage difficulties of the white man's racialism.

Ezekiel Mphahlele

"Chatterley," the Witnesses, and the Law

Black Magic? White Lies?

MR. COLIN WELCH'S attack on *Lady Chatterley's Lover* [ENCOUNTER, February] is an example of the simultaneous over-valuation and defamation of romantic art by its adversaries with which Mario Praz familiarised us. Surely the book is not a work of "dark, magical, and terrible beauty," and surely its purpose is not "to undermine or utterly destroy the Christian attitude to sex, love, and marriage." It seems to me an ably written novel which constantly is on the point of foundering because Lawrence chose as his chief characters a woman who was as interesting as a stale sponge cake and a man who was nurtured on Hot Comfort Farm.

Its merit lies in the establishment of a point which, I think, Mr. Welch fails to grasp because he came into the world too late. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a response to a historical phenomenon; and it must be remembered, in judging the importance of that comment, that Lawrence is not one of those writers whose claim to greatness lies in their good sense. He is to be compared with Jean Jacques Rousseau, who was one of the silliest of men, but who managed to identify the issues concerning which men were going to be sensible or silly during the next few centuries with crucial effects on civilisation. Lawrence's opinions about men, women, and society were often foolish, but they referred to situations in which men, women, and society have in fact found themselves during our time. Of course Lawrence was talking nonsense when he expressed murderous intentions towards millions of Germans, said he could hardly wait for the deadly revolution, and cursed everybody who was doing any sort of job of work. But he was right in recognising that there was something wrong in Germany, that there was going to be a deadly revolution, and that the makers of society had not been as successful as they had hoped. In *Lady Chatterley* he was dealing with another reality: a certain coldness of the flesh.

Among the contributors to this discussion, Dame Rebecca West, Richard Hoggart, and Sir William Emrys Williams (a director of Penguin Books) were all witnesses for the defence. The Rev. Martin Jarrett-Kerr, C.R., is a colleague of the Bishop of Woolwich, who also testified (and was later reprimanded by the Archbishop of Canterbury).

LET ME GIVE an instance of this which deeply impressed me. In the late 'thirties, my husband and I were discussing with a German businessman the fate of a Jewish managing director of a firm who had been suddenly taken from his bed in the middle of the night, held in a Brown House for some days, during which he was questioned nonsensically and beaten cruelly, and then was released and made to attend a board meeting of his company where his fellow-directors dismissed him, telling him that owing

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to their influence they had obtained him the mercy of being allowed to leave the country, though his shares in the company (which were the greater part of his property) must be forfeited. The businessman who told us this was not a Nazi, and deplored what he had to tell. But he added, "All the same, there is something very undignified about the Jews. You know, all the time that *X.* was appearing before our board, his wife was sitting outside the building in his car, and anybody who looked through the window could see that she was crying."

That remark speaks not only of psychological atrophy; there is physiological atrophy there too. The loyalties which spring from the flesh, that are found not only in the human species but among many animals, were unknown to him. Not only his mind but his flesh was dead. It was that death of intelligence and instinct which made whole peoples able to suffer the existence of the concentration camps. It is that death which makes youths commit motiveless murders to-day: dead flesh cannot imagine the horror of dead flesh. I do not find it remarkable that Lawrence wanted to start revivifying the human animal, restoring its sensitivity, setting to work again the mechanism that had enabled it to build up the concepts of justice and mercy. I do not find it sinister that he tried to start this re-education on the sexual level, and I should have thought that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* makes it quite plain that he did this. It cannot be denied that the climax of the book is the scene where the sexual awakening of Mellors and Connie makes them fully aware of themselves and of each other, and they feel reciprocal tenderness and respect.

Lawrence may have engaged in a hopeless enterprise. It may be that a population which has risen above a certain size and lives under artificial conditions will get no help from its instincts and the intelligence that is derived from them, because that complex mechanism was developed in other conditions. Lawrence cannot be despised for making an effort to get that mechanism working again, and it is sheer nonsense to talk about witchcraft. I do not myself admire the scene in which Mellor works out what might have been a scheme for floral table decoration prescribed by a woman's magazine on the sexual organs of himself and Connie, but it is ridiculous to call this

> the solemn moment at which the votaries ceremonially deck their idol with all the bounty of nature in token of their gratitude, dependence, and self-abasement.

A man may put a rose in a woman's hair behind her ear without any voodoo being involved, and presumably if there is more hair available he may decorate that too, but if Mr. Welch thinks that black magic concerns itself with such innocent sports he must know little about the subject. He also might consider that the final hunger and thirst of Connie for domesticity with Mellors is about as much phallus-worship as the picture of Natasha's household which ends *War and Peace*.

WHERE I FEEL considerable sympathy with Mr. Welch is in the doubts he expresses regarding the Act which exposes "the law to ridicule by forcing it to assess merits, literary, and otherwise, which it is not qualified to assess." I cheerfully went to the Old Bailey to give evidence for the defence because it seems to me as indubitable that Lawrence's books have literary merit as it is that Yehudi Menuhin's violin-playing has musical merit, and I do not believe that that book would deprave or corrupt any reader. But there was one alarming incident. The prosecuting counsel read out to one witness an introductory paragraph from one of the chapters in the book with disgust and distaste, on the ground that it seemed to him so badly written. I have no idea, nor had any of the witnesses round me, why this offended his canons of literary taste, and he did not—and I think could not—give any explanation. It was as if, in a case concerned with music, counsel should perplex a witness who was a musician by referring to a conventional melody written in two-four time in the key of C major as peculiarly discordant and perverse. Such an interchange gets nowhere.

I have remembered this several times in connection with a book which I was sent not long ago: a novel which might well deprave and corrupt because it would inflame any reader suffering from the same repulsive and dangerous perversion which afflicts the author, and which has not a vestige of literary merit. It cannot have been published for any other reason than that the publisher is cashing in on the market for dirty books. I suppose that logically, since I consented to give evidence in favour of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, I should consent to give evidence for the Director of Public Prosecutions if he asked me to do so. But if I did I should certainly be attacked as a reactionary, and indeed I do not feel it my personal duty to bring lunatics to heel; but if I did yield to logic, and say what I think of the book, my evidence, which would be elicited by questioners who are lawyers and not critics, might fail to make it clear that I was moved by valid æsthetic grounds.

In other words, this Act leans heavily on the evidence of expert witnesses in circumstances which would make any expert witness very chary indeed of giving evidence.

Rebecca West

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I HAVE READ Colin Welch's piece on *Lady Chatterley* with much interest and admiration.

The most frustrating feeling I had during the case was that it was being conducted before the wrong tribunal. If one could conceive of a *right* tribunal, the discussion that could have taken place there would have been on the lines proposed by Colin Welch, and even he, I think, would "acquit" the book of obscenity. In his article he digs far deeper than anything that was reached, or could have been reached, in a court of law, and it is for that reason that I for one welcome the appearance of his piece.

I am sick to death of the kind of Chatterley discussion we have all had to put up with in the last few weeks, and although I am obviously glad that we at Penguin's won the verdict, I take no pleasure in the actual form of the contest. I am grateful to you and ENCOUNTER for putting the discussion on such a profound basis. Needless to say, I have not concluded my meditations on the second part of Colin Welch's piece, but I certainly see what he is driving at, and I already suspect he is right.

One small point: I was in court when the poor Bishop of Woolwich gave evidence, and I can testify that when he used the words *"holy communion,"* he added in an aside, *"lower case, of course."* His aside has been ignored in all the accounts, and is not mentioned in the official transcript. But that *sotto voce* would have saved him from some of the ridicule he has had to endure.

William Emrys Williams

NO DOUBT several of your readers will take up aspects of Mr. Colin Welch's essay on *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Since I was one of the defence witnesses, may I refer to some of the points which most affect us?

I do not think that witnesses told "white lies" so as to defend the book. We believed the things we said in the book's favour. Other things, for and against the book, could have been said. I, for instance, would have been prepared to say that I think Clifford's physical maiming a weakness (in spite of Lawrence's explanation of it); that Lawrence's general presentation of Clifford is lop-sided (as is that of Morel in *Sons and Lovers*); that the theme of "mechanical civilisation" is not successfully grafted on to that of sex-relationships; and that in parts Lawrence hectors the reader. I imagine many defence witnesses would agree with all or some of these criticisms. They do not make *Lady Chatterley's Lover* a bad work of literature or one likely to deprave and corrupt.

Yet there could have been, as I suppose we all realise, a better prosecution case against the book. It was not made; and Mr. Welch has not made it. Still, what the witnesses said, and the force with which they sometimes said it, was decided chiefly by the particular form of the prosecution's attack, the kind of direct questions in which it was repeatedly framed.

Wasn't the book, we were asked, plainly "immoral?" By this the prosecution meant something much simpler than Mr. Welch's "immorality . . . something even evil." (To be precise, what Mr. Welch describes is not immorality but—if he were right—a *false* morality.) To the prosecution's charge of immorality we replied that the book is unusually moral; that, like all Lawrence's novels, it is imbued with moral intentions.

We were invited to agree that the book had very little literary value. Several witnesses placed it quite low in Lawrence's work and others gave it third or fourth place, which is where I would put it. In the box I said—so as to underline the point that we were not dealing with a run-of-the-mill novel—that it was one of the twenty best novels written in Britain during the last thirty years. Will Mr. Welch suggest twenty better novels?

We were told that the book was loose and degenerate. On this point I replied that it was the work of a puritan. It is true that, in the pressing circumstances of cross-examination, my brief description of puritanism touched on only one of its qualities (the weight of conscience); but that was the crucial quality at this stage of the trial and recognisable to an informed reader. I was very pleased, a little later, to hear Mr. E. M. Forster agree with the description; pleased but hardly surprised. For that Lawrence belongs to "the mainstream of British puritanism" is hardly in doubt. In calling this description "naïve" it is Mr. Welch who is naïve and uninformed.

Didn't the book show, we were asked, a depraved and corrupted attitude towards sex? We replied that Lawrence spoke of "reverence" towards the sexual act. "Reverence for a man's balls?" cried the prosecuting counsel. (Mr. Welch wrongly attributes this rhetorical question to me. I merely agreed.) But the assertion is not surprising: in the Christian marriage service we say, "With my body I thee worship."

We were asked to agree that the book attacked marriage. Here Mr. Welch is strongly in agreement with the prosecution, since he speaks of "the main *negative* purpose of the book, which is to undermine or utterly destroy the Christian attitude to love, sex, and marriage." This is to ignore, for instance, the sense of a continuing relationship on which both Mellors and Lady Chatterley insist and on which

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—looking towards the time when a marriage will be possible—the book ends: "But a great deal of us is together, and we can but abide by it, and steer our courses to meet soon." Speaking specifically about *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Lawrence said:

> The instinct of fidelity is perhaps the deepest instinct in the great complex we call sex.

Since Mr. Welch, to find his ammunition, is prepared to quote isolated fragments from many parts of Lawrence's writings, we might fairly refer also to those many passages in the letters and essays in which Lawrence celebrates marriage, and in particular the Christian idea of marriage. Of these, a typical one is: "Marriage is the clue to human life."

No more than Mr. Griffith-Jones can Mr. Welch see in Mellors any sense of "responsibilities and challenges" flowing from the act of sexual union. He says he has read very carefully the passage to which I related this answer. I think he should read those pages (123–4 of the Penguin edition) again:

> He thought with infinite tenderness of the woman . . . poor forlorn thing, she was nicer than she knew. . . . But he would protect her with his heart for a little while. . . . To tell the truth, he was sorry for what had happened, perhaps most for her sake.

One could take pages in trying to sort out the misreadings, the shrill misapplications, with which Mr. Welch supports the argument of the latter part of his essay—that the book's "positive purpose" is to advocate a form of "witchcraft." I agree, of course, that the book seems hardly likely to feed a prurient interest in sex. It is true that, scattered here and there throughout the book (though less than in Lawrence's other later novels), are passages which, if they are lumped together out of context, can seem to suggest a general validity for his argument. One could select other passages so as to seem to suggest quite different arguments. None of them would give, I think, a fair idea of the overriding impression the book creates in that "earnest reader" on whose reaction Mr. Welch bases his argument. To take scattered fragments, to put at their side other bits from the mass of Lawrence's writings (again, bits which give little sense of the general drift of his arguments), leads to some strange misreadings—for example, to claiming seriously that the flower-wreathing incident is "a solemn moment for the votaries" of some dark rite. I have always thought it much more a playful pantomime (though with a properly serious undertone); rather like that incantatory children's game Lawrence echoes in *Sons and Lovers* when he scatters cowslips over Clara's hair and neck, and chants *"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,/If the Lord won't have you the devil must."*

Before the recent prosecutions my memory of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was faint; I thought it was perhaps boringly over-insistent, in the main. Parts of it are. Yet when I read it again I was struck—and I am still talking about that overwhelming general impression on which Mr. Welch rests his case—by its gentle lyric quality. This seems to have been Lawrence's own attitude, for in his frequent references to the book there is hardly a trace of the hot proselytising which Mr. Welch discovers. He is relaxed and affectionate about it: "as frail and tender as the naked self" is a typical comment. I think this likely to be a just estimate of the reaction of that "earnest reader, who will read it carefully with sympathy and respect, and who has sufficient intelligence and knowledge to grasp the point" for whom Mr. Welch claims to be concerned.

Richard Hoggart

WE HAVE HAD, in our time, D. H. Lawrence the Anti-Rationalist, Lawrence the Vitalist, even (save the mark) Lawrence the Fascist. Now Mr. Welch gives us a new variant: Lawrence the Magus.

Mr. Welch's article is painstaking, cogent, and largely wrong. His quotations from Lawrence are all correct. But then Lawrence was that kind of a man. With a little diligent extraction you can make a case for almost anything—as, for instance, Professor Tyndall argued once, with impressive citations, that Lawrence's basic mythology was cow-worship. But try to pin Lawrence down—and his novels get up and walk off with the beam.

Certainly the Lawrence Mr. Welch offers us is simply a Lawrence who could never have written (say) *The Rainbow*, or some of the literary criticism, still less some of the marvellous short stories. It is this Lawrence Mr. Hoggart was speaking of at the trial, a voice from the central British "puritan" tradition, though of course immensely ahead of it, immensely more aware of its real strength and weakness than anyone else of his day. Mr. Welch complains that puritanism "without the Book" (the Bible) is not puritanism at all; and certainly there is plenty of the Book in that tradition, from Bunyan through Blake to our own day, and especially plenty of the Old Testament. But there's plenty of the Book, especially of the Old Testament, in Lawrence. It is, perhaps, inadequate to define this "puritanism," as Mr. Hoggart does, purely in terms of reliance on the individual conscience; for clearly that conscience itself has been formed within a par-

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ticular tradition. It is truer to say that the "puritan" tradition is in one of its aspects a recovery or a reaffirmation of the Hebrew-Biblical notion of man as body-soul-spirit, as against the (largely) Greek notion of man as immaterial soul temporarily inhabiting a gross, material, fleshly and corruptible body. And there is no doubt on which side of this divide Lawrence stands. I sometimes think that Lawrence believed only two articles of the Apostles Creed, but these two he believed intensely: "I believe . . . in the Resurrection of the Body and in the Life Ever-Lusting, Amen."

Mr. Welch's trouble is that of so many others (*pro* and *con*) in the recent controversy: that he seems to start from *Lady Chatterley*. If you start there and work backwards (through *The Plumed Serpent* to, say, *The Ladybird*) you can get something like Mr. Welch's picture. But if you start from the position that *Lady Chatterley*, though very impressive in many ways, is about as important in Lawrence's total work as (say) *Timon of Athens* was in Shakespeare's, then the picture you get looks quite different.

And surely the true picture is there in the prose. Mr. Welch pays tribute, grudgingly, to its effectiveness, but he regards it as simply seductive. He plants out warning signs: "torrential eloquence here—Look out;" "poetic gifts —Beware;" "well-nigh irresistible . . . ," etc. But these are the assessments of an extractor, not of one who has genuinely responded to Lawrence's (at its greatest moments) controlled, articulate, and creative talent. Mr. Welch thinks Lawrence gives horrible and hallucinatory life to a devilish power. But I cannot see that he establishes that there is the remotest resemblance between Lawrence and (*e.g.*) the abbé Guibourg or the late Aleister Crowley: and until he can establish that, I think that the notion of "black magic" is a simple irrelevance. Unless, of course, Mr. Welch thinks that all power that is not specifically and ostensibly Christ's is the devil's. I think, on the contrary, that Lawrence smelled out corruption, the work of the devil, in places of complacency and hard respectability, and that he pointed to life. "Pagan" life, if you like. But the Catholic tradition is that Grace perfects nature, it doesn't destroy it. There is much in pagan nature that (Christians believe) needs perfecting; but if it is there at all to perfect, that is because it has been preserved—preserved from the corruption of false values and the death of cynicism—and we should be grateful to those who, like Lawrence, have done a job of preserving.

P.S.—I note that Mr. Welch, in quoting the Bishop of Woolwich's evidence at the trial, perpetuates the same misprint as some of the papers at the time: "An Act of Holy Communion." The Bishop in fact used lower case. "Something like an act of holy communion" could, with the requisite explanations, indicate nothing more startling than the common Christian doctrine of intercourse as the consummation of the sacrament of holy matrimony.

Martin Jarrett-Kerr, C.R.

London Commentary

Towards a Welfare World

By C. A. R. Crosland

LACKING a proper sense of history, most of us still find it hard to grasp the stupendous change in the condition of mankind which began around 1750. Until then, average real incomes had scarcely risen from one century to another; and all discussion of the social problem was bounded by the assumption of a static amount of wealth. Around 1750, there began, along with industrialisation, the explosive process of economic development; since then the advanced countries have experienced a rate of increase of production thirty or forty times as high as that experienced over earlier centuries. Although, at the same time, population growth also increased to a rate ten or twenty times as high as previously, it was far outstripped by the growth of production. Real income per head doubled or trebled in each century, and will certainly more than treble in the coming century; and for the first time in history entire peoples have been lifted out of material poverty.

This upsurge of production was, however, confined to a small section of the globe. Hence, it has produced a degree of economic inequality between nations such as must have been unknown in previous ages. We now have a small

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privileged group of rich nations in Western Europe, North America, and Australasia (comprising about one-seventh of the world's population), a few "middling" nations such as Japan, Israel, and Brazil, and a great mass of poor nations still in the pre-development stage. Income per head in the rich nations is up to thirty times as high as in the poor nations, and the gap is growing wider. While the rich nations continue to enlarge their incomes at a rapid rate, the poor nations, unable as yet to reach the stage of accelerated growth, are barely able to keep pace with the increase in their populations.

MARX'S PROPHECY of increasing inequality, which has been falsified in respect of internal *class* divisions, has thus been unexpectedly realised in the field of external *national* divisions.

Generally, indeed, there is a contrast between domestic developments in the Western countries and developments in international relationships. Internally, as Dr. Myrdal points out in the book which I discussed last month, these countries are characterised by a growing sense of convergence and integration; meanwhile, however, international economic relationships are characterised by a growing inequality and disintegration. The Cold War, the fragmentation of large empires into numerous small sovereign states, the collapse of the Gold Standard, and the very success of domestic planning in insulating each economy from external influences—all these have led to a certain disintegration of the world economy. Of this, the inequality between rich and under-developed nations is only one, although the most dramatic, manifestation.

Should we concern ourselves about this inequality? Rich nations have never in the past adopted a charitable attitude to poor foreign nations; indeed the whole idea of consciously aiding less developed areas was unknown twenty years ago.

TO A SOCIALIST, a radical, or a humanitarian, the answer is inescapable. If one is against glaring inequality between classes, one should be against it between nations. If one seeks to abolish poverty at home, one should seek to abolish it abroad. If one wants a Welfare State, one should ultimately want a Welfare World. Moral aspirations should not (though they often do) stop at the customs sheds of Dover; and there is no need to adduce more dubious argument such as making retribution for a guilty colonial past.

THERE ARE, of course, also severely practical arguments. Poverty and inequality must tend to exacerbate the natural political resentments of the newly-developing nations. This argument is, however, often pushed too far, especially in the version that foreign aid is the crucial weapon in the struggle against Communism. In fact the connection between foreign aid and the Cold War is much more tenuous than is often supposed. The choice in an underdeveloped country between a Western or Eastern alignment usually depends far more on political than on economic factors—less on the precise amounts of aid, than on internal political divisions, or external subversion and penetration, or the major political actions of the great powers —at Suez or Sharpeville, in Hungary or Tibet, over Cuba or the Congo. We have a glaring example now before our eyes—Laos, where despite a massive concentration of American aid the Communist threat, for essentially *political* reasons, is greater than ever before.

MOREOVER, AN EXCESSIVE EMPHASIS on anti-Communism in practice leads to a distribution of aid which is not only rather "unjust," but also grotesquely inefficient. The aid goes to those countries which are thought to be most menaced by Communism, rather than to those which need it most or could use it most effectively. For example, almost one-third of all U.S. aid has gone to the three American "ward countries" in the Far East—South Korea, Formosa, and southern Indo-China. These countries had no stronger humanitarian claim than many others; even more important (since some element of "injustice," for reasons discussed below, is inevitable), they were quite unable to use the aid efficiently, and most of it has (from a long-term point of view) simply gone down the drain. In fact it would have been better, on a *long-term* "cold war" calculation, to have diverted this aid to those countries, notably India, which could use it effectively and where rapid growth would counteract the "attractive" influence of Soviet and Chinese rates of growth. But we do not live in a rational world, and short-term anti-Communism will always in practice lead to a hopeless misdirection of severely limited resources.

As to the proper policy, we shall learn much from Mr Andrew Shonfield's recent book, and rather less from Mr. Eugene Black's.[1] A decidedly successful President of the World Bank, Mr. Black has here produced a nice little

[1] *The Attack on World Poverty*. By ANDREW SHONFIELD. Chatto & Windus, 21s. *The Diplomacy of Economic Development*. By EUGENE R. BLACK. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press, 24s.

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essay, but on too remote a level of generality to be of much help. Mr. Shonfield, our most distinguished economic journalist, has by contrast produced a detailed, shrewd, and hard-headed survey which, while displaying great expert knowledge, is also admirably suitable as a layman's guide to the whole subject.

FIRST one must be clear as to the economic purpose of aid. Sustained economic growth requires that some 10–12 per cent of the national income should be devoted to investment. But poor countries usually save only some 5 per cent of their incomes; and however great an effort they make, they find it exceedingly hard to reach the 10–12 per cent savings ratio to match this investment requirement. The object of aid is primarily to supplement domestic savings to the point where they reach this critical figure, and so ultimately enable the country to develop under its own steam.[2]

But of course the aid will fulfil this purpose only if directed to those countries which are sufficiently advanced—that is, which have an adequate cultural and technological base—to translate these savings into productive investment. Long-term aid (as opposed to short-term emergency help) to countries not so equipped will be largely wasted; and while such waste might be accepted if there were unlimited sums available, it is not acceptable when money is extremely tight. We must therefore adopt, as Mr. Shonfield insists, a deliberate policy of "unfair shares." Indeed, if the donor countries acted with perfect rationality, they would concentrate virtually all their long-term aid on India, Mexico, and Brazil—the three countries best able to use it productively and the nearest to the stage where they can sustain their own growth without further outside help. Of course in practice some money can, and should, go to other countries. But the need for some economic rationality in the distribution of aid has been tragically shown by the vast sums, desperately needed elsewhere, which have been largely wasted in (for example) Indo-China and South Korea.

AT PRESENT, total public aid and investment amount to some $4,000 millions annually. Of this, about two-thirds comes from the U.S.A.; the international agencies provide $450 millions, Britain some $200 millions, and the Soviet bloc $300 millions. In addition, private investment accounts for another $2,000 millions. But a great deal has to be deducted from these impressive-looking totals before we reach a true measure of genuine and well-directed aid. One-third of U.S. Government aid goes to the "ward countries" of the Far East; French investment goes preponderantly into Algeria, British investment into Kuwait and Rhodesia, and much American private investment into the oil-producing countries of the Middle East and Venezuela. Mr. Shonfield calculates that only about half the above total represents a net capital flow to the main body of under-developed countries.

THE NEED FOR AID is certain to increase in the years ahead. First, population growth will accelerate as the steady subjugation of malaria dramatically reduces the death-rate in Asia and Africa. The growth may not be exceptional by past Western standards. But because it comes, as a result of medical advance, both faster and at an earlier stage in the development process than was the case in the Western Industrial Revolution, it poses a more desperate economic problem. Secondly, more and more countries are advancing through the pre-investment phase to the point when they are technically able to utilise large amounts of capital productively. On a conservative estimate, the present volume of aid should be doubled over the next few years.

Such a target is of course well within the economic capacity of the wealthier nations, for they now devote to aid barely 1 per cent of national incomes which are growing at the rate of from 2 to 6 per cent a year. Western Europe in particular, and Germany most notably, could substantially increase its foreign aid. It was natural in the post-war years that the U.S. should bear the brunt of the burden; it is scandalous that after the spectacular West European boom of the 1950s the U.S. should still be providing two-thirds of all public aid and investment. The current weakness of the dollar is due not to any basic uncompetitiveness of American goods, but to the fact that the United States is carrying a disproportionate share of the economic (and military) obligations of the Western world. The reluctance of Europe to correct this unbalance demonstrates a certain moral slackness, acquired during the long years of relying on America for everything.

IDEALLY, A LARGE PART of any additional aid would be channelled through the international agencies, which are both more acceptable to the receiving countries and less liable to waste money by undue political favouritism. The

[2] Some countries might be able to generate enough domestic savings, yet still be unable to develop without incurring a large balance of payments deficit. In such cases, foreign aid is needed primarily to sustain the balance of payments.

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World Bank could in fact increase its lending to-morrow if it wished; its operations are now restricted not by lack of resources, but by its own somewhat inflexible rules. But the Bank, inevitably working on commercial principles, can never fulfil the main need, which will increasingly (given the growing burden of debt repayment) be for "soft" loans or outright grants.

It was to meet this need that the U.N. International Development Association was established in 1959. In outlook and purpose, this body represents the most fruitful channel of aid yet proposed. But its resources are so far trivial. If the Western powers wished to make a concerted new attack on the aid problem, they would at once, and considerably, augment its funds.

IN PRACTICE, no doubt, the bulk of any additional aid will come from individual governments. Here we meet a difficulty to which Mr. Shonfield propounds an ingenious and original answer.

"The grand inhibition," he observes, "on generous conduct in the Western world towards the poor countries is the anxiety of each of the donors about its balance of payments. This applies most obviously to the United States and Britain, but also in fact to most of the others, including Italy and Japan." The American Government, for example, fears lest the aid which it disburses will be spent not on American goods, but on (say) German goods; the consequence is then an (indirect) transfer of dollars from the United States to Germany and a further fall in the American reserves.

This difficulty could be overcome by making "tied loans," that is, loans which can be spent only on the goods of the donor country and which therefore carry no risk to its balance of payments. Tied loans have always been criticised in the past as offending against the sacred canons of multilateralism; and they are without doubt open to abuse. But in view of the desperate need of the under-developed nations it is surely wrong to reject any device which might significantly increase the total of aid.

Moreover, as Mr. Shonfield points out, such loans might be positively helpful to the donor countries, which will always have, as a result of changes in technology and consumer tastes, some pockets of surplus productive capacity; if the loan took the form of an offer of these surplus goods, both sides might benefit from the bargain. The outstanding case is of course food. On the one hand, a food shortage is often the biggest limitation on development in a poor country, for when the under-employed are set to work on development they will consume more food than is domestically available. On the other hand, many Western countries, having experienced a prodigious increase in agricultural productivity since 1945, now have large food surpluses and are actively engaged in restricting output. The excellent American surplus food disposal programme has already shown that it is practicable to marry the needs and the surpluses. The experiment should now be pursued on a much larger scale, in food and in other commodities, in order to overcome "the grand inhibition on generous conduct."

NEITHER THIS NOR ANY OTHER improvement will occur without a certain change of heart in the richer countries. We must not of course cry for the moon; people will never be as willing to spend money on foreigners as on their own compatriots. Nor should we ask these countries to disburse huge sums without conditions; on the contrary, they have the duty to be vigilant that their aid is used efficiently.

TWO CHANGES of attitude can, however, reasonably be demanded. First, the rich countries could show much more imagination in dealing with the poor countries, and accept that their problems are utterly dissimilar and require solutions which might be inappropriate in an advanced country. There is no point in complaining, as so many Britons and Americans do to-day, when an under-developed country pursues nationalistic or protectionist economic policies, or seeks to expropriate its foreign-owned basic industries, or divagates from the orthodox canons of liberal international trade theory. All these things are natural and inevitable in the early stages of development.

We have also a right to expect from the Western peoples a more generous interest in the whole question of foreign aid. Up to now, the marked liberalisation of attitudes in Western domestic politics has not been matched by a greater altruism in international matters. No doubt, since foreigners provide a convenient scapegoat for personal or internal political difficulties, some element of selfish over-patriotism is always inevitable; though the virulent pitch of xenophobia (especially anti-Germanism and anti-Americanism) which is often reached in Britain is revolting by any standards, even granting that we additionally need a scapegoat for our decline as a great power.

BUT IN THE LONG RUN we may hope slowly to civilise public opinion in international affairs as it has already been largely civilised in internal affairs. This is a task infinitely more important and rewarding than any domestic reform.

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The Uses of Speculation

IN HIS review of my book, *Thought and Action* [ENCOUNTER, November] Mr. Bernard Williams turns attention to three connected philosophical questions which are, I think, of wide general interest. First, can we intelligibly speak of the intention of animals in doing something, or must we speak only of their purposes? Second, is neuro-physiology, both potentially and actually, more important than psycho-analysis in the scientific study of human behaviour and therefore in determining the limits of human freedom? Third, is the Aristotelian scheme of essential human virtues, which I defended, only one morality among others, or does it yield a sufficiently general account of morality?

THE FIRST QUESTION is far from trivial, because I had argued that intentional action is characteristic of human beings, and of human beings only, as language-users and therefore as creatures capable of knowing, in the required sense, what they are doing and what they are going to do; and I had defined freedom, and rationality in action, partly in terms of a constant relation between explicit intention and actual performance. Mr. Williams suggests that we may distinguish the kind of intention that is directed to future action from the intention that an animal has *in* doing something. The first kind of intention is peculiar to conceptual thinkers, but the second kind, he suggests, is not. I am not convinced that we could significantly attribute intentions, as distinct from purposes, to a creature *in* doing something unless we could also attribute to the same creature intentions to do things in the future. It is not a contingent fact, but is, rather, essential to the concept of intention, that the question of whether I did something intentionally (*e.g.*, upset the table) is also the question of whether I knew (beforehand) what would happen as part, or as a result, of my action. It is also not a contingent fact, but is essential to the concept of intention, that intentions can be stated.

As part of my thesis about the relation between thought and action, I intended to draw a sharp distinction between intentions and purposes. The ground of this distinction is laid in the different role played by the subject's acknowledgments of the purposes and of the intentions of his actions. A man's statement of his purposes is not so intimately connected with the purposes themselves. Therefore there is no difficulty in attributing purposes to animals which are not language-users. When we watch one animal stalking another, what we see, or immediately recognise, is the animal's purpose in doing what it is doing. Or, in more complicated cases, we may come to grasp the purpose of some activity of an animal within the whole economy of the behaviour of that species. So we may come to see the purpose of some unintentional human behaviour, without seeking confirmation in an individual's acknowledgment. I agree with Mr. Williams that complex purposes are attributable to animals (and infants), and that philosophers are in error if they imply in their philosophies of mind that the interpretation of animal (and of infant) behaviour is either a simple or a trivial matter. This is indeed the error of Cartesianism: if not mind, and activities that are to be explained by processes of conscious thought, then extended things, the activities of which may be of any degree of complexity, but are all to be explained within a single physics. The error in this dichotomy will show itself in the interpretation of human behaviour, in which there survive elements of behaviour that have a complicated purpose and yet are not to be fully explained, or even fully described, either by reference to conscious mental processes or by a pattern of stimulus and response. We investigate the motives and purposes of a child's behaviour, as distinct from his intentions, even when he is incapable of acknowledgment. We cannot suppose that the area of purpose that lies below the level of intention is ever contracted to zero in the course of adult development. But we do know that, in the gradual development of an adult consciousness, unformulated and unacknowledged purposes are in many areas of conduct displaced by explicit intentions. The undiscovered, and perhaps undiscoverable, limits of this development are the limits of the control of conduct by thought, and are therefore the limits of rationality.

Everything in behaviour that is an activity of pure imagination, or that is a form of creative art, or that unintentionally exhibits an individual style and manner, lies outside these limits. These purposive, but unintentional, elements of conduct do not seem to be contingent and detachable elements, unrelated to the other powers of men, and I tried, very inadequately, to indicate their connectedness in the book. We ordinarily accept the necessity that some elements in behaviour and achievement have motives and purposes which can never be brought to consciousness or be subject to rational control.

The problems of freedom seem to me to lie here: how much can we learn of our uncontrolled, and perhaps uncontrollable, motives and purposes, and what is the relation of this learning to our decisions and intentions? This is why the discoveries of psycho-analysis (if they are discoveries) seem to be the test of that notion of freedom which Mr. Williams recognised as

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derived from Spinoza: namely, that of freedom as dependent on self-consciousness and on consciousness of the causes of our activities. In my book on Spinoza I did remark that he largely ignored art and æsthetic experience; and there was good reason for this. In Part 5 of the *Ethics* the ideal of the free man is an ideal of a *completely* rational man, as if every important source of action and achievement might be brought to consciousness, and no residue of the uncontrolled be left.

MR. WILLIAMS suggests that it is rather the actual and potential discoveries of neuro-physiology, and not those of psycho-analysis, that make the problem of free-will a real and difficult problem.

I cannot agree, for this reason: every correlation of cause and effect in nature, which is established experimentally, still leaves open possibilities of decision. This is no less true if the new knowledge is that certain states of the body are invariably correlated with certain patterns of behaviour. We have then to decide whether to look for means of preventing the behaviour by varying the initial conditions or to adopt a strategy that will have the opposite effect. It is true that neuro-physiologists may demonstrate that certain patterns of behaviour, which we had hitherto believed to be avoidable at will, are in fact not in this way avoidable. If we had previously decided not to behave in the specified way, when the determining physical conditions existed, we had decided to do something which, unknown to us, it was not in our power to do. We have learnt that, if we are to change the behaviour, we must use a different strategy. But we still have to decide whether to do so. There is still the opposition between the operation of natural causes and our decisions, taken in the light of our present knowledge of the natural order.

But the implications of psycho-analysis (if it is indeed a valid body of knowledge) are more difficult to reconcile with the established notions of the freedom of the agent, since they seem to break down this contrast between that which we decide to do and our present knowledge of the natural order, in the light of which our decisions are made. It is not clear that unconscious motives and purposes can be assimilated to natural causes which we, as choosing agents, confront in our decisions. It therefore seems that the hypothesis of the unconscious mind, as the seat of desires and phantasies which *cannot* be made conscious, is incompatible with the Spinozistic notion that a person's freedom increases in proportion as his behaviour is rationally directed and controlled—*i.e.*, directed and controlled by explicit reasoning. The hypothesis is that behaviour and achievement, in the most important respects, could never be so controlled. Our dispositions can never be determined by explicit decisions and intentions. Therefore if freedom is the ultimate goal, it must be defined in some other and more inclusive terms.

I did not in *Thought and Action* adequately discuss either (a) whether Freudian psychology constitutes an acceptable body of knowledge; or (b) whether it can be interpreted as constituting a *science* of behaviour, which explains the *causes* of human behaviour exactly as does (or might) neuro-physiology. About (b) I am uncertain. But whatever may be the final answer, it is still true, I think, that the ideal of a free and rational agent, making decisions in the light of increasing natural knowledge, is not undermined by any advance in neuro-physiology, and may be undermined by evidence that some essential human achievements, and some that are essentially connected with our ideas of freedom, *cannot* be the product of rational choice.

THIS leads naturally to the third, and most fundamental, of Mr. Williams' objections: that the general theory of moral choice and criticism in the book is not general enough: that it imposes one particular moral outlook—an "austere" doctrine of self-improvement—as having some superior philosophical ground, when this moral outlook is properly to be regarded as only one morality among others.

Taken in one way, which is not the way that Mr. Williams intends, this is an objection that can be brought against every moral philosopher, whatever the scale of his work: no less against Aristotle or Spinoza or Hume or Kant or Hegel or Mill or Moore, than against those who have been formed by them. It is not logically possible that one should investigate the most general grounds upon which some human activities are to be preferred to others and at the same time remain neutral between different moral opinions. It is not even logically possible that one should investigate the "correct" use of the word "good," as the adjective of praise, and remain neutral between all moral opinions. But I agree with Mr. Williams that neutrality is one thing, and generality, or comprehensiveness, is another. It is a requirement of a philosophical inquiry into morals, as Mr. Williams implies, that it should arrive at the most general grounds upon which moral opinions rest: this is what is meant by "philosophical." I did in my book argue that the Aristotelian account of praise and evaluation was the most general, and the most clear and comprehensive, and that it was for these reasons to be preferred to the prevailing British moral philosophy derived from G. E. Moore. I argued that not only Moore's moral philosophy, but also any morality that

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rests on religious and transcendent grounds of belief, could be, and in fact often has been, restated in Aristotelian terms, that is, in terms of the exercise of those powers and dispositions which constitute the distinctively human virtues. And I argued that this claim to comprehensiveness could not be made for other moral philosophies, and conspicuously not for Kant and Moore, both of whom in their account of moral judgments exclude a whole range of recognizable moral opinions as not moral opinions at all. The difference between the argumentative atheist and the argumentative Christian lies in their metaphysical beliefs and in the philosophies of mind derived from them. They meet on common ground when they discuss these powers and dispositions that, for their different reasons, they take to be essential to human beings. And they cannot discuss political programmes rationally, in spite of their different starting-points, except upon this common ground.

ALL THESE ASSERTIONS, including those about philosophy itself, are matters of more or less clearly supported opinion, and certainly not of final certainty and demonstration. And they can never in any case have the objectivity of scientific discoveries. Philosophical opinions always reflect something of the temperament, and the limitations of interest and of knowledge, of their authors. The moral philosophers whom we still read, for purposes other than academic ones, are those who have extended the limits of their interest and knowledge further than others, and have thereby left some lasting appearance of detachment and comprehensiveness. Apart from this, there is a further reason for tentativeness in any moral philosophy written at the present time. We know that we lack positive knowledge in the human sciences and we do not even know how far it is obtainable. Perhaps in fifty years from now most of the speculations of this time, as far as they touch human psychology, will seem as quaint and remote as epicycles and vortices. Also perhaps not.

IN *Thought and Action* I almost (not quite) neglected the imagination and everything that is the proper subject-matter of æsthetics. For this reason the stress on rationality and intention in ethics is one-sided and distorting (and "austere"), as Mr. Williams remarked. I neglected imagination and æsthetics, simply because I had not found anywhere in modern philosophy (after Kant) even the beginning of a clear path and firm ground. In any adequate analysis of freedom, the subject-matter, traditionally divided, of ethics and æsthetics must be considered together. Without a theory of imitation and of imagination and love, nothing that is convincing can be said about the freedom of the individual in moral and political philosophy.

But, it may be asked, does "a theory" here mean a philosophical and speculative theory, or a psychological theory, soundly based on empirical investigation? Philosophical and speculative, in so far as systematic judgments of value have to be made and new linking concepts introduced; but speculation inevitably will be both stimulated and checked by psychological discoveries, whenever these are available. And there is a vast and growing critical knowledge of the history of art in human societies, readily available to philosophers. They need not be irresponsible to fact, and alone in their speculations, unless they choose to be. And somebody must speculate, if the terms of common political and moral discussion are not to become rigid and dead.

Stuart Hampshire

International Commentary

Blimps and Pinks

AS THE process of "decolonisation" nears its final stages, the international scene is transformed in various ways, not all of them expected. On one side, the emergence of more than thirty newly-sovereign states (since the foundation of the United Nations) has changed the climate of debate in the Assembly beyond recognition, as East and West compete for the "uncommitted" Afro-Asian vote without which no simple majority can any longer be achieved, let alone the majority of two-thirds required for a recommendation. On the other hand, the acquisition of statehood has brought with it a consciousness of the separate interests of each of the newly-sovereign states; and the latter are proving the more divisive the further the common struggle for independence recedes into the background. The more successful "Afro-Asianism" proves in achieving the liquidation of colonial rule, the quicker does it lose its unifying force as an ideology; the larger the Afro-Asian group in the United Nations, the greater its difficulty in agreeing on a common policy.

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The recent XVth session of the United Nations Assembly has strikingly illustrated both sides of this development. An unprecedented galaxy of political leaders from the newly-sovereign nations of Asia and Africa attended, and they were the objects of an unprecedentedly keen competition from Both East and West. Mr. Khrushchev made "anti-colonialism" his main theme, sought to discredit the Secretary-General as a servant of colonialism, and justified his proposals for paralysing changes in the Charter partly on the ground that they would assure a greater say to Afro-Asian "neutrals." Mr. Hammarskjöld, in turn, countered the Soviet attacks precisely by seeking support from the Afro-Asian group, and by presenting himself as the guardian of the interests of the younger neutral powers threatened by an extension of the Cold War into their region.

Yet during the same session, the near-majority of forty-odd Afro-Asian states proved divided on some of the acute issues in which its members were most closely concerned. They could agree well enough on generalities, such as an amended version of Mr. Khrushchev's resolution for the "liquidation of colonialism," or the desirability of another "summit meeting" and the need for both East and West to refrain from provocative acts that might increase international tension. But they differed to the end on the best concrete way to achieve self-determination for Algeria—and on the proper policy to be pursued by the United Nations Organisation in the Congo. Most of the French-speaking African states would not vote for an Algerian plebiscite under U.N. control, knowing as they did that this was as unacceptable to France as a plebiscite under French army control was to the Algerian Nationalists, and as unlikely to produce a decision free from terror. They stuck to their realistic conviction that the only hope of peace and of an Algerian Republic lay in substantial negotiations between de Gaulle and the F.L.N. *before* any plebiscite, whereas the more distant outsiders clung to their impracticable formula. On the Congo, none of the Afro-Asians joined in the Soviet attacks on Mr. Hammarskjöld, but an important group, committed to the "legal government" of Mr. Lumumba, was openly dissatisfied with the results of his policy; yet another group voted with the West in seating the delegation appointed by President Kasavubu. By the end of the session, disagreement among African and Asian states had all but paralysed Mr. Hammarskjöld's Advisory Committee on the Congo, and some of them had threatened to withdraw their contingents from the U.N. force there.

Early in January, leaders of a half-dozen African states gathered in Casablanca with a delegate from Ceylon, representatives of the Lumumba faction, and the Algerian F.L.N., to make these differences the basis of a common ideological platform. In the Casablanca resolution, the United Arab Republic, Morocco, and Libya agreed with Ghana, Guinea, and Mali on a denunciation of "neo-colonialist" policies, defined as attempts by the old colonial powers and their stooges to maintain imperialist control of the former colonial territories under the cover of formal independence. The slogan had developed out of the tribal and factional conflicts in the Congo, and clearly fitted the case of Mr. Tshombe's Katanga régime with its complete dependence on the Belgian "Union Minière;" but the Casablanca group arbitrarily extended it to attack all those African leaders inside and outside the Congo who, faced with the outbreak of tribal anarchy in that still-born state, had preferred President Kasavubu's attempt to restore unity by negotiation in the name of "federalism" to Premier Lumumba's attempt to impose unity by massacre in the name of nationalism, and had favoured the United Nations aid for the former purpose, with ultimate Western backing, rather than partisan aid from Ghana, Guinea, and the United Arab Republic for the latter purpose, with ultimate Soviet backing. The creation of the African state of Mauretania with the support of the bulk of African states, but against Moroccan opposition, was also attacked as a "neo-colonialist" device, and the role of Israel in Africa—which had included substantial technical aid to Ghana and Mali—was found to be that of a tool of "neo-colonialism." But the main target of denunciation was clearly the dozen of ex-French African states who had acted as a fairly homogeneous group throughout the U.N. session and had met just before in conference at Brazzaville.

The language of the Casablanca resolution sounded in part like an echo of Soviet propaganda, though in fact none of the participating states was Communist-controlled, and only one of them—Guinea—showed serious indications of Communist influence. All the more, this ideological platform appeared to the Soviets as welcome proof that the true anti-imperialist revolutionaries among the régimes of the "national bourgeoisie" were at last separating from those moderates who were ready to become the tools of Western imperialism—the first dramatic success of Soviet efforts in this field as symbolised by Mr. Khrushchev's personal intervention in the U.N. Western opinion, too, tended to take the revolutionary ideological bravado of Casablanca at its face value and to react accordingly—with Western right-wingers blaming the new grouping on a dangerous

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"Communist plot," and left-wingers defending it as the natural consequence of foolish Western attempts to frustrate the "irresistible forces of nationalism."

YET A SOBER ANALYSIS of the way in which the various African and Asian states have voted and acted, and of the composition of the Casablanca group in particular, suggests a less ideological interpretation of those divisions.

Granted that Nasser's United Arab Republic is a stronghold of revolutionary nationalism, it is difficult to attach the same label to the autocracy of Mohammed V in Morocco, who has been trying hard to restore traditional rule and to crush the forces of modernisation at home, or to the dynastic régime of the Libyan desert state. Conversely, the most advanced Arab state in North Africa, Bourguiba's Tunisia, has stayed away from Casablanca and finds itself grouped with the "neo-colonialists," even though it serves as headquarters to the F.L.N.! Again, the party dictatorship of Dr. Nkrumah in Ghana is both nationalist and revolutionary in its inspiration, but has so far been by no means opposed to Western capital investments in the framework of its own plan—a policy indistinguishable in principle from that pursued by the allegedly neo-colonial, but, in fact, socialist-inspired régime of Senegal.

The real line of division that emerges from a study of the facts is not between true nationalists and neo-colonial stooges, or between progressives and traditionalists, or even between revolutionaries and reformists—it is simply one between states that are territorially satisfied and those with programmes of nationalist expansion. Nasser has long proclaimed his aspirations to Pan-Arab unification and Pan-African leadership, quite apart from his desire to see Israel wiped off the map; he has had a decisive role both in bringing together the Casablanca group and in determining the contents of its resolution, helped no doubt by the fact that, except for Ghana, all the African participants came from predominantly Islamic countries. Nkrumah has used his early start in independence to try and make his small country the focus of Pan-African unity—by agreement with neighbouring governments if possible, by economic pressure (as in Togo), and the fomenting of opposition groups (as in Nigeria and the Congo) if his plans met resistance. Mali feels frustrated by the secession of Senegal and its recognition by France. Morocco refuses to recognise the independence of Mauretania and has unfulfilled demands on the remaining Spanish possessions in its neighbourhood. Conversely, some of Ghana's neighbours have stayed away from Casablanca chiefly out of distrust of Nkrumah's ambitions. Senegal wishes to preserve its independence from the poorer and more backward Mali republic. Tunisia does not wish to come under Nasser's control, nor does the Sudan which is moreover afraid of a Lumumba régime on its southern frontier. And the leaders of the Brazzaville Republic are directly influenced by their tribal ties with Mr. Kasavubu.

I am not suggesting that all the territorial demands in question are necessarily unjustified —the formation of nations on the African continent is still in flux, and from the point of view of any linguistic or cultural principle, there is certainly nothing sacrosanct about the accidental frontiers with which the new states have emerged from colonial tutelage. The point is that the fact of such demands, some possibly justified, some not, is the real common interest underlying the Casablanca grouping, and that the ideological attack on "neo-colonialism" is a deceptive disguise for nationalist demands against their neighbours.

THE DIFFERENCE, naturally, does not worry Khrushchev. When the Europe of the Versailles Treaty with its many new nation-states was divided by similar conflicts in the twenties, Lenin's Russia deliberately encouraged the defeated nations of World War I in their demands for frontier revision. It was only when Stalin realised the danger threatening from Hitler's Germany that he joined (in 1934–5) the defenders of the European status quo, leaving the dissatisfied states to be picked up by the Axis. Then, too, a grouping determined by territorial dissatisfaction was draped in the ideological colours of "revolutionary nationalism" and "proletarian nations"—first by the Bolsheviks and later by the Nazis and Fascists—though in fact there were different types of régimes on either side. To-day, Soviet policy seems again to support quite consciously any demands directed against the territorial status quo—not only, after some initial wavering, Morocco against Mauretania, but also, for instance, Indonesia's demand for "West Irian" and Afghanistan's demand for "Pushtunistan."

Within the general scheme of Soviet political strategy, such support for "territorial revisionism" (as it was called in inter-war Europe) among the new Afro-Asian states is useful simply as a means to maintain some of them in conflict with the West beyond the liquidation of colonialism in their area, and to tie them if possible to co-operation with the Soviet bloc under the ideological slogan of a struggle against "neo-colonialism." Divisions among the Afro-Asian neutrals are in that view an inevitable stage in the effort to wean them away from

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neutrality and win them over to support of the "peace camp." If some of the more dynamic states can be won first by support for their nationalist demands, their Soviet-backed pressure combined with ideological denunciation of their opponents may later serve to achieve changes of government in the others and force their re-alignment, too. While wisely proclaiming their respect for the *military* neutrality of the new states in the East-West conflict, the Soviets do not believe for a moment that they could maintain their *political* neutrality: they see the "Third World" not as a potential "Third Force" to be preserved as a bloc, but as a reservoir for recruitment.

BY CONTRAST, Western opinion still largely tends to accept the ideological slogans which accompany the beginning divisions among the Afro-Asian states at their face value, and to react to them by dividing itself along ideological lines. On one side are those Western right-wingers who have always inclined to regard neutrality in the East-West conflict as proof of some kind of moral defect, and been ready to believe that "He who is not with us is against us"—a maxim wisely rejected in advance by the new U.S. Secretary of State. Yesterday, some of these people saw Nasser as a "new Hitler;" to-day, others view Nkrumah as a Crypto-Communist.* To this type of mind, any partial conflict of interests with an uncommitted Asian or African state seems proof enough of its permanent alignment with the other side; accordingly, it welcomes the Casablanca resolution as a sign that some enemies of the West have at last come into the open and abandoned the pretence of neutrality, and concludes that Western governments should now proceed to treat them as the enemies they are, instead of soliciting their opinions and granting them economic aid! It is easy to see that by adopting this Blimpish outlook, Western policy would achieve precisely what the Soviets want—to turn all those Afro-Asian governments that have voted with Khrushchev on this or that particular issue into his permanent supporters.

But the opposite school of Western ideological reaction—those liberals and socialists for whom a nationalist leader from one of the uncommitted countries of Afro-Asia cannot do wrong—is hardly more realistic. If they do not regard neutrality in the East-West conflict as a positive sign of moral superiority (and some of their more extreme spokesmen do just that), they are at any rate wedded to the belief that a solid Third Force of ex-colonial neutrals, free from the original sin of imperialism, is the best hope for world peace. Faced with the evidence of increasing divisions among the Afro-Asians, they are as quick as their conservative opponents to attribute guilt before they have analysed the causes—only they blame their own side for having alienated the "authentic" nationalists by resisting some of their demands, and gloomily accept Mr. Khrushchev's forecasts of doom for those leaders of the new states who, having kept on better terms with the West, must evidenly be less authentic! Where the Blimps smell an Eastern plot behind any troubles with the new nations, the Pinks beat their own Western breast every time. Clearly, if Western policy was guided by this sort of political masochism, it would only convince the new nations that to support the West in any dispute was to court its contempt, while to insult the "imperialists" was the surest way to win their admiration.

IT WOULD BE TEMPTING to try to psychoanalyse the vicarious sense of guilt underlying this attitude, which sometimes leads to a new double standard of morality bordering on inverted racialism—a tendency to condone acts of greed, tyranny, and racial arrogance committed by the government of a newly-emancipated nation which would be rightly condemned in any "white" government. But it is more important for our purpose to deal with the illusions of the Western Left concerning the nature and future of Afro-Asian neutralism and nationalism on the logical rather than the psychological level—to look for the fallacies in their arguments. The first of these is the old confusion between the realistic desire to avoid a world war and an unrealistic indifference to the expansion of the Communist type of permanent dictatorship, which in turn gives rise to a further confusion between military neutrality and political "neutralism." It is in the nature of the world-wide policy of the Soviet bloc to force sooner or later every state, and indeed every section of opinion within each state, to take sides for or against it—to favour or oppose Communist expansion; for that reason alone, any attempt at maintaining a politically neutral Third Force in world affairs, or at "keeping the Cold War out" of this or that region, is bound to fail. But the Communists share with their opponents a realistic determination to conduct the struggle in forms that minimise the risk of world war, and therefore may have a common interest with

* The real danger for some of the uncommitted Nationalist dictators is rather that, in their attempt to combine an opportunist expansionism with dependence on outside aid, they may get themselves in the position of becoming somebody's Mussolini. But whether that happens will depend at least partly on the flexibility of Western policy.

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them in keeping certain countries or entire regions outside both military blocs, at least while there is no short-term prospect of establishing Communist régimes there; for that reason, the military neutrality of such nations or regions, the exclusion of foreign military bases from them, and the limitation of arms deliveries to them may prove acceptable to all concerned.

WHETHER A COUNTRY becomes Communist or not is a matter of principle. Whether a non-Communist country stays militarily neutral or joins the Western system of alliances is a matter of expediency, dependent on the presence or absence of manifest Soviet pressure on its frontiers, on its internal strength, on its judgment of how it could best withstand such pressure—in short, on its own conception of its national interests in view of all known geographical, military, and internal factors. The decision of any country about neutrality or alliance thus involves not a moral choice between greater or lesser love of peace, or greater or lesser love of freedom, but a sober calculation whether it will feel better protected by joining an alliance or by keeping out. Hence those governments who decide that it is in their national interests to keep out (and ultimately to rely on the protection of an alliance which they prefer not to join), and who continue to accept development aid from both sides on this basis, are not by this technical fact qualified to form a coherent third bloc in world affairs that could act as arbiter between East and West.

The second fallacy in the attitude of the Western Left is the failure to distinguish between a nationalist movement struggling for independence from alien rule, and one aiming to gain territory and power at the expense of its neighbours. Both kinds of nationalist objectives are, of course, often pursued by the same men and organisations at successive stages of their history. But it is only the demand for national independence and racial equality, based as it is on the fundamental principles of democracy, which tends to acquire irresistible force in a civilisation that proclaims those principles. The later demands for nationalist expansion may have more or less justification according to the particular case; but they cannot possibly be all irresistible, as it is their nature to conflict with one another. In the disintegration of the multi-national empires of Ottoman Turkey, Tsarist Russia and Hapsburg Austria, the movements of the oppressed nations of Eastern and Central Europe proved ultimately irresistible, and the common claim to national self-determination created a powerful ideological bond between them for a time. But once they had gained independence and formed sovereign states, their nationalism became a factor of division and an inexhaustible source of mutual conflict, until the same Western liberals and democratic socialists who had long championed national self-determination turned into bitter critics of European nationalism. This does not prove, in my view, that they had been wrong before—only that nationalism ceased to be a constructive principle once independence had been achieved.

To-day, another generation of Western liberals and socialists is in danger of overlooking that Afro-Asian nationalism, too, is about to enter its "post-Wilsonian" stage as the disintegration of the Western colonial empires draws to a close. True, the process of decolonisation is not yet complete, and the crisis of "white supremacy" in the settler colonies is only now entering its decisive phase. The struggles for the political rights of the inhabitants of the Portuguese colonies, for self-determination for Algeria, for the right of the Africans in British Central Africa to get rid of Southern Rhodesian settler control, and for ending the racialist police régime in South Africa remain as many legitimate common causes for Afro-Asian nationalists and Western progressives; to work for these goals is an urgent task worthy of every believer in the Western humanist tradition. But to fall for the post-independence demands raised by one African state, or tribe, or faction against the other merely because they are ideologically disguised by the phoney slogan of a struggle against "neo-colonialism" is nothing but Pink Mischief.

WHAT, THEN, SHOULD A REALISTIC Western policy towards the internecine quarrels of the new nations be like? It cannot aim at maintaining the unity of the Afro-Asians as a "neutral bloc," because that is impossible: neutrality in the East-West conflict simply is not enough of a positive concept to preserve the cohesion of the new states in the face of the divisive forces of nationalism and party strife. Nor can the West commit itself in principle to support either the allegedly more revolutionary dissatisfied states, or the allegedly "neo-colonialist" defenders of the territorial status quo, because in fact no principle is involved in those accidental groupings. In themselves, these disputes among Africans concern us even less than our conflict with the Soviets over Berlin concerns them; hence we have the right and duty to remain ideologically neutral as between Casablanca and Brazzaville, to ignore the propaganda slogans

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which seek to involve us in their quarrels, and to vote on specific, concrete issues according to our own interests.

Those interests demand above all that the inevitable divisions among the new states should remain fluid—that they should *not* be allowed to crystallise into firm ideological or pseudo-ideological blocs. It is only Soviet strategy that has to gain by extending rigid ideological fronts into every part of the globe; our interest requires on the contrary that those who quarrel with some Western power over some particular issue should not become permanent enemies of the West, and should not therefore be treated as such. Hence our reaction to such documents as the Casablanca attacks on "neo-colonialism" should be to debunk them, but not to accept them as proof of a serious anti-Western commitment by all their signatories. Rather we should endeavour to show in practice that we are not necessarily bound to defend the territorial status quo in every case, and that individual states that remain truly neutral between East and West instead of committing themselves to the other side have something to gain from the West—not only in economic aid but possibly also in pragmatic political support.

Such a policy is also the best way to maintain the effectiveness of the United Nations as an instrument for preserving peace. For those who pursue the dream of an undivided neutral bloc of Afro-Asian states are right in one respect: they perceive that the machinery of the U.N. cannot work unless there is a substantial number of uncommitted states—an audience of states not aligned with either bloc that may exert a moderating influence on both. They go wrong only in exaggerating the cohesion of that audience, and thus attributing to it the role of a potential positive arbiter rather than the more modest one of imposing limits on the behaviour of the two military blocs. For that modest, but essential role in reducing the risk of war, stable unity among the "neutrals" is not required, but fluidity is: it is best served if both East and West realise that the more irresponsibly they behave, the more neutral votes will turn against them. The fact that the new states are more likely to be swayed by their own national interests than by any common principles will prevent them from acting as a single Third Force in world affairs. But it also offers the best hope that most of them will continue to avoid any binding alignments that would bring the machinery of international compromise to a grinding halt.

Richard Lowenthal

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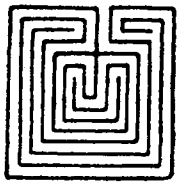

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BOOKS & WRITERS

Henry Miller and John Betjeman

By Frank Kermode

A PRETTY PAIR indeed; but other reasons may be adduced for bringing them together. They are both, in wonderfully various ways, *laudatores temporis acti*, seeking to free themselves from the hated present and establish contact—whether in the tremendous vagueness of Agamemnon's tomb or in a City church—with *das Heilige*. Proclaiming wisdom from these unfrequented sanctuaries, each has attracted a great many disciples, noisily or whimsically passionate in their devotion. Two sages, one a destroyer from the Brooklyn back-streets, the other, mere upper-class, mere English; and both are among the most widely-read "serious" writers of their day.*

Mr. Durrell's selection is evidently made on the highest authority, and contains not only the editor's adulatory introduction but a preface by the author, who also contributes an off-hand commentary and a brief account of his own life —or so one supposes, for the "he" of the earlier passages modulates into "I" later on. This appendix is useful because Miller writes about himself and nothing else; an earlier English selection called *The Cosmological Eye* (Poetry London, 1945) included a different account of his life, and I mention that book because anybody getting to grips with Miller would do well to use it as well as Mr. Durrell's selection. This new book contains one *inédit*, an inferior piece about a Paris whore called Berthe—a good example, if one were needed, of how Miller writes when he writes badly; which is interestingly similar to the way he writes when he writes well. It's all one to him, and you can guess what he will tell you to do if you don't like it. There are extracts from the famous inaccessible books, but as Miller himself says, "these are, of course, innocuous, and therefore misleading." More of the *Tropics* and *Black Spring* could have been included at the cost of omitting a few words and phrases (the course adopted by the 1945 English editor). Although this volume tells one a good deal about Miller, it falls far short of providing all that a serious enquirer would need to make up his mind. Possibly he could not do so without the *Tropics* in their entirety, and what are the prospects of their being licensed? The recent D. H. Lawrence proceedings would look like tea at the vicarage compared with a Miller case. Would the dons queue up for the defence? Should they? It is, after all, a question of literary merit.

One thing is certain, if the critics were to testify on Miller's behalf they would be exhibiting more nobility of mind than they are usually credited with. Miller is clear enough about *them*, the critics, with all their talk about *mesure* ("what a mean little word") and "form" —"that perennial jackass which is always kicking up its heels in the pages of literary reviews." He hates critics. Except for Blake, Lewis Carroll, D. H. Lawrence, and Lawrence Durrell, he also dislikes Englishmen; so English critics can expect little quarter. It is often said that Miller and criticism are mutually repellent, and this view accounts for the way critics have left him alone, an extraordinary neglect considering his reputation and readership and the endless flow of sophisticated comment on modern, and especially modern American, literature. The main exception is George Orwell's famous essay *"Inside the Whale"*—but Orwell specialised in criticising what others wouldn't touch. Of more recent studies I know only two of merit, by Philip Rahv and Alwyn Lee. Mr. Rahv says

* *The Best of Henry Miller*. Edited by LAWRENCE DURRELL. Heinemann, 30s. *Summoned by Bells*. By JOHN BETJEMAN. John Murray, 16s.

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that the highbrow critics snub Miller because "he makes bad copy for them," and that the author's admirers are bad witnesses because of their cultist attachment. The trouble with the critics is rather, I think, that they see no way of getting a firm grip on Miller without seeming to identify themselves with his view of literature. But if criticism is worth anything, as they presumably believe, even if he does not, they ought to feel obliged to try; whether or not he is listening is unimportant. The whole question is whether Miller has any significance outside the cult, and it is for critics to say, regardless of the reaction. The position is, in a different degree, like that of a man writing about Durrell: if he says he likes some of it, or even all of it with reservations, the cultists react with insults: provincial! puritan! *critic!*

THE CRITIC HAS, in fact, two answers to the devotees. The first is spirited but not very useful; he can borrow Miller's admirable vocabulary of abuse (which is roughly the same as his sexual vocabulary) and apply it to the worst of the sage's writing. Secondly, he can show that the anti-critical attitude of Miller is only an aspect of his profound but very conventional distrust of literature. *"I am not interested in literature,"* he says in his *Open Letter to Surrealists Everywhere*; and in *Capricorn* he discourses, quite in the mediæval manner, on the two kinds of book: one the sort men write, the other made up of "things like toe nails, hair, blood, *ovaries*, if you will"—the book of life; and this is his option. When he turns critic it is either to write rave notices for his friends or, in a tone of considerable critical solemnity, to explain artists who treat art as "a substitute for life"—Joyce, in whom he observes "a dervish dance on the periphery of meaning, an orgasm not of blood and semen but of dead slag," and Proust, "in his classic retreat from life the very symbol of the modern artist." These views are expressed with clarity and force, but in the last analysis are designed for "the maudlin boosting of the ego" (Philip Rahv's phrase) only less directly than usual; they amount to criticism turned against literature, the suborning of a servant. What never seems to have occurred to Miller is that this disgust with *littérature* is very literary, a tired posture at best; and part of the central muddle in this writer is that he makes his nihilistic gestures from a pulpit of very commonplace design. He entirely underestimates the penetrative power of literary tradition, and imagines himself an inspired autodidact, when he is merely an uncritical and random student. The critic can at least say what is commonplace in Miller's anti-literature.

ORWELL did this, and called Miller a belated member of the lost generation, a Bohemian lapsed into total proletarianism—not in the garrets of Mürger's Paris but in the streets Orwell knew well, "the cobbled alleys, the sour reek of refuse, the bistros with their greasy zinc counters," etc. Miller, to start with, lives a literary myth, and he neglects no aspect of it in his books. He is a literary person, offering no special stumbling-block to routine critical procedures. The *vie de Bohème* is set in a corrupt metropolis with a literary equivalent that might be called *l'immonde cité*. The population of Paris, the Paris of the myth, has not changed between Baudelaire and Miller: *L'hôpital se remplit de leurs soupirs*. Here, then, is the artist in his corrupt city, the man of free spirit defying a "Faustian culture." The city is not only Paris, which Miller liked because the mud was deeper and the divers more numerous, but the whole U.S.A. and the other "puritan cultures" of the North. There are vast tracts of lively writing about this and occasionally they are magnificent —for example, the attack on American bread in *Remember to Remember*, which starts from the loaf and passes on to account for everything that has gone wrong and why in the history of civilisation, describes a scene of wild comic frustration in a restaurant, and ends like this:

> Accept any loaf that is offered you without question, even if it is not wrapped in cellophane, even if it contains no kelp. Throw it in the back of the car with the oil can and the grease rags; if possible, bury it under a sack of coal, *bituminous coal*. As you climb up the road to your home, drop it in the mud a few times and dig your heels into it. When you get to the house, and after you have prepared the other dishes, take a huge carving knife and rip the loaf from stem to stern. Then take one whole onion, peeled or unpeeled, one carrot, one stalk of celery, one huge piece of garlic, one sliced apple, a herring, a handful of anchovies, a sprig of parsley, and an old toothbrush, and shove them in the disembowelled guts of the bread. Over these pour a thimbleful of kerosene, a dash of Lavoris, and just a wee bit of Clorox. . . .

and so on. All this is Miller kicking around the American way of life—"cancer, syphilis, arthritis, tuberculosis, schizophrenia are so prevalent that we accept them as part of the bargain—*i.e.*, the American way of life"—*l'immonde cité* corrupts even the staff of life. Of course he manages to be gay or boisterous about it; that is part of the artist's bargain; and he adds to an absurd savagery of expression a capacity for falling in love with the hated object, as in the brilliant automobile passage in *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare*. But the basic situation is: artist in slum civilisation. And very much *in* it; the hero of *Capricorn*, seen from

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the outside, is only a madder version of Mr. Eliot's carbuncular clerk.

THE OBSCENITY which keeps so much of Miller under the counter is an element of this city-myth. He himself defends it like an old literary hand.

> I am in the tradition . . . a list of my precursors would make an impressive roster. . . . In the not too distant past there was one who was given the cup of hemlock for being "the corrupter of youth." To-day he is regarded as one of the sanest, most lucid minds that ever was.

(Or, as Mill put it, "Mankind can hardly be too often reminded, that there was once a man named Socrates, between whom and the legal authorities and public opinion of his time, there took place a memorable collision.") "How," Miller continues, "can one guard against evil . . . if one does not know what evil is?" (Or, as Milton might have said, the obscenities are there "that we may see and know, and yet abstain.") Perfectly orthodox; obscenity is merely a matter of technique, of establishing the need of the artist to escape from *l'immonde cité*. *The Tropic of Cancer*, says Miller, is concerned

> not with sex, nor with religion, but with the problem of self-liberation . . . a blood-soaked testament revealing the ravages of my struggle in the womb of death.

You can almost hear the expert witnesses talking about Miller as if he were Baudelaire, or invoking the "puritan tradition." But these words of his seem only very loosely applicable to his texts, which do not seem to me to make it clear that random copulation is a *terminus a quo* rather than *ad quem*. He dwells on the details of love-making with dwarf or mental defective, on randy car pick-ups, on the sheer fun of having Rita in the vestibule. People do, of course, live like the hero of the *Tropics*, but he is given a legendary Paul Bunyan-like potency, and sometimes the point made by a sexual adventure is precisely that of the *fabliau* (there is an example in *Capricorn* of extreme antiquity), or the tall story, or the Rabelaisian fantasy—his meditations while in conjunction with the mental defective have the true Rabelaisian range of vocabulary and learning. But what has all this "lucubration," as he calls it, to do with re-birth, the escape from a debased sexuality? It is the work of a *voyou* with logorrhea. The one thing Miller has in common with Lawrence is his high valuation of sex as an indication of cultural dilapidation, and of primitive sexuality as a criterion; but they could hardly be more different in their application of these beliefs, which take Miller into Juanist fantasy and, weirdly, into comedy; the farcical vision of love in the world's infancy (*Capricorn*) is, though unquotable, probably the finest passage he ever wrote. Lawrence would probably have called it obscene, an urban dirty joke.

MILLER'S relations with *l'immonde cité* are, then, ambiguous, but what he *says* they are is clear enough, and perfectly orthodox. He often writes about the artist in society, and what he says bears out this statement. The artist, or even the man who produces nothing but *lives* like an artist, may claim special privileges: the ultimate defence of Bohemianism.

> The life of the artist is the highest and the last phase of egotism in man. . . . The goal is liberation, freedom, . . . to continue writing beyond the point of self-realisation seems futile and arresting . . . one is absolutely alone.

But this is a costly privilege and a costly achievement.

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>
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Now this image of the artist "crucified and marked by the cross" has a venerable place in Romantic iconography, and goes back through Lawrence and Yeats and Wilde to Kierkegaard. And it will come as no surprise that Miller worships Rimbaud. It is the ritual-torture element in the big 19th-century myth that fascinates him; his variation is a simple conversion of guilt into defiance. Instead of the old vision of the gibbet and the old cry:

> *Ah! Seigneur! donnez-moi la force et le courage*
> *De contempler mon cœur et mon corps sans dégoût!*

he offers the guttersnipe ecstasies of *Capricorn*, copulation performed as an act of vengeance: "somebody had to pay for making me walk around in the rain grubbing for a dime. Somebody had to pay for the ecstasy produced by the germination of all those unwritten books inside me." The visionary artist modulates into the shouting figure in search of ecstasy or a girl, with *Creative Evolution* under his arm, composing his own *historia calamitatum* and ignoring everybody else's; living inside the whale.

ORWELL'S ADMIRATION for this characteristic of Miller's was in part a reaction from what he regarded as the pert and immature political opinions of the 'thirties poets, and he overestimated what he called the American's power of not being frightened. But he was much too shrewd not to notice that the force which kept Miller out of politics was a very literary primitivism; he saw that all the "change-of-heart" men were fundamentally pessimistic because what they have is

> a wish that things would happen in a way in which they are manifestly not going to happen.... Our eyes are directed to Rome, to Byzantium, to Montparnasse, to Mexico, to the Etruscans, to the Subconscious, to the solar plexus —to everywhere except the places where things are actually happening.

And although he sees some good in this so far as Miller is concerned, he correctly associates these views with prevailing literary fashion which the 'thirties merely interrupted for a while. I don't know of any better way to "place" Miller for outsiders than to catalogue briefly some of the ways in which he is in thrall to the conventions of modern Romantic primitivism, wherever he may have encountered them; characteristically he thinks his views may have welled up from "the universal memory." I have already mentioned the hatred of *littérature*, so I don't include that, or the related fondness for illiterates, which he shares with otherwise diverse figures such as Yeats, Eliot, Valéry, Lawrence, and Wallace Stevens.

FIRST, and this is the radical one, is Miller's *anti-intellectualism*. The position is stated with extreme naivety in the story *Picodiribibi*, reprinted by Mr. Durrell.

> When man ate of the Tree of Knowledge he elected to find a short-cut to godhood. He attempted to rob the Creator of the divine secret, which to him spelled power. What has been the result? Sin, disease, death. Eternal warfare, eternal unrest. The little we know we use for our own destruction.

Consequently he has an extreme but conventional contempt for scientific thought, for all kinds of abstraction; and a respect for "things." In *Capricorn* the *logos* is described as the root of evil, and rejected in favour of the "worthless *thing*" that contains "the secret of my own regeneration." "If you can't give the is-ness of a thing, give the not-ness of it," he advises; and appears (ignorantly in my view) to praise Swift for doing so. There is no need to dwell upon the antecedents and analogues of this attitude. From it there flow naturally two consequential doctrines: a straightforward chronological primitivism, and a fashionable occultism.

As to the first of these, "savages" have a "greater hold on reality" than we; they are more intelligent, too. Miller's own intelligence is "savage." There was a time when everybody was savage, and the world had a fiercely-coloured priapic beauty. But there has been a catastrophe, a dissociation of man from the world, reflected in "the loss of sex polarity." When did this occur? "The great Shakespearian dramas were but the announcement" of it. We have certainly been here, or hereabouts, before.

WHY DO PEOPLE who think along these lines almost always take up with the occult? Because it has been since the Romantic movement (what it was for a time in the 17th century) the seductively obvious alternative to Science. It is an inexhaustible study, full of fascinating analogies and sudden confirmations, and very congenial to the generally syncretic cast of the literary mind; there is no end to its platonic, cabbalist, hermetic, theosophical, and Buddhist ramifications. Among the small group of Americans Miller admires is a learned Freemason, who says:

> religions decay into idle forms and the mummery of meaningless words. The Symbols remain, like the sea shells washed up from the depths, motionless and dead.... Shall it always be so with Masonry, likewise? Or shall its ancient Symbols,

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> inherited by it from the primitive faiths and most ancient initiations, be rescued from the enthralment of commonplace and trivial misinterpretation, be restored to their ancient high estate and again become the Holy Oracles of philosophical and religious Truth, their revelation of Divine Wisdom to our thoughtful ancestors?

Miller marvels that in an age given over to "crass materialism" there should survive so great a scholar, sage, Cabbalist, Hermetist, etc. By the same token his favourite 19th-century French thinker is Eliphas Lévi, and he hardly needs to add that he also admires Balzac—the Balzac of *Louis Lambert* and *Séraphitâ*. Among the photographs on his wall are those of Khrishnamurti and Rimbaud. (He is remarkably like Yeats in these matters, though less learned and less discriminating.) Another hero is Rider Haggard.

THE LINK BETWEEN MODERN ART and occultism is strong and obvious; Symons made it plain in the dedication of *The Symbolist Movement*. Art works like "magic" or "mysticism"—terms that are not clearly distinguished. Like them it is independent of intellect and deals in a superior kind of reality, where spirit and sense are not dissociated. Like magic, art depends upon symbols, and upon the common stock of symbol and myth, to which it achieves a non-intellective access. "I prefer music above all the arts.... I believe that literature, to become truly communicable... must make greater use of the symbol and the metaphor, of the mythological and the archaic." (How's that for commonplace?) Art must be freshened up like the Masonic Symbols.

THE REWARD of the artist who works in this way is precisely that of the mystic: he penetrates the flux, achieves union with reality. Miller often tells us what this feels like, but his terms are not unfamiliar in other artists. "Walking back and forth over Brooklyn Bridge everything became crystal clear to me." It is not necessarily a pleasant experience; there may come "a sense of desolation truly unprecedented. ... 'I' was absent...." But sometimes it is: "I was standing in my own presence bathed in a luminous reality." Sometimes Miller talks like a Baroque saint of "the miraculous wound which I received, the wound which killed me in the eyes of the world and out of which I was born anew."

This is again an aspect of a familiar myth, but it is unusually important to Miller, and the book which says most about this kind of experience is, in my view, also his best: *The*

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Colossus of Maroussi. The expression of mystical experience is in this book sometimes so old-fashioned that it reminds one of *The Prelude*. "Certain spots stand out like semaphores . . . provided . . . they are approached with utter purity of heart"—topographical locations, not spots of time as in Wordsworth, because Miller found in Greece a place he could associate with his special mystical experience. It is what one would expect of his sensitivity to well-established currents of thought that Miller's Greece is not the early-Romantic Greece of Shelley or of Byron but a later, post-Jane Harrison and also post-Otto version. In it he can feel most strongly the lost power of "seeing past and future as one." (His respect for scholarship is shown in a list of the "courageous pioneers" who helped to "break the spell of defeat and paralysis" imposed by 19th-century rationalism: Schliemann, Sir Arthur Evans, Frazer, Frobenius, Annie Besant, Madame Blavatsky, Paul Radin, carrying on the work of Henty, Bulwer-Lytton, Marie Corelli, and Rider Haggard.) In the passages on Eleusis, Poros, and Epidaurus, Miller certainly achieves a kind of magnificence, and a familiar sense of regeneration:

> This is the first day of my life . . . that I have included everybody and everything on this earth in one thought. . . . I bless the world, every inch of it, every living atom, and it is all alive.

Even at his finest and most individual Miller reminds us of finer artists, artists who do not despise *mesure*.

I DO NOT SUGGEST that this survey of the conventional elements in Miller has any very direct bearing upon his quality as a writer, or as a sage. It is merely a matter of saying, for outsiders, what sort of a writer he is. The question of his merit is the one that his admirers will never allow a critic to settle. It will, however, be agreed on both sides that his gift depends on the power to depose intellect, to frighten away *mesure*; hence his uneasy relation with surrealism and the respect with which he quotes Dadaist spells. The price he pays, in the words of Alwyn Lee, is that he abandons the power to distinguish between art and piffle, in others as well as in himself. Everybody agrees that Miller *can* write; his is a curious gift, incapable of any kind of rest, dependent on continuous movement. The torrent, brilliant or piffling, rolls on; at its best it has the surge and glitter of—Crashaw, a name that suits the Baroque cast of his spirituality: blood pours, eyes roll, the angel plunges his weapon into the saint, whose draperies defy the law of gravity. Miller throws himself on the language, as upon books and people. He is as he describes Katsimbalis in the *Colossus*,

> alive and flourishing like a smoking dung-heap. He could galvanise the dead with his talk. It was a sort of devouring process, when he described a place he ate into it, like a goat attacking a carpet. If he described a person he ate him alive from head to toe.

What, as one rolls down the stream, tells one whether this time it is art or piffle? It is the question that Miller claims to be unanswerable; he wants only surrender to the current. Joyce made great demands too, but the qualities that make us respect him as an artist are the same that made Miller speak of him as in love with death. Life, and therefore Miller, deny "form" and *mesure*. So the critic labels him a minor figure and stands by for perfectly predictable insults.

MR. BETJEMAN also, but by more subtle methods, prevents the question which is art and which is piffle. He busies himself in concealing the difference. In the same poem he puts tremendous-statement lines about God and the Faith, and obsolete-gesture lines like *"Deeply I loved thee, 31 West Hill!"* and *"I'll fight you, Betjeman, you swine, for that."* Within limits he knows he may depend upon us—upon our sense of humour, or what Miller would call our "cultivated feeble-mindedness"—for the correct response. For example, there is a solidarity of class and education about our amused affection for the bad lines in certain poems of Crabbe, of Wordsworth, of Arnold. They take their place with other objects and habits as part of the defence of a way of life threatened by the defection of the servant class. It is a way of life that permits nonconformity in inessentials; there are words you cannot say and clothes you must not wear, but you may be miserable at school, stupid with a gun, and eccentric about architecture. What you may never be, in spite of Orwell's example, is proletarian in the manner of Miller; you will always think of the world as populated by "the chain-smoking millions *and me*." *"That topic all-absorbing as it was, Is now and ever shall be to us*—CLASS."

Here, in this autobiography, Mr. Betjeman speaks of the experiences of childhood ("before the dark of reason grows") but the past he longs for is not his own. His great merit is archæological—his power to construct cultural patterns from discrete objects. He is happiest with the late Victorian-Edwardian objects, suggesting that he is really one of them and has somehow strayed on to the wrong level among the modern trash, mantelpieces, doilies, etc. Some of his best poems present the two epochs in significant contrast: *"The Old Liberals,"* the poem on the

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death of George V. Mr. Betjeman gets many of his effects by sabotaging the present with the past. (This book is got up, not very attractively, to look as if it came out fifty years ago.) Not long ago I saw him give a brilliant performance in a television programme about Marylebone Station. He pointed out the telltale juxtapositions: big, craftsmanlike carving defaced by British Railways signs, the solidity and size of the hotel that reflected the public standing of the Midland manufacturers who used it; then a glass of sherry as he sat, pretending to be a respected manufacturer, in a vast sofa; finally the wry smile, the comic-archaic shrug of resignation. Mr. Betjeman's is an art of obsolete gesture. This allows him to say what he likes about the great subjects—lust, death, bereavement—in his own way, and yet to exploit the advantages of modern self-irony. *"Deeply I loved thee, 31 West Hill!"* would not be a tolerable line in a local newspaper poet. All depends upon the reconstruction of a dead epoch; Mr. Betjeman travels back into the past, but need not go far to find what he needs, certainly not to Poros or Delphi.

His autobiographical poem disappoints; blank verse lends itself less well than archaic stanza-forms to his purposes, as one can see from the examples in *Collected Poems*. It is simply too easy; the sense of effort, of positive archaism, is essential. One sees this clearly wherever the new poem goes over old ground. The sadistic nurse who plagued him about death and hell counts for little here after the excellent *"N.W. 5 & 6."* The insult remembered through life—when somebody called him "a common little boy"—is much less impressive here than in *"False Security."* The richest pages are about Oxford, the "dear private giggles" and the Kolkhorst Sunday-morning routs; but even there the best writing is in the long "irregular ode" to Oxford.

Mr. Betjeman, inevitably, also brings Wordsworth to mind; they both deal with the disciplines of love and fear. The understanding of these led Wordsworth not to the loving reconstruction of a dead culture but, much more in Miller's manner, to a visionary dreariness, to the remoter sources of humanity: *"Oh mystery of man, from what a depth Proceed thy honours?"* There are different ways of being a sage, but they all seem to require a journey to the past: to the bric-à-brac of Highgate, or the tomb of Agamemnon.

Anywhere but here, any time but now. As to the means of getting away, there seem to be many, some involving *mesure* and some not; and however you travel you will find, it seems, that a lot of people want to go with you.

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New American Frontiers?

By D. W. Brogan

I AM NOW beginning to receive from America letters reflecting the impact of the Kennedy victory. Old friends in Washington, who have been hiding behind the arras for the past eight years, are out taking the sun and air again. Old friends who left Washington, more or less willingly, in 1953, are getting ready to go back. Younger men and women are eyeing the political scene speculatively. Maybe there is something in this "New Frontiers" stuff. Maybe we *are* on the eve of a "political break-through," to use Mr. Chester Bowles' phrase more narrowly than he does. Anyway, "winter's rains and ruins are over," or to quote from a better and more optimistic poet, "the world's great age begins anew." (After all, the President-elect has been known to quote poets, even to quote Goethe.)

All this stir of expectation is natural enough. Without going into the highly debatable question of the total impact of the Eisenhower years, there can be little doubt that the machine, in the last year or two, has been running down. (Yes, I have heard all about the miraculous recovery of initiative and industry by General Eisenhower once fate had removed both Mr. Dulles and Mr. Sherman Adams. I just could never see any particularly impressive evidence of its working.) Whatever happened, no matter who won (and by the Spring of 1960 it was more and more certain that it would be either Dick or Jack), a new generation would be taking over. It would not be merely a "changing of the guard" in the manner of the late Duce. It would be a changing of generations, the arrival in power of men who could not be content with the traditional wisdom exemplified in General Eisenhower, Mr. George Humphrey, Mr. Dulles, or in their *epigoni*.

And this is the first thing to insist on for English readers. In America, there is a *two*-party system and parties are fairly evenly balanced (I'll come to that later). Each has a chance to win control of the executive. Each is outward looking, that is, is mainly concerned to win over the waverers, the "don't knows," the "marginal voters." In a one-party country like ours, with at least three impotent oppositions, where "an Amurath an Amurath succeeds" without any ugly publicity, primary campaigns, nasty cross-talk, we find it hard to get the atmosphere of Washington. Indeed, as I have said before, Washington at these moments has something of the air of Versailles when the King was dying. What will the new monarch do? We don't know but he will certainly have favourites and new favourites and new types of favourite. Many of the appointments announced by Mr. Kennedy are not only appointments impossible to think of under his predecessor, but are deliberate snubs to the old order (like the appointment of Mr. Paul Nitze). Mr. Chester Bowles comes into the State Department; Mr. Scott Macleod, "the Copper's Nark" as Mr. Claude Cockburn asserts he was called in Dublin, will, we may assume, go. The old order is giving place to new. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover has been retained and he has already screamed panic at the power, skill, and diabolical cunning of the American Communist Party, but the new Administration (despite Robert Kennedy's term of duty with the McCarthy Committee) will not necessarily pay much attention to his cries of alarm, and even the American public, so ready, like the French, to cry *"nous sommes trahis,"* will probably only listen with half an ear.

Then the eggheads are back. Mr. Kennedy has none of the poor boy's reverence for wealth that came so naturally to General Eisenhower—as it came so naturally to General Grant. President Kennedy is not only President of the United States, he is an "Overseer of Harvard College," an egghead *ex officio*. (Of the five Harvard men who have become President, the two Adams, the two Roosevelts, Mr. Kennedy, four have been eggheads, F.D.R. is the only exception.)

Yes, but what does it all add up to? Will there be a change in domestic policy, in foreign policy, will race-relations be handled boldly and successfully, will the dollar gap be closed, will a new effort in summitry be made and succeed? Personalities apart, does this "victory" mean anything, how much of a victory is it and for whom and what?

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These are reasonable questions and they are being put in this country in a reasonable tone. It is not only that we have the deepest interest in the character and success of American policy, it is that certain old illusions no longer stand in the way. I doubt if even the editorial board of *Tribune*, to-day, would dare to ask, in the old condescending way, why the misguided ex-colonials across the Atlantic hadn't got a Labour party, why they weren't swimming with the tide of progress towards the implementation of Clause Four. An occasional snarl or a more reasonable yell about *Polaris* is all they can spare from civil war. But the innocent and perplexed British bystander is going to be puzzled in the next few months, puzzled and disappointed. And a number of recent books will help, in various ways, to diminish his puzzlement, if not his disappointment.

First of all, there is Professor Rossiter's masterly, brief, punch-packed essay on the party system.[1] Again we are not so ready as in the past to sneer at the Americans for not having parties of doctrine, for putting up with vague verbal compromises, for not insisting on a general philosophy of society applied in detail. At the best, at the moment, we can say "Nice work if you can get it" and wait for the next communiqué from the Labour front. Professor Rossiter has much that is of value to say on the mechanics of the American party system, on the ideologies or at any rate biases of the parties, but his most valuable lesson for us as we contemplate the not quite United States is contained in a brief paragraph.

> The parties have been the peacemakers of the American community, the unwitting but forceful suppressors of the "civil war potential" we carry always in the bowels of our diverse civilisation. Blessed are the peacemakers, I am tempted to conclude. They may never be called the children of God nor even inherit the earth, but they, after all, seek only to inherit the White House. . . .

We should bear these wise words in mind when we contemplate not only Mr. Orville Freeman at the Department of Agriculture or Mr. Arthur Goldberg at the Department of Labour, but Mr. Douglas Dillon at the Treasury and Mr. McNamara at the Pentagon. It takes all sorts to make the American world, and Mr. Kennedy showed that he knew this when he picked Mr. Lyndon Johnson for Vice-President and, as it turned out, by a manœuvre that scandalised the high-minded, won the election. Mr. Ken-

[1] *Parties and Politics in America.* By Clinton Rossiter. Oxford University Press (for Cornell University Press), 12s. 6d.

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nedy will have to do this kind of thing again and again, not only to win the next election, but to be an effective President in his first term. All great Presidents have had to do this, none more often than F.D.R. And as the Civil War story had it, Lincoln replied to some zealous anti-slavery delegates who told him what God's will was, that he would like to have God on his side, but he just *had* to have Kentucky.

Before we turn censorious, we have to consider the character of Mr. Kennedy's victory. And here Mr. Bendiner's lively book is of great utility.[2] It is "an innocent's Guide to Principles and Practices, Respectable and Otherwise, behind the Election of American Presidents." Mr. Bendiner has not set out to write a profound book. Here is no rival to *The Politics of National Party Conventions* by Messrs. David, Goldman, and Bain. What there is, is a most entertaining and shrewd discussion of the mechanics of nominating and electing a President. We are told why Governors are no longer the real favourite sons, what the plane has done to the "whistle stop" technique that Mr. Truman used so magisterially in 1948. Certain questions raised here have now been answered. A Catholic *can* be elected. And Mr. Bendiner makes the pageantry, the beautiful nonsense, the humbug, the ballyhoo, intelligible and justifiable. He is excellent at conveying the atmosphere of a campaign, recalling the golden days of 1948 when "we even had marimba when we played the Rio Grande" as the unpublished song put it. But even Mr. Bendiner cannot quite convey the bone-aching boredom of the second Eisenhower show at San Francisco. He talks of calling on Metropolitan stars to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" at Conventions. Towards the end of this embalming rite, they were down to sopranos from Number Three touring companies. And does my memory fail me or did one of these failed Callases not give us *"Voi che sapete"* in English? A most entertaining and really useful book, by an American equivalent of our Mr. Bernard Levin.

But again do the parties, do the men differ and do their differences matter? Although one issue has been settled, it is Kennedy and not Nixon, Professor Schlesinger's tract[3] is still very timely for two reasons. It is not only that he gives good reasons why we should be pleased that Jack, not Dick, won. He does this convincingly, although in a frankly partisan fashion. But he does make it seem probable that President Kennedy is by training, temperament, bias, more adequate to the job than Mr. Nixon would have been. He is not uncritical of the new President. He asserts that Mr. Kennedy now regrets that he allowed a very serious illness to keep him from going on record on the Senate *v.* McCarthy issue. But he makes highly plausible his description of President Kennedy as a "liberal," in the American sense of the term, not one committed to dislike of state action, devoted to private enterprise, hostile to the "welfare state"—as that "old public functionary" (to quote President Buchanan), Dwight D. Eisenhower has again revealed himself to be. He knows the ills that beset the "affluent society" and knows that "free enterprise" can't and won't deal with them. And, possibly a more important point, President Kennedy is a Democrat, head of a party that traditionally, and in its own interest, is the party of the "common people." Perhaps the Republicans were that, as they were the "party of moral ideas" for a brief period in the early years, but since General Grant's time, the Republicans have been a "single-interest" party and that interest is business. The Democrats are not a single-interest party, not even a single-interest party of "the workers." They must accommodate themselves to the fact that the businessman and "business" are a legitimate part of the American body politic—and will be an important part of it no matter what party is "in power" in Washington. This is, indeed, made evident by President Kennedy's cabinet appointments. If the counsel of the AFL-CIO is Secretary of Labour, Mr. Douglas Dillon, late of the Eisenhower administration and Dillon, Read, is Secretary of the Treasury. And Mr. MacNamara of Ford sits in the Pentagon, where that engaging character and disastrous executive, "Engine Charlie" Wilson of General Motors sat. Professors Rossiter and Schlesinger make this balancing of forces intelligible and defensible. The cabinet *should* represent various sectional and class interests, as well as religious, racial, geographical interests. And at the top—and visibly determined to be at the top—is the President.

President Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage*[4] had a great success when it was published in America in 1955. It should have a great success here, since it is a highly intelligent, highly readable and illuminating book. It is illuminating in two ways. All President Kennedy's heroes are Senators and, as Mr. Bendiner shows, to-day the Senator is the dominant political figure, no longer the State Governor. And all Mr. Ken-

[2] *White House Fever*. By Robert Bendiner. Methuen, 18s.

[3] *Kennedy or Nixon: What is the Difference?* By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Macmillan, New York, 13s. 6d.

[4] *Profiles in Courage*. By John F. Kennedy. Hamish Hamilton, 21s.

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nedy's political experience has been in Congress, for a brief time in the House of Representatives and a longish time in the Senate. Has he learned, there, not only executive habits of work but executive habits of mind? We don't know yet. We do know that ex-Senator Truman picked up executive habits in both fields very quickly. We must hope it will be the same with ex-Senator Kennedy. We must hope, too, that he is right in thinking that a President is under less effective pressure from interest groups than a Senator is. Surely he may be under different pressures, but not under less weighty pressures? President Kennedy will have to show in the White House the same kind of courage as George Norris, for example, showed "on the Hill."

BUT WHAT WILL the new administration stand for? Of course even so important a member of it as Mr. Chester Bowles cannot commit his chief who so obviously means to be chief. Yet his ideas will be listened to (some of them are obviously those of his chief anyway). Mr. Bowles wants a more flexible policy especially towards the Asian and African nations "a-borning." He wants a re-thought out NATO policy. He sees that the Dulles policy of buying military allies, of pressuring neutrals to "stand up and be counted" is dead though its corpse still pollutes the air (look at Laos). All this has been said before, but needs to be said again. But the section of the book that most impressed me was the brief justification of the policy of schools integration, not on the ground that it would improve the American "image" abroad, but that it was an essential part of the American dream, of the American way of life, on the ethical, not material plane. For, as Mr. Bowles argues briefly but powerfully, the very emphasis which American tradition puts on the "public schools" means that exclusion from them is exclusion from the full American way of life. All the "equal but separate" arguments are baloney no matter how you slice it, as Al Smith used to say.

And that brings us to the heart of President Kennedy's political problem. He was *just* elected. He cannot claim that the vast majority of the American people gave him a mandate. A very bare majority did. But they gave his party a mandate. Or did they? On paper they did. Indeed, the Democratic predominance in Congressional elections since 1930 is even more impressive than the Tory achievement here. With Congressional elections every two years, the Republicans have carried Congress *twice*, in 1946 and 1952. It was common to attribute the odd fact that, for six years, the most popular

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President the United States has had in modern times, General Eisenhower, had a "hostile" Congress, to the unique character of his appeal. He was above party. But Mr. Nixon was not above party and he was just nosed out in an election in which the Republicans did gain some seats but were still left in a weak minority position in each house. The Democrats are not, it appears, as strong at the Presidential level as at the Congressional level. For Mr. Kennedy, who just made it, was, I am convinced, the strongest candidate the Democrats could have put forward, while I don't believe that Mr. Nixon was the strongest Republican candidate. I think Governor Rockefeller might have beaten Senator Kennedy.

Why the discrepancy? There seem to be two explanations. The first is fairly obvious. More and more in the South, the "Democrats" are Republicans who find it more convenient to keep the old label. (When they move North, like Mr. Robert Anderson, General Eisenhower's last Secretary of the Treasury, they drop the mask.) In a state like Virginia, it is not quite paradoxical to say that the only way to vote for the *national* Democratic Party is to vote Republican against Senator Byrd's "Democratic" machine. And President Kennedy is going to have trouble with the South despite all the aid he can get from the great twin brethren from Texas, Speaker Rayburn and Vice-President Johnson. And it is not, this must be repeated, merely that some Democrats overlap the left-wing of the Republican Party, as some Labour M.P.s are, in all but name, to the Right of some members of the Bow Group. No one, but no one (quoting the old Gimbel's *v.* Macy's slogan) is to the right of Senator Eastland (D.) of Mississippi or Senator Byrd (D.) of Virginia, not even and, indeed, not nearly, Senator Goldwater (R.) of Arizona. President Kennedy is in for a fight and "what will come of it all knows God."

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But there is another side to the problem. The Presidency has, since Jackson's time, been *the* national office. The great moves forward have been periods of Presidential leadership. Dreams of leaving the initiative to Congress, in the manner of the early Eisenhower years, are dreams, and the United States, in 1961, can't afford to dream. Narrow as President Kennedy's majority was, it was a majority, which is more than President Lincoln had exactly a century ago. And no President has had more high prerogative ideas of his office than Lincoln. Maybe, the American people just *barely* want leadership. But if President Kennedy is as forceful and as adroit as his friends say and the more candid of his enemies admit, he can make the office fit the man as Woodrow Wilson prophesied before he put his theory into successful practice. As an able article in *The Reporter* has reminded us, Senator Kennedy was one of the intelligent minority in the Senate who opposed any system of breaking up the block vote of the big states to secure "justice for minorities." The group that doesn't get justice in the United States is the majority. Almost every state has one rotten borough house. Some states have two, and political science hasn't found a term to describe Georgia's county unit system. State legislatures gerrymander the Congressional districts, and the proud, independent, dole-receiving farmer is grossly over-represented. Only in the Presidential elections do the masses of Los Angeles County, the Bronx, Cook County, come into their own. And President Kennedy is *their* nominee, their mandatory. No wonder he wants a Department of Urban Affairs. The country needs it and so does the Democratic Party. President Kennedy is a city man. He is no lost farmer like General Eisenhower, or rural sage like Coolidge, or farm boy who made good like Mr. Hoover or didn't like Mr. Truman. He isn't a squire like F.D.R. And his success or

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failure will depend on how much he can do for the new, agrarian, under-privileged nations abroad and the under-privileged urban masses at home, in the old decaying city centres, and in the new "Levitt-town" suburbs.

We shall see action in Washington, and we might even learn a little if we are still capable of learning.

One Book Too Many

Dylan Thomas: The Legend and the Poet. Edited by E. W. Tedlock. *Heinemann*. 25s.

I cannot help feeling that the publication of this book is a mistake on the part of Messrs. Heinemann. It serves no useful purpose, and what is more it has almost every fault that a book of this kind can have.

These are harsh words, but with the utmost amiability it is difficult to see how to avoid them. To begin with, the book is disingenuous. It is called (on the dust-jacket and in the ads., though not on the title-page) "a symposium." Now a symposium, though the word means "a drinking together" and may therefore have struck the editor as appropriate for a book on a poet who drank so much, is exactly what this book is not. The word "symposium" clearly implies that the participants have gathered together for the occasion, and that the resulting discussion arises from the meeting of those people at that time. Whereas this book is merely a collection of newspaper articles and snippets from other books. The entire contents are reprinted.

Worse, it seems that the reprinting was done without the knowledge or consent of the writers; many of them, understandably, were dismayed to see their long-buried articles dragged out into the unfriendly light of day. Mr. Geoffrey Grigson, in a letter to *The Observer*, was one who had occasion to complain of this treatment. (Mr. George Barker, on the other hand, has written to the same newspaper defending *his* contribution on the grounds that it resembles Shelley's *Adonais*.)

Again, possibly for reasons of copyright, the editor's selection of pieces to reprint has been frequently bizarre. Many of the contributions thus high-handedly gathered represent either (a) poor or marginal work by critics who have elsewhere written valuably about Thomas; (b) unhelpful snippets from serious critical work which, read in its entirety, might shed some genuine light; (c) a dreary waste of material written by people with no understanding of poetry, no genuine love of it, nothing whatever to contribute, and no justification for breaking into print at all, apart from their own obvious wish to do so.

So much by way of direct comment on the book. But there is a general point at issue, which ought to be made clear if only for the benefit of any other publishers who are approached by over-eager compilers with sheaves of yellowed newspaper cuttings in their pockets. It is this. The study of any writer (any writer, that is, who proves to be big enough to deserve study) goes in three natural phases. First, there is the immediate reaction in the form of reviews, newspaper mentions, gossip, etc. (The "legend," if it comes in anywhere, comes in here, since the early reaction to a writer's work is also a reaction to his personality.) Second, there are the serious studies. These are written when the writer has been on the scene long enough to become recognised as a permanent feature of the landscape; if he dies early, the studies come out sooner, because the material to be studied is complete. This is the stage represented by, say, Mr. Lionel Trilling's book on Forster or Miss Helen Gardner's on Eliot. And of course it can go on indefinitely, as long as that writer still has readers. It overlaps with Stage 3: the Documents. When the writer has died, the final

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clearing-up is done, so as to put the whole documentary material at people's disposal; the letters and stray papers are collected, the odd scandal is disclosed, old people with long memories are interviewed, and so on.

Now, if Dylan Thomas is going to go on being studied as a major writer, the next move is to Stage 3. We have had the first stage, which was embarrassing and went on for too long, because it was heightened by the shock of his death. We have also got well into Stage 2, with the studies by Elder Olson and others. What we need now are the documents. I understand that Ruthven Todd is at work on a complete edition of the letters; and what we need to go with it is a collected volume of Thomas' scattered prose, plus—if people are really going to be interested enough—a critical edition of the poems, giving all available evidence about his revisions and second thoughts. (Where are those notebooks, in which the same poem would be copied hundreds of times? Why don't some of the people who bleat about Thomas' genius do a little of the hard, practical work needed to present that genius effectively?)

Now the reason, Messrs. Heinemann, the reason, Professor Tedlock, why this book won't do is because it is retrogressive. Instead of taking us forward from Stage 2 to Stage 3, it takes us back into Stage 1—exactly where we don't want to be. As a matter of fact, John Brinnin's book closed that particular chapter for good. Whatever one thinks of it, *Dylan Thomas in America* is so skilfully written (notice how Brinnin, like Boswell, brings himself into the story as a character, and, again like Boswell, doesn't flinch from appearing in a humiliating role if the portrait demands it) that all other recreations of "the man," "the legend," and what-not seem merely to repeat his material in other terms. Besides which, it is the book of a man who loved Dylan Thomas, whereas so many of his self-professed admirers are using his cult to boost their own compact-size egos. Naturally enough, there is no extract from Brinnin's book in this "Symposium."

So, altogether, it is a pity that this silly, unuseful, dreary little book had to come out at all. It will only have the effect of spoiling the market for other and more serious writings on a poet who is, seven years after his death, still a very interesting and challenging figure. The critical issues arising from Thomas' work are nothing like settled; and there is, besides, the fascinating speculation about what he would have done if he had lived another thirty years. I myself am quite certain that he would have gone on writing, though his impulse as a purely lyrical poet seemed to have spent itself. He was becoming more and more interested in various dramatic forms—theatre, radio, film, opera: a very natural development in his case. The collaboration with Stravinsky could obviously have been a highly fruitful one; and perhaps Thomas himself (who, it will be recalled, once turned down an offer to play the lead in a Broadway comedy) would have developed into one of those executant-artists, like Cocteau, who take an active part in the presentation of their work, so much so that the work is not fully itself in their absence. Thomas was so obviously full of originality and creativity that the slander about his being an extinct volcano, 'finished,' played out, that one began to hear some five years before his death, always struck me as the refuge of little, negative minds. From this point of view it is interesting to look back over his poems and see the elements in them that point towards a wider dramatic instinct; a line like,

Above the waste allotments the dawn halts,

for instance, from one of his earliest poems, sounds almost like a sentence from a film-commentary. And there are certain uses of the "aside" in Thomas' poems that point unmistakably to the theatre. That is why, in spite of the wealth of his achievement, one still thinks of Thomas as a "promising" poet, because his promise was so huge; whereas George Herbert (say), who died at the same age, seems fulfilled; he did what he had to do, and it was enough. Dylan Thomas, I am sure, died while still at the beginning.

John Wain

The Face of Evil

The Mansion. By William Faulkner. *Chatto & Windus.* 21s.

A Silence of Desire. By Kamala Markandaya. *Putnam.* 15s.

A Bad Streak. By Brian Glanville. *Secker & Warburg.* 15s.

Some Kind of Grace. By Robin Jenkins. *MacDonald.* 15s.

William Faulkner has been repeatedly called a great writer, and some would go so far as to say he is the greatest of his American contemporaries. My own favourite book of his has long been *The Hamlet* and, on the strength of it, I have inclined to agree with the most enthusiastic estimates of his abilities. *The Hamlet* possessed a wild exuberance of decoration drawn on a plot as slapdash and full of incident as an evening with Brendan Behan. In the character of Flem Snopes he

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seemed to me to have created a microcosm of all that is wrong with the Deep South, and a very original microcosm it was. It had nothing to do with the violence or the sexual aberrations so largely deployed in the plays and stories of Tennessee Williams. Still less had it any bearing on the colour problem, since it affected white man and coloured equally and undermined both of them. Nor was it rooted in the decadence of an aristocracy which had run to seed. No. Flem Snopes is not a violent man and, far from being a sexual monster, he has no sex life whatever. He shows little colour prejudice: it does not matter to him what colour the hand is which passes him its money. And, far from being an aristocrat, he belongs to a race of dirt farmers and the chief motivation behind his nastiest activities is a simple, even reasonable, wish to lift himself out of the shallow furrow from which he crept as a baby. Yet Flem Snopes is undoubtedly one of the least sympathetic characters in fiction. Tamburlane had his idiosyncrasies and Temple Drake has her weaknesses, yet neither is so reliably and monstrously evil as Flem Snopes. Not even Iago is capable of so much envy, while the pettiness of which D. H. Lawrence accused himself becomes enthroned as the royal magnanimity it always secretly was when confronted with the pettiness of Flem. And these are the vices that are uppermost in his being as they may be in the history of the Southern States. His greed is merely a facet or agent of his envy, while his ruthlessness feeds upon and is expressed by his incorruptibly petty nature. Thus, he can be spendthrift enough when it comes to bolstering up his prestige as in the case of the furniture from Memphis which he "had to have" though he didn't know exactly what it was he "had to have."

Similarly, his pettiness is best illustrated in the only act of generosity Faulkner ever records of him—when Mrs. Armstid comes to claim her five dollars from him and he fobs her off until, when she is on the point of leaving, he goes into the store and buys "a little sweetening for the chaps" with a five cent piece. Here is a man not without a conscience but with a conscience so small that it can be bought off by returning a hundredth part of what he owes a woman in hard cash, though he has already done her irreparable harm by making an invalid of her husband. Now, it is precisely this envy which exacerbates racial relations in the South—the envy, above all, of the poor white "rednecks" for the well-to-do Negroes and, though not to the same extent, the poor Negroes are envious of the "rednecks." (That this envy is often expressed by the whites through sexual fantasy is not really very relevant at this point in the discussion

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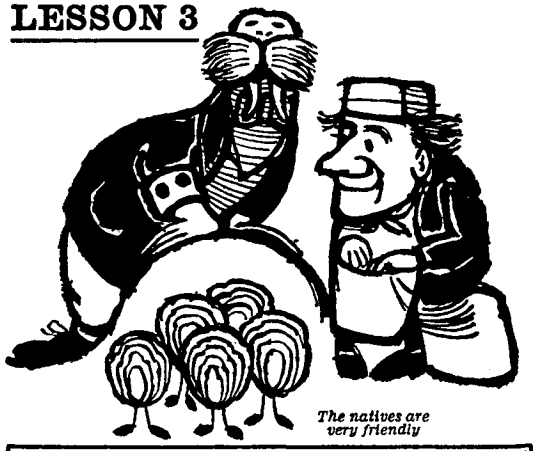

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and it has been amply documented elsewhere, by Mr. Faulkner and others.) As for the pettiness, it is it which prevents any magnanimous approach to either this problem or any of the others that beset the South. It may be due to lack of education or it may have something to do with the rather peculiar religious background of these parts. But, whichever may be the root cause, the effect is evident and catastrophic. And that Mr. Faulkner has managed to bring these two essentials into sharp focus, shorn of all the paraphernalia of digressive detail in which they are usually shrouded, represents no mean feat. Yet that is what he has done. At, or near, the centre of any reconstruction of the Deep South in our time the figure of Flem Snopes, in his cheap bow-tie with his legs on the chimney and his black hat on his head, will brood silently.

For silence is another of Flem's characteristics —or is it simply inarticulateness? Mr. Faulkner's version of the goody is a very voluble customer indeed. And I cannot help feeling that his instinct in this too is the right one, that the South needs more men who have a sufficiently large vocabulary and, even more, a sufficient interest to voice their opinions on this, that, and the other. Certainly the other literary manifestations from this part of the world, from Tennessee Williams, through Truman Capote and Eudora Welty, to Carson McCullers, leave little doubt that, in spite of the eloquence of their writers, the average inhabitants of the South are as much given to rhetoric as a flea to carol singing. Yet the list of these writers is already long enough to leave little doubt about the potential eloquence of Southerners; and eloquence is certainly an advantage to the man with a pen in his hand. An advantage, but not everything: and, when eloquence descends, as it often does with Mr. Faulkner, into simple garrulity, it can be the opposite of an advantage. This descent is particularly noticeable in the latest, and last, volume of the Snopes saga, *The Mansion*.

In some ways it is a better constructed book than either of its predecessors. Unlike them it has a clear plot line. It begins with the murder of Jack (or should it be Zach?) Houston by the mentally retarded Mink Snopes. We have already been familiar with this murder since *The Hamlet* but now Mr. Faulkner is determined to follow its consequences to the bitter end. He does. Mink is sentenced to life imprisonment and sent to Parchman. He is thus due for release in twenty years time, *i.e.*, 1928. But Flem intervenes by having his cousin, Montgomery Ward, sent to the same gaol and persuading Mink to attempt escape. Naturally he is caught and given another twenty years which puts his date of release back to 1948. Mink, however, foils a bid for escape by some

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other prisoners and is released, on the petition of Linda, the daughter of Flem's wife, in 1945. He comes back and murders Flem. It may not seem much of a plot but at least it is one, which is more than can be said for the riot of incident which went into the two preceding volumes. But this very firmness of construction makes the divagations of the speakers, chiefly Gavin Stevens and V. K. Ratliff, all the more inexplicable and, at times, intolerable. They meander on and on, mixing up the past, present, and future, in a plethora of mistaken or unique tenses, cutting across from metaphysics to description to comedy and back (always back) to metaphysics. This technique was all right so long as the descriptions and the comedy were wild enough and inconsequential enough to support the oddity of Mr. Faulkner's metaphysics, but once the incidents become disciplined into a familiar pattern, as happens in *The Mansion*, then the metaphysics take on the aspects of a baroque decoration to a classical edifice, as though Fragonard had done murals for the Acropolis or Gershwin had written the score for a play by Racine.

But the chief disappointment in this last book of the trilogy lies in the inactivity of the principals themselves. Flem doesn't do a thing from beginning to end, except for having Montgomery Ward sent to prison, which he had already done in *The Town*. And his "daughter" is a poor replacement for his wife. True, she does plenty, if running around Europe having herself blown up by Falangists or pottering about Mississippi intent on furthering the education of the Negro population can be called *doing* things, which, of course, they can in real life. The trouble is that a novel is not real life and, while Linda's do-gooding tendencies could be illustrated by either of the activities mentioned, a novel demands that its characters develop in unexpected ways, as Flem was constantly doing in the two previous books. Nobody develops in the present work. Everything that happens happens because of something which happened long ago, just as a toy train goes round in a circle because the manufacturer made a circular track for it to go round in. This may give a sense of inevitableness but I doubt if it has much to do with the inevitability demanded by Goethe of great literature. It is too mechanical, and the characters act like galvanised corpses or Pavlovian mice. There is a complete lack of creativity in Mr. Faulkner's latest effort.

Kamala Markandaya is a highly creative person, and she has written the most difficult kind of book—a good book about good people. Human nature usually defines itself in terms of evil, perhaps because evil being a negative thing it puts boundaries around the positive. It is seldom that we see goodness reaching its own zero without crossing the dividing line into evil, the last helpless gesture of goodwill that ends not in an evil action but in simple inarticulate frustration. Yet this is what Miss Markandaya has succeeded in pulling off and she has done it with a tact and sensitivity that defy all hint of sentimentality. All her characters are really pleasant people, sinners certainly, but incapable of an act of deliberate evil, after the manner of Flem Snopes. Then, too, they are all Indian, and I have yet to read a book which gives a better impression of the struggle which is going on in India to move from one tradition into another, very alien one.

As often happens with great themes it turns out to be best treated on a very tiny scale and Miss Markandaya has set her story among the intimacies of a family, a small and humble family. Dandekar, a government clerk, begins by suspecting his wife of infidelity, of going too far in the direction of accommodating herself to Western standards, but he is soon disillusioned and discovers that her absences are due to her visits to a holy man who is "curing" her of a growth in her womb. This, to Dandekar, seems to be going too far towards the traditional attitudes of the East. And so the dialectic is set in motion. How

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far, and in which way, should his wife go? Her situation is complicated by the fact that both her mother and grandmother have died in Western hospitals as a result of operations for similar conditions. But it would be pointless to try to explain the subtlety or the delicacy with which Miss Markandaya explores the immense possibilities of her seemingly small theme.

With Brian Glanville's volume of short stories we are back among the bad men—but they are a very tinny set of bad men compared to the three-dimensional monsters of Mr. Faulkner's imagination. Many of these sketches are little more than programme notes for a short story that has yet to be written. As programme notes go they are concise, readable, and observant. One or two are more fully worked out and they, unfortunately, are the least successful. The worst of these, *The Hero*, struggles up to the belly through a marsh of sentimentality before finally giving up the ghost and sinking. The best of them, the title story, tries hard to give some life to a set of Maughamish characters but, again unfortunately, every birth at which Mr. Somerset Maugham ever assisted has, to my mind, been still-born. Thus, then, in his own eccentric way, Mr. Glanville can be said to have covered life from birth to death. In between he plays football and, admirable though his control of the ball sometimes is, he has a distinct inhibition when confronted with an empty goal, even when he has dribbled his way into the penalty area. He scores few goals in this volume, at any rate.

Robin Jenkins was once the most promising of all living Scottish novelists. His latest work makes me doubt if he still is. It takes us back to all the tosh and blarney about the mysterious East, the very thing that Miss Markandaya has so cleverly debunked. True, Mr. Jenkins' North-West Frontier is more up-to-date than Kipling's. It contains its quota of Russians and Americans, for example. But it still abounds in paradisal villages and disappearing English—or rather Scottish—men and maidens. With this strange flora and fauna Mr. Jenkins has certainly constructed a novel that explores a number of unusual moral dilemmas and ambiguities. The point is that they are so unusual as to be almost entirely divorced from the experience of most of us. It seems to me high time that Mr. Jenkins returned to his native country and gave us another book about the life he knows so well and in which some of the customs at least are familiar enough to his English-speaking readers for them to be able to judge the authenticity of his background.

Burns Singer

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PRESS

Report from America

On the morning of October 23rd, 1960, hundreds and hundreds of newspapers carried an Associated Press dispatch, datelined London, which began:

> Mao Tse-tung yesterday humbly recognised the Soviet Union as the world's greatest Communist power and offered to soft-pedal his ideological quarrel with Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev in the interest of Communist solidarity.

I stopped reading: my mind was in a whirl. How did an A.P. correspondent in London know that Mao's message to Moscow had been composed in humility and repentance? How did the correspondent know that Peiping's message had, as he wrote, "stopped just short of bowing completely to Khrushchev's will?"

"Humbly"—a tremendously important political signal, hardly a minor adverb, and if true, a "Chinese Canossa"—except the correspondent didn't *really* know. Certainly the word "humbly" called for documentation or else a cautionary phrase like, "in what appeared to be a humble recognition, etc., etc." (Joseph C. Harsch reported in the *Christian Science Monitor* of October 26th that Mao's statement followed Khrushchev's report to the Soviet people of October 20th in which important doctrinal concessions had been made to Peiping.) Why, one could only ask, had no newspaper editor, who saw the story as it came off the teletype machine, questioned the use of the word?

Now for all anyone knows, Mao might be walking humbly with his god and the A.P. might be right. But how do *they* know when nobody else knows? How much experience in reading Communist literature and manifestos did the writer have, to be so confident of his interpretation and speak so boldly to a multi-million reader audience?

It is, I know, "only one little word," but it is, I submit, one of many tedious examples of how important news (particularly from the Communist world) is dealt with by the American press each day of the week. If to-morrow Mao should attack "revisionists," it will be interpreted with the same certainty as "a new flare-up" or a return of Mao's "arrogance" or "defiance" of Moscow, and we will be back on the old he-loves-me-he-loves-me-not mystery. No wonder the poor American newspaper reader, confused and irritated at his confusion, turns to the sports page.

In actual fact, the American newspaper reader is a most imposed-upon human being. He is always being surprised at the turn of events. Whatever the fault or reason, the reader is always being baffled at developments in faraway places. How could he have known that Japan was the one place in Asia which the President of the United States could not visit as an honoured guest? Everything had been going so well, it seemed, and then suddenly riots, screaming, a beleaguered limousine with the President's press secretary inside—how did *this* happen? And then there was Cuba with a popular democratic hero against a bloody dictator, a revolution which our best newspapers and analysts had said was the beginning of Cuba's great day. Suddenly it turned out Che Guevara was "really a Communist" and Raoul, Castro's brother, was probably a Communist and so was his wife and so many others and lo! ninety miles off the Florida mainland there was now a Communist satellite—and when did *that* happen? And the overthrow of Synghman Rhee? And the collapse of the Summit last May and its aftermath? And the poor American newspaperman who returned from Leopoldville a few days after independence to his European post full of knowledge that "nothing much" was going to happen in the Congo any more? And the time that Richard Nixon was spat upon in Caracas? Now it may be that the American Government knew nothing about these terrible events to come—but where was the American press with its 1,755 daily newspapers when history was in the making? Why weren't they, to put it mildly, *au courant*?

The simplest answer is that America's dailies have, for years, been doing a sloppy job of covering the news they are supposed to cover for their almost 60 million paid readers and subscribers. Instead of learning from continual failure, they are full of self-congratulation at the marvellous job they are doing and, equally, sodden with self-commiseration that nobody appreciates the great performance it is. (A typical paragraph from a publisher's apologia: "So by the major tests the newspaper to-day has met the challenge of the changing years. Yet where do we stand to-day before our final judges, the public and our readers? As a profession we haven't done a good job of putting our story over.... Newspapers have been too much on the defensive, too apologetic if you please.") News coverage, and particularly foreign news coverage in the American press, approaches a national disgrace. And if this sounds incredible to European ears, it is because Europe knows only the handful of superior American newspapers and little about what would be called the provincial press.

There are good newspapers in America and I want to list them here and now (not necessarily in order of quality but as they occur to me): New York *Times*, *Christian Science Monitor*, St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Washington *Post*, Washington *Star*, Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Milwaukee *Journal*, Chicago *Daily News*, New York *Herald Tribune*, Wall Street *Journal*, Baltimore *Sun*, Detroit *News*, Atlanta *Constitution*, Miami *Herald*, New York

Arnold Beichman *is a well-known New York reporter and foreign correspondent and has written regularly for many U.S. newspapers and magazines.*

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Post, Des Moines *Register*, Chicago *Tribune*. Perhaps, a few others. But these represent less than one per cent of all American dailies and about ten per cent of the total combined daily circulation.

It has become a wearying ceremonial at publishers' conventions to hear over and over again that "never in history" has the American daily been so superb in its "breadth of coverage" and "interpretation of the news." Technologically our newspapers have never looked better: fat with advertising (and in colour, too); bright headlines that catch the eye; excellent presswork; attractive picture layouts; pages and pages of television programmes. What's missing is news, "the Story."

Why this ignoble failure, why this defection from duty, why this triumph of mindlessness over matter? I have a folder labelled "U.S. PRESS—*Criticism*." It is full of attacks by all kinds of people against America's newspapers. The critics range from Walter Lippmann to Claire Luce, from Dean Edward Barrett of the Columbia University School of Journalism to James Reston of the *Times*, newspaper men like Douglass Cater of the *Reporter*, editors, and correspondents. And their strictures have one common theme—it is impossible for an intelligent reader to find out from his local newspaper what's happening in the world.[1]

THE FAULT is with the man responsible for the product in the first place. (And I use Madison Avenue cant like "product" because that's what it is, a "product," like rice krispies.) The man responsible is the publisher, a would-be power in his community, a pillar in his church and golf club who, if he were a grocer, would be short-weighting the customer and, if he were the corner garage-proprietor, would be watering the petrol. No other businessman, which is what the publisher[2] really is (always with the handful of honourable exceptions) gets away with as much as he does. Other businesses are regulated by government; they are watched; they must make reports to their stockholders. The newspaper? Since more and more cities to-day have only one newspaper (94 per cent of American urban centres have only a single newspaper) the publishers enjoy as unbeatable a monopoly as a high-speed, four-lane toll road. (I want to bow here to the American constitutional guarantee of a free press and say I want no government regulation or control since I trust government even less than publishers in these matters.)

Yet it is not enough to fulminate about publishers. The average American newspaperman, including the overseas correspondent, is someone about whom one can quote from Plato's *Phaedrus*: "They will appear to be omniscient and will generally know nothing; they will be tiresome, having the reputation of knowledge without the reality." Such illiteracy, perhaps, in other times was nothing to be alarmed about; to-day when an informed American public opinion is one of the indispensables to survival, it is a matter of some concern that the working American journalist is normally half-educated, limp before the magnitude of events and purveying facts he barely understands, let alone the truth about the facts. (The exceptions to this statement staff the "good" newspapers I referred to earlier and, of course, there are some excellent journalists in the press agencies and syndicates.)

Let me say, as a newspaperman, that sometimes it is next to impossible to keep abreast of a fast-breaking story. Covering events and rumours in the Congo Republic this summer was incredibly difficult. Anything might have been true and frequently was true. But the real test of foreign news coverage is not a correspondent's ability to cover a running story with police-reporter skill, which can itself be wholly admirable. It is whether he or his editor can make some sense about the Lumumbas, the Kasavubus, the Mobutos, the Tshombes and all the other members of the cast, so that the reader can understand what's happening thousands of miles away—*and why it should concern him.*

But this calls for newspapermen who are *engagés*, who if they are abroad, speak or understand a foreign language, have a feeling for the culture of a foreign country, men who want to grapple with complexities, who, while their eye is on the main event, also have peripheral vision. But good newspapermen are harder and harder to find.[3] And when a good newspaperman is found, he stays only long enough to get a better paying job outside of journalism, usually in advertising or public relations. "Newspaper work has become more and more frustrating to the intelligent person," said Professor Jacob Scher of Northwestern's School of Journalism. Dr. Henry Ladd Smith of the University of Washington has reported that the chief

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[1] Dean Barrett wrote recently, "On balance, this nation has a press that is better than any other in the world and a public that is as well-informed as any in the world. In too many American cities, however, the only newspaper is mediocre at best; radio news is available chiefly in an endless repetition of five-minute capsules [only three minutes without the commercials—A.B.] and television news is often non-existent at normal listening hours. The thoughtful citizen who seeks to be reasonably informed must make extraordinary efforts to (be) so."

[2] In 1925, an American newspaper publisher, Frank Munsey, died. He specialised in buying, selling, killing newspapers. William Allen White, a distinguished American editor of the time, wrote this epitaph: "Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the talent of a meat-packer, the morals of a money-changer, and the manners of an undertaker. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once-noble profession into an eight-per-cent security. May he rest in trust."

[3] Fred. S. Siebert (Director of the Michigan State University School of Journalism and President of the Association for Education in Journalism) told a convention in August that the problem of attracting highly qualified young people into newspaper work had become acute and added, "The country needs qualified engineers, scientists, and teachers, but if the best young brains of the country are syphoned off by those professions, leaving journalism and others with only the dregs, then our democracy and very civilisation is in danger."

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reason for leaving journalism is "lack of pride in the job."[4]

Pride in the profession is hard to come by when newspapermen hear how 1,400 employees of the Hearst Detroit *Times* received their dismissal notices last November via telegrams which arrived at their homes at 3 a.m. The Detroit *News* bought the *Times* for $10 million and killed it. *Newsweek* reported that the secrecy attending the sale was so deep that not even the publisher and city editor knew about it and, "as a result, the dismissal notices were almost cruelly abrupt."

LITTLE KNOWN, EVEN TO newspapermen, is that a press-agency bureau-chief is likely to be a salesman of his agency's news and photo service to the newspapers of the country or area to which he is assigned ostensibly as a correspondent. George Weller, a veteran foreign correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*, said some time ago:

> One of the practices most menacing to a reporter's objectivity is the current demand that an agency reporter sell the service to local papers as well as report. Naturally, if an agency correspondent has to stay in well with the business community—and in foreign countries publishers represent the political parties as well as purely business interests—he cannot do a full-time job as a correspondent.[5]

A bureau chief who affronts a customer (and it could even be some Communist daily) with an unflattering story may lose that customer to another news service. The real victim is likely to be the reader whose newspaper depends for its foreign news coverage upon a news-agency whose correspondents are salesmen.

But it is not the salesman problem alone which afflicts a conscientious correspondent. It is the whole business of selling the service and the "payola" which a customer may expect. A foreign correspondent I know, whose coverage of events in South Africa had angered the government, was transferred out of the country to another post by his employer, a press agency. The agency sells its service to a broadcasting concern. Under government pressure, the company threatened to cancel its contract if the correspondent were not sent somewhere else; out he went.

Journalism in America is almost totally a business enterprise. It suffers from lack of imagination, little critical self-examination, many burdensome clichés and sub-intelligent practices. How many newspapers allow a reporter to say, "I think this is what it means"? No, he must quote anonymous informed sources, or reliable sources, diplomatic circles or veteran observers, qualified analysts or the phrase, "It is the general feeling here. . . ." I have seen these stories manufactured out of a typewriter by correspondents worried over an imminent deadline, who couldn't possibly know the answers—so the non-existent observers, the non-eminent sources, and the non-qualified analysts became the peg upon which to hang meaningless stories. There is even a slang phrase for it: "thumb-sucking," or sucking it out of your thumb.[6]

I AM NOT SUGGESTING that if these clichés were extirpated from modern journalism things would improve. These practices are purely symptomatic of the fact that about the only significant change in American journalism in the last twenty years has been the price of the product. One can concede that if the Under-Secretary of State or a friendly embassy attaché wants to leak a story, obviously his name cannot be used and the writer must fall back upon the anonymous spokesman; these are the ethics—and protective devices—of the profession. But so often these banal phrases conceal massive ignorance, inaccuracy, confusion, or just plain misinformation.

Douglass Cater in his book, *The Fourth Branch of Government*, cites a headline in the New York *Times* (March 26th, 1955) which in one form or another appeared in other papers as well:

U.S. EXPECTS CHINESE REDS
TO ATTACK ISLES IN APRIL

a reference to the off-shore islands in the Formosa Straits. Three days later (March 29th) the headline read:

EISENHOWER SEES NO WAR NOW
OVER CHINESE ISLES

How this happened—no sources were given—is too long to go into here but it was the old business of the "informed sources." There was no question that the writers in both cases were reporting accurately what in the first instance, the then Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Robert B. Carney, had said at a private dinner for selected reporters for them to "report without attribution." And in the second instance, they were again accurately reflecting what James C. Hagerty, Eisenhower's press secretary, had told them a few days later. But what was the poor reader to make of

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[4] The Associated Press Managing Editors Assn. last November made public a survey of 1,166 college journalism graduates which showed that the majority of them (almost 60 per cent) went into advertising, public relations, magazines, radio, television, and "other" fields—not newspaper work.

[5] So widespread and taken-for-granted is this practice that it has become a professional joke. In a recent article, Michael J. Ogden, executive managing editor of the Providence *Journal and Bulletin*, burlesqueing a correspondent's allegedly glamorous life, broke down his working day like this: "Revolution coverage, 11 minutes. Interviews with important government figures, 24 minutes. . . . Handling the unexpected spot story—this is out. No time. . . . Sales of his service's features—5½ hours or until midnight, whichever is longer."

[6] A foreign correspondent I know well who has some expertise in the field of Sino-Soviet relations filed a story from Tokyo last year, questioning the possibility that these relations would be irrevocably ruptured. It quoted no sources of any kind and was quite clearly the correspondent's conjectures which, as an accepted authority, he had presumably a right to make. The story was rejected by his editor. So he inserted the right phrases about "competent observers," "long-time analysts," etc., and sent the story back; it was published.

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all this? Should neither story have been published? Of course not. But the press here was a victim of its frozen attitudes and practices. Just as accurately they had reported what Senator McCarthy had said, except that often what he had said was untrue.

A few more examples. March 23rd, 1959: it was reported that Eisenhower and Prime Minister Macmillan had decided on a Summit meeting "regardless of the outcome of a foreign ministers' conference"—the next day it was reported that "American officials warned to-day against assuming that a Summit conference was a certainty." March 11th, 1959: Eisenhower said "we are certainly not going to fight a ground war in Europe" —Defence Secretary McElroy said (March 21st) that the U.S. "would fight with everything it has, including ground troops, if war broke out in Europe. . . ."

Admittedly these stories reflected a state of confusion in American foreign policy. The task of a newspaper, however, is not merely to report precisely within quotation marks, but to interpret informedly outside of quotation marks. But since newspapermen have an aversion to interpretation or "ideological" stories—unless it's especially ordered by the home office—what Eisenhower or McElroy or Carney says is printed and let the columnists like Walter Lippmann or James Reston or Joe Alsop take it from there.

I watched some of my colleagues reporting the late unpleasantness at the United Nations when Nikita Khrushchev decided to instruct the Assembly in Marxism-Leninism. The daily stories often resembled the reports of a tennis match (*he* won the first set, *we* won the second set, deuce in the third game); then you added up the score, forgetting the "barbarous multitudes" whose heads were swivelling from one court to the other trying to keep up.

The matter of speed, the attempt by news-agencies to travel faster than light, to get the news-flash out "faster than anybody else" (and exclusively) is another journalistic absurdity.[7] Of what use is it to peddle, minutes faster than a competitive news-agency, a bulletin that Patrice Lumumba has been seriously injured in a Leopoldville riot and then have it turn out that not even the biggest and blackest headlines trumpeting the news could make the story true? In this case, the news-agency had reported what a Belgian radio correspondent had broadcast over the Brussels radio. It was an accurate report—but untrue.

By now, I feel I ought to make some useful generalisation. And it is this: journalism in America is really not a serious cultural concern to anybody except a handful of people. Continuing criticism and observation of the American press is limited to technicians in the field. Only occasionally can one find in the press some instructive evaluation;[8] for the most part, however, whatever criticism exists is to be found in some professional journals and in the *Time* or *Newsweek* sections called "Press." We have nothing remotely like Francis Williams' weekly "Fleet Street" critiques; there is only A. J. Liebling's occasional light essays in *The New Yorker* on "The Wayward Press," and recently, the *Saturday Review* started a section on "Communications."

I cannot think of another American institution which is so immune from consistent criticism as is the daily newspaper. There are critics, of course, but what they say is rarely published in the newspapers. Schools and colleges, church, labour, politicians, diplomats, television, radio, movies, business and finance, eggheads, the theatre, and books—each of these institutions are covered by education editors, religion editors, industrial correspondents, political writers, film and drama critics, business and financial editors, and so on. No newspaper has considered employing somebody to do a regular critique of the press.

The newspaper has somehow become something nobody talks about. It exists, it is looked at, like a television show is looked at, with the mind in stasis.[9] There is no laughter, no anger, no excitement. It is there at your doorstep with the bottle of milk, or on the news-stand (or in the fish-store to wrap the smelts in). And, of course, when nobody pays any attention, newspapers can get away with anything.

Consider the handling of news from totalitarian countries. Proper documentation would fill pages, and it would show the unsophistication of those who manage the American press when it becomes

[7] The A.P. shamed itself last November 4th by putting out an idiotic 200-word story from Vienna that Khrushchev had been deposed by Malenkov and Zhukov and added a self-purifying disclaimer in the second sentence of the lead, "There was no confirmation from any source." Of course, within a few hours, the "story" blew up but not before U.S. afternoon papers had put blazing headlines on as fraudulent a piece of journalism as has been concocted in years. (Reuters also carried the story.) The A.P. general manager was quoted as saying, "You look sort of foolish not carrying a story on the wire when a rumour is as widespread and moving in such high circles as this one was." United Press International didn't mind looking "sort of foolish." The U.P.I. waited four hours and then reported that Tass had called the whole business "nonsense."

[8] Gideon Seymour, executive editor of the Minneapolis *Star & Tribune*, was quoted some time ago as saying, "I think this is valid criticism of newspapers, that they do tend out of misguided professional courtesy to criticise other newspapers specifically and by name too little. I think there is too much of a tendency on the part of newspapers not to go after other newspapers."

[9] America's billion-dollar television industry is even worse than our newspapers. John Crosby, sometime New York *Herald-Tribune* television critic, wrote recently: "I am appalled that this great medium of information and education is so totally dedicated to utter vacuity. . . . [Television] is turning us into a nation of starers. We don't watch it, really. We stare at it—uncritical, undemanding, half awake, and only half alive. The television set has ceased being an instrument of entertainment. It's become an anæsthetic.'

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involved in the mystery of foreign news, particularly the "news" from Moscow.

A few months ago, the Associated Press reported that "... movement of foreign newsmen and their access to information (in the Soviet Union) are severely restricted. Their copy has to be submitted in advance to the censor, whether telephoned, cabled, or mailed. The relaxation since Stalin died in 1953 has been only in the degree of toughness in applying the pencil."[10]

Andrew Shonfield reported in *The Observer* on what he called "a subtle process of corruption, of which the (Moscow) correspondents themselves are often unaware." He was referring to the self-censorship which correspondents in Moscow engage in simply to survive, to get their cables out without inordinate delays:

> But avoiding risks means in effect thinking, from the moment you begin to write your piece, about the views of the man looking over your shoulder—and when there is a chance that he may not like some phrase which is not absolutely essential to the argument, you cut it out.

A correspondent I know told me that on the day Khrushchev had made some speech dealing in part with the downgrading of the secret police, a Russian family friend phoned him to say that her son had been arrested in the middle of the night and charged with distributing leaflets at the University of Moscow. The family was frantically trying to find out where the boy had been taken. To report this juxtaposition of propaganda and reality would have meant expulsion or, at the very least, suppression or long delay at Moscow's *Tsentralni Telegraf* of the entire story including Khrushchev's speech. So the reporter did what came easiest and who can blame him: his publisher wouldn't have been happy if he had been expelled.[11]

How many readers are ever told about Soviet censorship so that they can learn how to read "the news from Moscow"? A correspondent was forbidden by Soviet censors to cable the text of President de Gaulle's biography, taken word for word from the official Soviet encyclopædia; dispatches reporting that former Premier Bulganin's birthday in 1958 had been unobserved were banned; a correspondent was expelled because she filed a story, which was suppressed, speculating on the status of Deputy Prime Minister Mikoyan; correspondents who checked and confirmed the beating of an African student by three Russians at a school dance were not allowed to file stories on it; the whole of a correspondent's report describing current Russian interest in Yoga was rejected by the censor.

> For the "greatest story in the world" is also the greatest secret in the world [Max Frankel, formerly in the Moscow bureau of the New York *Times* recently wrote]. And the lone correspondent is a poor match for a giant, totalitarian government. The story is only rarely to be had on the scene. The scholars will have to dig out what really happened.

"What really happened"—a frank and honest statement by a highly-regarded journalist that the reader of dispatches from Moscow simply isn't being told what is happening, whether in his newspaper or over the radio. The same is true about news from Communist satellites. A. M. Rosenthal, another *Times* correspondent, pointed out that while there is no censorship for correspondents in any Communist satellite, "naturally, there are plenty of hidden censorships. The call to the Foreign Office for a dressing-down, the frightening away of friends, the closing up of sources, the threat of ouster, the withholding of visas, and, finally, the bounce...." Mr. Rosenthal was expelled from Poland in 1959 for having "probed too deeply" into Polish affairs.

EVERYBODY IN THE NEWSPAPER WORLD knows how circumscribed coverage of the Soviet Union is in the democratic press. Yet despite this, American newspapers (and I suppose British papers too) publish "news" from the Soviet Union without informing their readers it comes from a country with iron-clad censorship and from correspondents who must practise self-censorship. Is it surprising, then, that so much propaganda is published? Is it too much to say that the reader is being hoaxed and cheated, when a Moscow dateline in his newspaper is equatable with one from Paris, London, Bonn, or Tokyo where communication is free and correspondents are not to be intimidated? Might not our

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[10] *Pravda*, on March 26th, 1960, reported the following exchange:

ROGER MASSIP (*Le Figaro*): In view of the *rapprochement* between the Soviet Union and France, do you believe that the censorship, which does not exist in Paris for foreign correspondents, but which still exists in Moscow for the correspondents of non-Communist organs, could be lifted?

KHRUSHCHEV: We understand this question differently, Mr. Representative of *Le Figaro*. Some people claim that there is no censorship in Western countries, but that does not correspond to the real state of affairs. Here I see a representative of the Hearst Newspaper Trust whom I know. Let him try to write something that would not be to Hearst's liking. Such an article would not be printed and its author might even be sacked. That is worse than any censorship. We have no censorship in Moscow. Every correspondent can send out whatever he likes, except lies.

[11] "One wire-service reporter remarked that his agency cared more about preserving its Moscow dateline than the accuracy of his dispatches. He had been instructed quite bluntly that his first responsibility is to maintain his accreditation. It is scarcely an incentive for courageous journalism." (Cater, *The Fourth Branch of Government.*)

The same is apparently true in Britain; Shonfield reported Soviet pressure and censorship wouldn't matter "so much if there were full and unequivocal support for the journalist from his newspaper or agency back home in resisting these ambiguous pressures on him. But unfortunately his employers are usually concerned chiefly to hold on to the privilege of maintaining their staff and offices inside Russia. They feel it is best to avoid a fuss."

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newspapers at least offer a caveat to the reader—the word "CENSORED" above each Moscow dateline—when they publish a story from the Soviet Union (or from any other country with governmental or military censorship)?

More than this: might not the newspaper publishers band together to resist, regardless of the risks involved, the success of the Soviet Union in extending its censorship over the Russian people to readers in the West? The expert who, like Nero Wolfe or Mycroft Holmes, never stirs out of his living-room, may indeed by careful reading of Russia's press and periodicals, daily radio monitoring reports (plus his knowledge of history, economics, and Marxism-Leninism), manage to offer analyses as illuminating as those from our hobbled correspondents in Moscow.

BUT, as in much else besides the "news" from Russia, the American press is a victim of its unexamined premises. It claims that its first job is to give the reader what he wants and yet the press doesn't really know what the reader wants. Publishers, in private, look upon their readers as spoiled, fickle children; they will spend large sums of money on "give-away" contests to garner big circulations, and as soon as the contests are over the added circulation melts away. They say they would "like to publish more foreign news" but it's "too expensive" to maintain a correspondent, and then they use little of the news filed by the press agencies to which they subscribe. They say that when they do publish foreign news, the reader ignores it; but I would too, since it frequently is dull, lifeless prose prepared by a disillusioned, dysenteric youth in some corner of a foreign field.

That in this jungle only our best newspapers can even begin to do a proper job of public instruction is understandable. And that the average American newspaper should bog down before the vast demands made upon it by present world affairs is also understandable. What is grievous is that so little effort is made to mitigate a difficult situation. In the average American newspaper there is no continuity in publishing a running foreign story. A report from London may appear on a Monday, drop out of sight on Tuesday and Wednesday for lack of space (although the news-agencies are dutifully reporting), reappear on Thursday, but by now it is a mystery since what went on in the interim was never published and the "updating" paragraph in the Thursday story compounds the confusion. News is normally treated as filler to surround department-store or other advertising. Granted that advertising copy has its own legitimate interest for the reader, it is still symbolic of the superiority of advertising over news that the business office first "dummies" in the advertising, then gives the dummies to the editorial department which in turn "makes up" the pages by fitting in the blocks of type called "news."

I DO NOT THINK VERY MUCH can be done about the publisher. But the American intellectual who frets about esoterica and exotica, about mass- and mid-culture, who has withdrawn from politics and ideology, bears a great responsibility. If he reads a newspaper, he accepts it unconcernedly. Usually, he takes the Sunday edition of the New York *Times*, if he lives away from the city, plus a weekly news magazine (or if he is really "in," a British weekly like the *Spectator* or *New Statesman*). He feels no obligation to do anything about the continuing obsolescence of the American newspaper, its lack of distinction, its bad grammar[12] and stale rhetoric, in short, its intellectual disintegration. And if the American intellectual doesn't care, why should the publisher? To the newspaper proprietor, the job of the daily is to persuade the reader to buy something advertised in his columns, in that Sears-Roebuck catalogue he fabricates each day and calls a newspaper. It doesn't matter what is bought; the command to the reader is: buy. Read the encapsulated black print, read it quickly, but buy something, preferably something you can't afford, don't need, and which won't last too long.

The American newspaper once had a reason which was well expressed by a great publisher, Joseph Pulitzer:

> Our republic and its press will rise or fall together. An able, disinterested, public-spirited press, with trained intelligence to know the right and the courage to do it, can preserve that public virtue without which public government is a sham and a mockery.

But that reason has disappeared. Less and less foreign news, relative to the large-scale and decisive events which afflict us, is being published in the American press (according to a survey made for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace). Less and less of anything is being printed in our newspapers. "The editorial voice to-day," said Erwin Canham, editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and one of the heresiarchs in American journalism, "should be eloquent with excitement, vibrant with awareness, rich with meaning. Where are such voices?" Where, indeed? (Are they heard in England, in France, in Italy, in Germany? Are they to be heard in any democracy? They are not being heard in the American press, of this I am sure; but are they being heard in any democratic press anywhere?) The sense of mission, of dedication, of heroism by which a public journal must live or die has (and I repeat, always there are the honourable exceptions) disappeared.

"For in an exact sense," wrote Walter Lippmann forty years ago, "the present crisis of Western democracy is a crisis in journalism."

Arnold Beichman

[12] Professor H. Stuart Hughes of Harvard has written in *Daedalus*: "To-day it is the arts of language that have passed into disrespect: even the man of reasonable education can no longer handle English with any sureness of touch; we have become a nation of nongrammarians admirably represented by the curious syntax of our (former) chief executive."

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LETTERS

"Bombs and Scapegoats"

DAVID MARQUAND ["Bombs and Scapegoats," ENCOUNTER, January] likens the C.N.D. in quick succession to David, the abolitionists of slavery, Marlborough, Napoleon, the Salvation Army, the owner of a strip-joint, a Crusade, Bismarck, peasant nationalism, the Holy Office, and witch-hunters. This is fertile, this is amusing, but does it tell us anything about the C.N.D.?

He is not alone in the great analogy hunt; it is now always the first line of conversation about the C.N.D. among intellectuals not of that persuasion. You can hear C.N.D. likened to Communism in the 'thirties, to pacifism at any time, to the suffragettes. You can hear it praised as a channel for the justifiable idealism of youth, with the reservation that if it ever looked like achieving anything, this would be most dangerous. You can often hear it likened to something which happened in the speaker's own youth, and turned out to be no good.

All this thinking what the C.N.D. is *like* does no positive harm perhaps, but it is much more useful to think what it *is*. It is not in the first place this or that particular manifestation of the continuing entity called the British Conscience, or British Political Custom; it is precisely what it says it is: the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. Why? Because there was Nuclear Armament. Why did that happen? Because governments, including the British, treated nuclear weapons as though they were like other weapons but larger. Was there anything wrong in this? Yes; other weapons have been able to be used and civilisation has survived. Nuclear weapons if used would probably destroy civilisation. Therefore they must not on any account be used. What the C.N.D. is, is contained in that simple chain of ideas; not in analogies, however original or amusing.

The C.N.D. is in the first place a reflection of British Government policy, and specifically of Duncan Sandys'. It grew up in 1957–58, in direct response to Sandys' two defence White Papers of those years. Sandys said: We will answer aggression by destroying everything. The C.N.D. said: We will answer this lunatic defence policy by destroying everything it rests on, particularly the arms with which and the alliance through which you propose to execute it.

Very many speeches and articles about the C.N.D. entirely ignore its main purpose and the reason it came into existence at all. Such speakers and writers say: "I see before me a person in an attitude of intense political excitement. He threatens this, he pleads for that, he shouts, he waves his arms, he contorts his face in a most unusual grimace of disapproval. How strange! What is his psychology? He reminds me of a man I once knew who . . . (had a pass made at him by his aunt, or whatever it be). . . ." But if these writers and speakers were to look over their shoulder they would see that the so unaccountably excited person before them was addressing himself not to thin air but to another person who was standing behind them, a Government Person, abstractedly waving a match by the powder-keg.

There could not *not* have been a C.N.D. That is how people are; if you threaten to destroy them all, meaning all, not just some, they will become excited. They may not all behave wisely, they will run in different directions, aiming side-swipes at different things—Gaitskell, NATO, the Pentagon—but excited they will be. The side-swipes are the product of a true reaction to a true threat. To seek historical analogies in explanation of the mystery, to raise a calm eyebrow, is to ask them not to be human. How great is the capacity of such speakers and writers to ignore the obvious, to follow the chain of cause and effect back not even one link? Is it necessary to shout once again that we are living under the immediate threat of an atrocity to which six million Jews up the chimney would be as a street-corner assault was to six million Jews up the chimney? The imagination is still not awake. The European Jews were exterminated, and nobody makes amusing historical analogies to debunk their objections. Mankind in general has not yet been exterminated, so it still seems all right to make amusing historical analogies.

Which is not to say that the C.N.D. are necessarily right about what ought to be done. It is only to say that they shout and run about because they are threatened with extinction. *Cet animal est très méchant. . . .*

A tremendous amount of time, talent, and money is beginning to go into disarmament studies in America now. One thinks of the recent issue of *Daedalus*, the Journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, which was entirely devoted to this topic, of the research teams which are springing up all over the U.S., of the new Disarmament Administration under the State Department, of the Symington Report's suggestion that there should be an Under-Secretary of Defence for Disarmament, of the conviction of Professor Jerome Wiesner, who will probably have been appointed President Kennedy's Scientific Adviser by the time this appears, that *as much* ought to be spent on disarmament as is being spent on armaments. It would be good if British intellectuals and their organs of opinion began to discuss the real issues too, and stopped confecting æsthetico-psychological taradiddles in explanation of the more obvious human reactions.

If this country is to play a useful part in the general controlled disarmament and the building up of U.N. authority which are the alternatives to catastrophe in the second half of this century, there will have to be some raising of the sights. At present there is every chance that big and real disarmament moves may come about between America and Russia while the British Left is still arguing about Gaitskell and Britain's adherence to NATO, and the rest of the British intellectuals are deep in thought about which are the prettiest grounds on which to despise them.

WAYLAND YOUNG

London

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FRUSTRATION, defensiveness, and a touch of hysteria—these are growing characteristics of unilateralist propaganda: and all are to be found in the statements by Lord Russell and Mr. Wayland Young [ENCOUNTER, February]. Mr. Young actually defends C.N.D.'s excitability (why?), and does so in an appropriately excited manner. Lord Russell writes calmly, but in defence of a project obviously born of frustration and despair.

Both statements bear witness to the failure of C.N.D. to persuade the British public. Faced with the crucial question—"If the Russians keep nuclear weapons, should the British renounce them?"—the vast majority of British people still very sensibly say they shouldn't. Even more people take this view now, I would guess, than when the C.N.D. campaign started.

Lord Russell attributes this to a "barrier of silence and deceit" and complains that "the major organs of publicity . . . prevent the truth from being generally known." This is wildly untrue. Unilateralist views have had a good airing—on television, at Scarborough, in Parliament, at public meetings, and in many newspapers and periodicals. I have myself twice heard Lord Russell freely expounding his views to millions of people on television. He has enjoyed far more access to public opinion than John Stuart Mill ever did—more, indeed, I would say, than any other philosopher in British history.

I ASK LORD RUSSELL to believe that the reason why the great majority of us oppose his views is not because we have not heard them, or do not understand them, but because we *disagree* with them. His opinions are civilised, humane, and challenging; and we respect the marvellous courage with which he fights for them. But they are based on assumptions about human nature and international behaviour which quite ordinary people can see to be wildly mistaken. For this reason, the campaign which he and his fellow-unilateralists are conducting contributes nothing to the cause of peace, and indeed adds to the very dangers it wants to remove—because very real harm is being done to the cause of peace by current unilateralist propaganda.

In the first place, instead of lessening tension and mistrust between East and West it is increasing it. Anyone who travels in the Soviet Union, the United States, China, or Germany knows well that even though they sometimes do stupid and dangerous things the Governments and peoples of these countries passionately want to avoid war. The big trouble is that they have no faith in each other's peaceful intentions; and often act stupidly from exaggerated fear of each other.

In this situation people can best serve peace by trying to reassure these countries about each other's genuine will to avoid war. C.N.D., however, does exactly the opposite. Exaggerating the folly of governments, and the immediacy of the crisis, it presents these countries to each other as more stupid, more dangerous, and more evil-intentioned than they really are. In particular (since C.N.D. is often anti-American, but seldom anti-Soviet) it presents the United States and Germany to the Soviet Union and China as aggressive and untrustworthy. Every unilateralist or Communist who (like the Chairman of a neighbouring local Labour Party) declares that American bases in Britain are "aggressive," is adding his quota to world tension, and adding to the chances of catastrophe.

Recently, on my sixth visit to the Soviet Union, I saw once again how Soviet people, already filled by their own propaganda with exaggerated fears of German and American aggression, have their misconceptions disastrously confirmed by the propaganda of well-meaning Western unilateralists and fellow-travellers.

Much the same effect can be seen in reverse in the United States, where the propaganda of anti-Communist exiles about the aggressive intentions of China and the Soviet Union increases mistrust and fear, and delusions about "liberalism," and so brings the danger of a nuclear catastrophe closer.

While it is impossible to exaggerate the horrors of nuclear war, it is perfectly possible to exaggerate its likelihood. Like many unilateralists, Lord Russell does not always make this distinction. "Present policies, if pursued," he writes, "make it almost certain that the human race will shortly become extinct." While it is true and useful to point out that nuclear war would extinguish the human race, it is untrue and harmful to exaggerate the likelihood of this happening, and to present a real and dangerous possibility as a virtual certainty. Khrushchev performed a service to peace in persuading Mao Tse-Tung that talk of war being inevitable is untrue and dangerous: someone should now take Lord Russell and the C.N.D. leaders aside and try to explain the same thing to them.

C.N.D. is also profoundly defeatist about the prospects of multilateral disarmament. True, some of its less logical supporters declare themselves multilateralists as well as unilateralists (as though a government could negotiate about nuclear weapons, and also remove them, at one and the same time!). But if they really believed in the prospects of all-round multilateral disarmament, they would never have become unilateralists in the first place. C.N.D. thrives on, and fosters, the belief that multilateral disarmament discussions will never succeed.

When C.N.D. supporters say to me, "But you don't *really* believe that Russia and America will ever agree to disarm?", I certainly see their point. But I remember that after the war a whole series of tangled and bitter East–West problems then seemed absolutely insoluble—the Austria Treaty . . . Trieste . . . Greece . . . the Berlin Blockade. . . . Yet eventually these problems were sorted out. Most of the credit should go to patient, unknown people—often professionals—who understood the great issues at stake but also studied the facts carefully, kept calm, and never lost hope. In the fight for peace, these are the qualities that matter: and they seem to be terribly scarce in the ranks of the unilateralists.

CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW

House of Commons

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MR. DAVID MARQUAND must be congratulated for his penetrating critique of the "moral crusade" of the C.N.D. [ENCOUNTER, January]. Mr. Marquand demonstrates convincingly how the moral sentiment behind the campaign is subserving the not-so-moral political needs of some Labour leaders, and the psychological need of many Britons to come to terms with lost greatness negatively, by hating America, hating NATO and all defensive military power, and positively, by resorting to a self-righteous, holier-than-thou pacifism and neutralism.

But the basic question of the "moral" quality of the campaign needs to be pursued a little more. It must be emphasised that "demanding the right to stay alive" is an activity that can belong only to the lowest order of morality. This is in fact the only kind of morality we share with the animals, though we can assert the right to stay alive a little more than they can. All moral activities of any higher order involve a readiness to die—not to stay alive—in trying to preserve values greater than mere survival. Could we have had a campaign to celebrate their choice if the Allies of the Second World War had chosen to stay alive rather than die fighting? And should the young men of Budapest and the rebels of Lhasa be considered fools for having fought the Russians and the Chinese for something called "freedom" when they knew for certain that their fight was hopeless? In judging the moral claims of a movement we cannot escape an estimation of the values to which it subscribes; and while some delicate questions of moral conflict do arise in many cases, there has been considerable consensus in history that fighting for a free way of life is always morally superior to existing at all costs. The C.N.D. may be moral; but its morality is of a lower order.

Since a pacifist is prepared to die marching in order to stay alive his behaviour is somewhat inconsistent. He does not seem to want to stay alive; but he wants to die in a particular way, with clean hands. But such dying is glorious only in the attempt to realise something greater than mere not-dying. Gandhi is often invoked in favour of non-violent resistance to violence. But, in the first place, Gandhi advocated dying, not just to enable people to stay alive, but in order to secure freedom which, in his thought, was always greater than staying alive. For those who did not have the courage for his kind of non-violence he advocated violent defence of a free way of life. On this basis, he supported, for example, the Allied cause against the Nazis and the violent defence of Kashmir by the Indian army. Secondly, of course, as Mr. Marquand suggests, non-violence is possible and effective only when the opponent shares the conscience of the victim, as the British shared the Indians' and the U.S. whites share the negroes'. It may not bring about any moral progress beyond the initial suicide of the non-violent when the conscience, the very moral language, of the oppressors is utterly alien to those of the victims.

If, like Gandhi, one were to regard a free way of life as infinitely superior to just staying alive, a truly Gandhian campaign, necessarily experimental, to test the unproved possibility that even in the case of antagonistic consciences non-violence might secure freedom, would probably take the shape of millions of pacifists marching into the iron curtain to secure freedom for the East European peoples, the Russians and the Chinese as well as other subject peoples, and, at the same time, marching on all arms stockpiles and manufacturing centres to destroy them *everywhere, at the same time*, and suffering all the consequences of doing so. But such a campaign the unilateralists are not likely to conduct.

Their (unGandhian) morality is such that they would never march or die for freedom in the Communist areas; they would only make their noise where they can safely make it; and they would weaken the moral wills and military defences of their small countries, relying on the nuclear defensive power of the U.S. and yet feeling self-righteous in their moral cowardice and military weakness.

The Western dedication to freedom is, we hope, strong enough to see that campaigns like the C.N.D. would peter out. But by perverting moral priorities they can present themselves as more moral than they really are; and in areas where large numbers of the intelligentsia are not so deeply dedicated to freedom, and are strongly influenced by the latest confusions of the extreme British Left, as in India and many other "neutral" nations, such campaigns, by translating animal fear into a high moral state and military impotence into Gandhian non-violence, can greatly facilitate Communist take-overs. Witness Mr. Khrushchev's latest candid explanation of why pacifism fits so admirably into the Communist plan for world domination.

It is time that the moral confusion in the current debate be exposed and Mr. Marquand's is a welcome effort in that direction.

DAYA KRISHNA
RAJ KRISHNA

Chicago, Illinois

Mr. Berenson's Values

IN THE African reserves, when day is over, between the dusk and the darkness, the animals that are harmless gather themselves closer together for the hour of their danger. The water-buck, the slim antelopes and small gazelle with their stripes of white and black, the zebra and the wildebeeste, feed compactly, with ears and eyes open to the thickening shadows. Death, the lion, has awakened, and drunk, and is about to kill. And loping through the gathering darkness, unobtrusive and spotted, the hyaena follows him at a safe but hungry distance, pleased with death.

For some reason or other this remembrance came to me as I read Professor Schapiro in your columns.

FREYA STARK

London, W.1

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"A Dying Profession"

MR. FAIRLIE'S whole argument ["Labour, Loyalty, and the Left," ENCOUNTER, December] is steeped in a one-sided view of the working of democracy. It is a view which maintains that above all things the paramount need is for strong government. He claims that in order that a party should qualify for this position, party unity, and in particular, complete fidelity to the party leader, is the prime factor by which a party's suitability for office is to be judged. This is certainly quite appropriate to a discussion about the Conservative Party, for in that party the leader is the prime mover of political action, but to suggest that the Labour Movement should unquestionably accept the word of its leader is to entirely misunderstand the democratic nature of that party. The Labour Party does not elect its leader in order that he should decide policy. The party itself, through the democratic process of discussion and debate, is supposed to determine policy (though this is a matter of some dispute at the moment), and the job of the leader is to present that policy in the sharpest possible contrast to the policy of the government.

The two major parties in this country are completely different both in their structure and their basic philosophy, and one cannot therefore expect them both to behave in the same way. The Conservative Party is one of tradition with an essentially organic outlook. It accommodates change only after that change has become inevitable. In short, it is not a party of ideas, but of necessity.

The Labour Movement by contrast is a loose conglomeration of radical elements. Its rationale exists in the fact that it cannot finally accept the workings of capitalist society, despite the fact that it is not clear how that society should be changed. This dilemma lies at the very centre of the present discussion inside the Labour Party. And it is in regard to this problem that many people inside that party are dissatisfied with Mr. Gaitskell's leadership. For it is obvious enough that the leader of any loose federation of progressive forces must be prepared to work for compromise solutions, rather than seek to impose a rigid policy. Any party which is imbued with idealism and dedicated to principles demands that its leader be loyal to these. Indeed, the broad membership place their trust in the leader on that clear recognition. And it is because many people inside the Labour Party question Mr. Gaitskell's acceptance of basic principles that there is so much controversy at present. Mr. Fairlie misses the real point when he talks of loyalty to the elected leader. Loyalty is a "two-sided" concept. The leader has a right to demand loyalty from the rank-and-file but this is in turn dependent upon his loyalty to the party's rationale, and it is this latter loyalty which many feel Mr. Gaitskell has abused.

R. FIELDING

East Hartley,
Storrington,
Sussex

AUTHORS

Theodore Draper *writes of himself*: "Have spent the past 25 years as journalist, historian, and editor.... Wrote a book on the French defeat of 1940, *The Six Weeks War*; I was working then as an editor of a French paper, *Pour la Victoire*, published by Madame Geneviève Tabouis.... Spent two years as a rifleman in a U.S. infantry company—my book, *The Battle of Germany*, was based on the experiences of my division.... Received a grant from the Ford Foundation's "Fund for the Republic" to write a history of the Communist Party in the United States. Two volumes have now been published: *The Roots of American Communism* and *American Communism and Soviet Russia*.... Went to Cuba last year for the *Reporter* magazine, of which I was an Associate Editor. Among the comments, curiously enough, was praise from C. Wright Mills ('the most careful historical account I have seen in the American Press') and from Messrs. Huberman & Sweezy ('Generally accurate and intelligent'). I regret that this is an occasion on which compliments cannot be exchanged. . . ." **Rebecca West,** distinguished novelist and critic, contributed a portrait of Mme de Stael to our July 1959 number. She has just been awarded a prize for her articles on South Africa (published last year in the *Sunday Times*).... **Ezekiel Mphahlele** is a leading West African writer (an account of his childhood, *Down Second Avenue*, published by Faber, is to be followed this year by *Confessions of an Underdog*) and Tutor in the Department of Extra-Mural Studies of The University College, Ibadan.... **Thom Gunn,** 31, is one of England's best-known younger poets. A volume of his poetry recently appeared under the title of *A Sense of Movement* (Faber) and another, *My Sad Captains*, will be published later this year. He lives in Berkeley, California, and teaches at the University there.... **Paul Bowles** is an American writer living in Tangier. He is the author of many novels, including *The Sheltering Sky*, *The Spider's House*, and *The Hours After Noon* (all published both in Britain and the United States).

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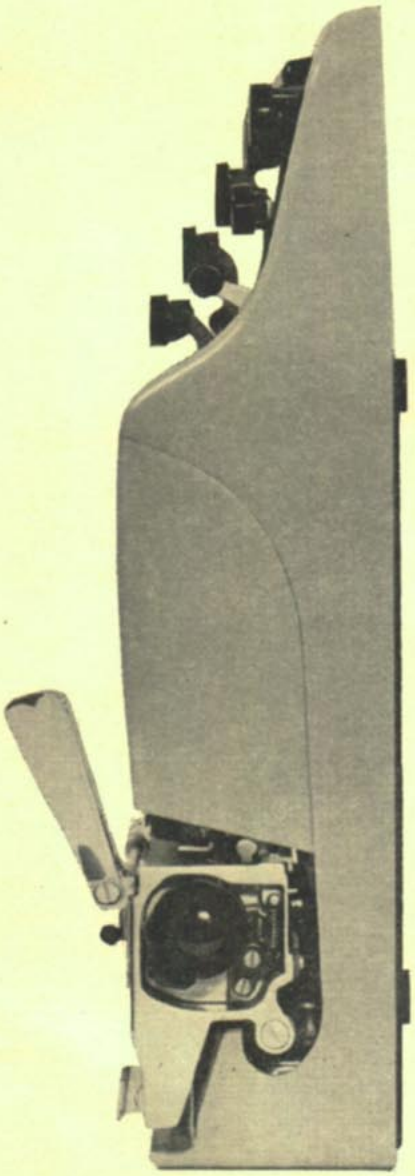

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FEBRUARY/MARCH BOOKS FROM SECKER & WARBURG

JIRO OSARAGI - The Journey

Osaragi, whose *Homecoming* was much praised when it appeared in 1955 has now written a novel on a far more realistic plane than is customary in Japanese fiction, dramatising the themes of love and money. The critic of the *New York Times Book Review* writes: "There are some moments in history that need a novelist to describe. . . . There is no better example of this phenomenon than post-occupation Japan. In Jiro Osaragi this time of change has found a novelist worthy of the job."

February 20th—21s.

FELIX FRANKFURTER REMINISCES

As Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, to which he was appointed in 1939, Frankfurter is internationally famous. But as these reminiscences show, his long life has influenced many other aspects of American and European affairs. As Secretary for War, as participant in Theodore Roosevelt's "Bull Moose" campaign for the Presidency, later as an intimate friend of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and deeply involved in launching the New Deal, he provides a fascinating diary of the inter-war years, and writes with informality, warmth, and ease.

March 6th—25s.

ERIC BLIGH - Faintly Smiling Mouth

The author's *Tooting Corner* was compared by Daniel George with Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son*, and John Betjeman called it a masterpiece of affectionate observation. This new book, full of memories of Edwardian London has the same stylistic brilliance, the same warm affection for vanished sights and sounds, as Eric Bligh describes his boyhood dilemmas and a first love affair.

February 6th—16s.

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